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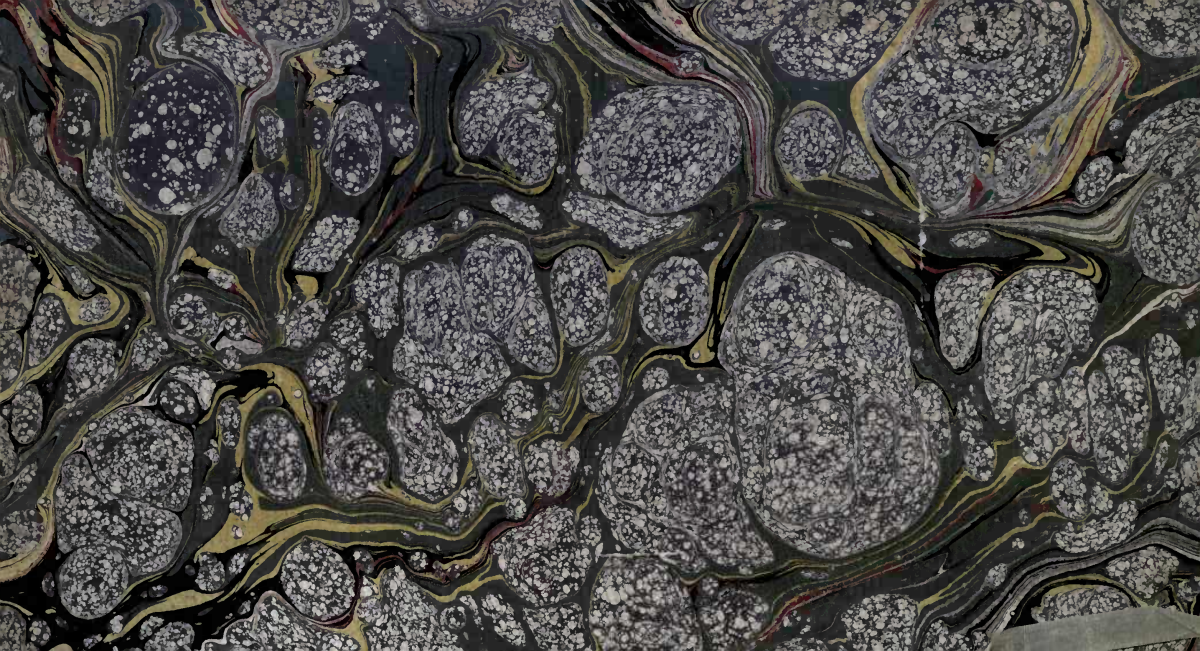

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

IN NINE VOLUMES, COMPLETE.

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

By JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.

AND OTHERS.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

LONDON:

1797.

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THE

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ERRATA in VOL. III.

Page 24. notes, line 15, *for* even *read* ever
49. notes, — 33, *for* may *read* might
50. notes, — 7, *for* Meli *read* Mali
63. notes, — 20, *for* Burtamaqui *read* Burlamaqui
84. notes, — 11, *for* ſous mille *read* fourmille
91. notes, — 7, *for* Maiſcaux *read* De Maiſeaux
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350. notes, — ult. *for* for *read* Mr.

AN

ESSAY ON MAN,

IN FOUR EPISTLES.

TO

H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

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ESSAY ON MAN,

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THE DESIGN.

HAVING propoſed to write ſome pieces on Human Life and Manners, ſuch as (to uſe my Lord Bacon's expreſſion) *come home to Men's Buſineſs and Boſoms*, I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering *Man* in the abſtract, his *Nature* and his *State;* ſince, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpoſe* of its *being*.

The ſcience of Human Nature is, like all other ſciences, reduced to a *few clear points:* There are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels, the conformations and uſes of which will for ever eſcape our obſervation. The *diſputes* are all upon theſe laſt, and, I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the practice, more than advanced the theory, of Morality. If I could flatter myſelf that this Eſſay has any merit, it is in ſteering betwixt the extremes of doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite, in paſſing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a *temperate*, yet not *inconſiſtent*, and a *ſhort*, yet not *imperfect*, ſyſtem of Ethics.

This I might have done in proſe; but I choſe verſe, and even rhyme, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more

eaſily retained by him afterwards: The other may ſeem odd, but is true. I found I could expreſs them more *ſhortly* this way than in proſe itſelf; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or inſtruction depends on their *conciſeneſs*. I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without ſacrificing perſpicuity to ornament, without wandering from the preciſion, or breaking the chain of reaſoning: If any man can unite all theſe without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are now to follow. Conſequently theſe Epiſtles in their progreſs (if I have health and leiſure to make any progreſs) will be leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the paſſage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their courſe, and to obſerve their effects, may be a taſk more agreeable.

P.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with reſpect to the UNIVERSE.

OF Man *in the abſtract.*—I. *That we can judge only with regard to our* own ſyſtem, *being ignorant of the* relations *of ſyſtems and things,* Ver. 17, &c. II. *That Man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a Being ſuited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation, agreeable to the* general Order *of things, and conformable to* Ends *and* Relations *to him unknown,* Ver. 35, &c. III. *That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events, and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *ſtate, that all his happineſs in the preſent depends,* Ver. 77, &c. IV. *The* pride *of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cauſe of Man's error and miſery. The* impiety *of putting himſelf in the place of* God, *and judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs, perfection or imperfection, juſtice or injuſtice, of his diſpenſations,* Ver. 109, &c. V. *The* abſurdity *of conceiting himſelf the* final cauſe *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world, which is not in the* natural, Ver. 131, &c. VI. *The* unreaſonableneſs *of his complaints againſt* Providence, *while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to poſſeſs any of the* ſenſitive faculties *in a higher degree, would render him miſerable,* Ver. 173, &c. VII. *That throughout the whole viſible world, an univerſal* order *and* gradation *in the ſenſual and mental faculties is obſerved, which cauſes a* ſubordination *of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of* ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, re-

flection, reaſon: *that Reaſon alone countervails all the other faculties*, Ver. 207. VIII. *How much further this* order *and* ſubordination *of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected* creation *muſt be deſtroyed*, Ver. 233. IX. *The* extravagance, madneſs, *and* pride *of ſuch a deſire*, Ver. 250. X. *The conſequence of all, the* abſolute ſubmiſſion *due to Providence, both as to our* preſent *and* future ſtate, Ver. 281, &c. *to the end.*

IF it be a true obſervation, that for a poet to write happily and well, he muſt have ſeen and felt what he deſcribes, and muſt draw from living models alone; and if modern times, from their luxury and refinement, afford not manners that will bear to be deſcribed; it will then follow, that thoſe ſpecies of poetry bid faireſt to ſucceed at preſent, which deliver doctrines, not diſplay events. Of this ſort is didactic and deſcriptive poetry. Accordingly the moderns have produced many excellent pieces of this kind. We may mention the Syphilis of Fracaſtorius, the Silkworms and Cheſs of Vida, the Ambra of Politian, the Agriculture of Alamanni, the Art of Poetry of Boileau, the Gardens of Rapin, the Cyder of Phillips, the Chaſe of Somerville, the Pleaſures of Imagination, the Art of preſerving Health, the Fleece, the Religion of Racine the younger, the elegant Latin poem of Brown on the Immortality of the Soul, the Latin poems of Stay and Boſcovick, and the philoſophical poem before us; to which, if we may judge from ſome beautiful fragments, we might have added Gray's didactic poem on Education and Government, had he lived to finiſh it: And the Engliſh Garden of Mr. Maſon muſt not be omitted.

Pope informs us, in his firſt preface to this Eſſay, "that he choſe this epiſtolary way of writing, notwithſtanding his ſubject was high, and of dignity, becauſe of its being mixed with argument which of its nature approacheth to proſe." He has not wandered into any uſeleſs digreſſions; has employed no fictions, no tale or ſtory, and has relied chiefly on the poetry of his ſtyle for the purpoſe of intereſting his readers. His ſtyle is conciſe and figurative, forcible and elegant. He has many metaphors and images, artfully interſperſed in the drieſt paſſages, which ſtood moſt in need of ſuch ornaments. Neverthleſs there are too many lines, in this performance, plain and proſaic. The meaner the ſubject is of a preceptive poem, the more ſtriking appears the art of the poet: It is even of uſe, perhaps, to chooſe a low ſubject. In this reſpect Virgil has the advantage over Lucretius; the latter, with all his vigour and ſublimity of genius, could hardly ſatisfy and come up to the grandeur of his theme. Pope labours under the ſame difficulty. If any beauty in this Eſſay be uncommonly tranſ-

cendent and peculiar, it is brevity of diction; which, in a few inſtances, and thoſe perhaps pardonable, has occaſioned obſcurity. It is hardly to be imagined how much ſenſe, how much thinking, how much obſervation on human life, is condenſed together in a ſmall compaſs. He was ſo accuſtomed to confine his thoughts in rhyme, that he tells us he could expreſs them more ſhortly this way than in proſe itſelf. On its firſt publication Pope did not own it, and it was given by the public to Lord Paget, Dr. Young, Dr. Deſaguliers, and others. Even Swift ſeems to have been deceived. There is a remarkable paſſage in one of his letters: "I confeſs I did never imagine you were ſo deep in morals, or that ſo many and excellent rules could be produced ſo advantageouſly and agreeably in that ſcience, from any one head. I confeſs in ſome places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of D——— ſaid to me on that occaſion; how a judge here, who knows you, told him, that, on the firſt reading thoſe Eſſays, he was much pleaſed, but found ſome lines a little dark: On the ſecond, moſt of them cleared up, and his pleaſure increaſed: On the third, he had no doubt remaining, and then he admired the whole."

The ſubject of this Eſſay is a vindication of Providence; in which the poet propoſes to prove, That, of all poſſible ſyſtems, Infinite Wiſdom has formed the beſt: That in ſuch a ſyſtem, coherence, union, ſubordination, are neceſſary; and if ſo, that appearances of evil, both moral and natural, are alſo neceſſary and unavoidable: That the ſeeming defects and blemiſhes in the univerſe conſpire to its general beauty: That as all parts in an animal are not eyes; and as in a city, comedy, or picture, all ranks, characters, and colours are not equal or alike; even ſo exceſſes and contrary qualities contribute to the proportion and harmony of the univerſal ſyſtem: That it is not ſtrange that we ſhould not be able to diſcover perfection and order in every inſtance; becauſe, in an infinity of things mutually relative, a mind which ſees not infinitely, can ſee nothing fully. This doctrine was inculcated by Plato and the Stoics, but more amply and particularly by the later Platoniſts, and by Antoninus and Simplicius.

In illuſtrating his ſubject, Pope has been much more deeply indebted to the Theodicée of Leibnitz, to Archbiſhop King's Origin of Evil, and to the Moraliſts of Lord Shafteſbury, (particularly to the laſt,) than to the philoſophers above mentioned. The late Lord Bathurſt repeatedly aſſured me, that he had read the whole ſcheme of the Eſſay on Man, in the hand-writing of Bolingbroke,

lingbroke, and drawn up in a ſeries of propoſitions, which Pope was to amplify, verſify, and illuſtrate. In doing which, our poet, it muſt be confeſſed, left ſeveral paſſages ſo expreſſed, as to be favourable to fataliſm and neceſſity, notwithſtanding all the pains that can be taken, and the artful turns that can be given to thoſe paſſages, to place them on the ſide of religion, and make them coincide with the fundamental doctrines of revelation. How could Pope, in the letter which he wrote to Racine, the ſon, 1742, venture to ſay, that his opinions were exactly conformable to thoſe of Paſcal, who, throughout all his Thoughts, is inceſſantly inculcating the abſolute neceſſity of believing that man is in a fallen and degraded ſtate; an opinion which is ſtrongly denied in every line of the Eſſay on Man? And which opinion of Pope, Racine has juſtly ſtated in the following lines; *La Religion, Chant.* 2.

Quelque abſtrait Raiſonneur, qui ne ſe plaint de rien,
Dans ſon flegme Anglican, repondra, Tout eſt bien.
" Le grand Ordannateur dont le deſſein ſi ſage,
" De tant d'etres divers ne forme qu'un ouvrage;
" Nous place à notre rang pour orner ſon tableau!"

Pope has indeed inadvertently borrowed ſome paſſages from Paſcal, but they have only ſerved to make this ſyſtem more inconſiſtent. For how can man be a " chaos of thought and paſſion all confus'd, and yet be as perfect a being as he ought to be?" The doctrine obviouſly intended to be inculcated in this Eſſay is, " That the diſpenſations of Providence in the diſtribution of good and evil, in this life, ſtand in no need of any hypotheſis to juſtify them; all is adjuſted in the moſt perfect order; whatever is, is right; and we have no occaſion to call in the notion of a future life to vindicate the ways of God to man, becauſe they are fully and ſufficiently benevolent and juſt in the preſent." If we cannot ſubſcribe, on one hand, to Dr. Warburton's opinion, " that theſe epiſtles have a preciſion, force, and cloſeneſs of connection rarely to be met with, even in the moſt formal treatiſes of philoſophy;" yet neither can we aſſent to the ſevere ſentence that Dr. Johnſon has paſſed on the other hand; namely, " that penury of knowledge, and vulgarity of ſentiment, were never ſo happily diſguiſed as in this Eſſay; the reader feels his mind full, though he learns nothing; and, when he meets it in his new array, no longer knows the talk of his mother and his nurſe."

It has been alleged that Pope did not fully comprehend the drift of the ſyſtem communicated to him by Bolingbroke; but the following

following remarkable words of his intimate friend, Mr. Jonathan Richardſon, a man of known integrity and honour, clearly evince that he did: "As for this Eſſay on Man, as I was witneſs to the whole conduct of it in writing, and actually have his original manuſcripts for it, from the firſt ſcratches of the four books, to the ſeveral finiſhed copies (of his own neat and elegant writing theſe laſt); all which, with the manuſcript of his Eſſay on Criticiſm, and ſeveral of his other works, he gave me himſelf, for the pains I took in collating the whole with the printed editions, at his requeſt, on my having propoſed to him the making an edition of his works in the manner of Boileau's. As to this nobleſt of his works, I know that he never dreamed of the ſcheme he afterwards adopted; perhaps for good reaſons; for he had taken terror about the clergy, and Warburton himſelf, at the general alarm of its fataliſm and deiſtical tendency; of which, however, we talked with him (my father and I) frequently at Twickenham, without his appearing to underſtand it otherwiſe, or even thinking to alter thoſe paſſages, which he ſuggeſted as what might ſeem the moſt exceptionable."

To this teſtimony of Richardſon, which is deciſive, I will now add, that Lord Lyttelton, with his uſual frankneſs and ingenuity, aſſured me, that he had frequently talked with Pope on the ſubject, whoſe opinions were at that time conformable to his own; before he had written his Obſervations on the Converſion of St. Paul, when he and his friends (not excepting Mr. Gilbert Weſt) were, as he moſt candidly confeſſed, too much inclined to deiſm, but had fortunately become a moſt ſerious and earneſt believer of Chriſtianity. Is it not more probable and reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that Pope might alſo change his opinion, though, at the time of writing the Eſſay on Man, he was tinctured with principles of another kind? and that he was equally in earneſt when he was a diſciple of Bolingbroke, as he afterwards was when he became a diſciple of Warburton? It is incredible that he ſhould not be acquainted with the objections that Bolingbroke held againſt revealed religion; which objections are perpetually repeated, and pervade all his works. But Pope might not indeed know the real opinions of his guide concerning a particular important topic—the moral attributes of the Deity. Theſe two caſes are widely different; and there lies a vaſt ſpace betwixt theſe two ſpecies of infidelity. A man may be unhappily and unjuſtly prejudiced againſt the Chriſtian religion, and yet be fully and firmly perſuaded of the belief of a God, and his moral attributes. Mr. Harte

more

more than once aſſured me, that he had ſeen the preſſing letter Dr. Young wrote to Pope, urging him to write ſomething on the ſide of revelation; to which he alluded in the firſt Night-thought:

" O had he preſs'd his theme, purſu'd the track
Which opens out of darkneſs into day!
O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd when I ſink, and ſung immortal man!"

And when Harte frequently made the ſame requeſt, he uſed to anſwer, " No, no! you have already done it;" alluding to Harte's Eſſay on Reaſon, which Harte thought a lame apology, and hardly ſerious. With reſpect to what has juſt been mentioned, that Pope was not acquainted with the opinions of his philoſophic guide, on the ſubject of the moral attributes of the Deity, it ſeems rather ſtrange and incredible that he ſhould not underſtand the following, among many other paſſages, to this purpoſe:

" Clarke, after repeating over and over all the moral attributes, that they are the ſame in God as they are in our ideas, and that he who denies them to be ſo, may as well deny the divine phyſical attributes, inſiſts only on two of the former, on thoſe of juſtice and goodneſs. He was much in the right to contract the generality of his aſſertion. The abſurdity of aſcribing temperance, for inſtance, or fortitude, to God, would have been too groſs and too riſible, even to eyes that prejudice had blinded the moſt. But that of aſcribing juſtice and goodneſs to him, according to our notions of them, might be better covered, and was enough for his purpoſe, though not leſs really abſurd." Vol. iv. p. 298. It is ſomewhat remarkable, that this very opinion, that we have no clear and adequate ideas of God's moral attributes, is ſtrongly maintained by that excellent man and writer, Archbiſhop King, in his ſermon on Divine Predeſtination, 1709, which was anſwered by Anthony Collins, author of the Eſſay on Free-thinking. The perſon who wrote the ſpirited and elegant anonymous letter to Dr. Warburton on the ſuppoſed ſeverity with which he was thought to have treated Lord Bolingbroke in the View of his Philoſophy, was the late Lord Mansfield; and this letter was anſwered by Dr. Warburton, with much force and apparent mortification, in the Apology prefixed to the laſt edition of this View.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
Let us (ſince Life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot,
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe;
Laugh

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Of all who blindly creep, &c.*] *i. e.* Thoſe who only follow the blind guidance of their paſſions; or thoſe who leave behind them common ſenſe and ſober reaſon, in their high flights through the regions of Metaphyſics. Both which follies are expoſed in the fourth epiſtle, where the popular and philoſophical errors concerning Happineſs are detected. The figure is taken from *animal* life. W.

VER. 13. *Eye Nature's walks,*] Theſe metaphors, drawn from the field ſports of ſetting and ſhooting, ſeem much below the dignity of the ſubject, and an unnatural mixture of the ludicrous and ſerious.

Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know?
Of Man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.

But

NOTES.

Ver. 15. *Laugh where we muſt,*] "La ſottiſe (ſays old Montaigne) eſt une mauvaiſe qualité; mais ne la pouvoir ſupporter, & s'en dépiter & rouger, comme il m'advient, c'eſt une autre ſorte de maladie, qui ne doit gueres à la ſottiſe en importunité."

Ver. 16. *But vindicate the ways*] Hinting, by this alluſion to the well-known line of Milton,

"And juſtify the ways of God to man;"

that he intended his poem for a defence of Providence as well as Milton, but he took a very different method in purſuing that end. It cannot be doubted that Warburton ſeriouſly intended to do ſervice to religion, by endeavouring to place this poem on the ſide of Revelation, and to take Pope out of the hands of the infidels. But he laboured in vain, and with an ill-grounded zeal; as would evidently appear if we were to undertake the unpleaſing taſk of collecting all the paſſages which he has tortured and turned into meanings never dreamt of, or deſigned by the poet.

Ver. 19, 20. *Of Man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,*
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?

The ſenſe is, "we ſee nothing of Man but as he ſtands at preſent in his ſtation here: From which ſtation, all our reaſonings on his

nature

But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Pre-

NOTES.

nature and *end* muſt be drawn; and to this ſtation they muſt all be referred." The conſequence is that our reaſonings on his *nature* and *end* muſt needs be very imperfect. W.

VER. 29. *But of this frame, the bearings*] "Imagine only ſome perſon entirely a ſtranger to navigation, and ignorant of the nature of the ſea or waters, how great his aſtoniſhment would be, when finding himſelf on board ſome veſſel anchoring at ſea, remote from all land-proſpect; whilſt it was yet a calm, he viewed the ponderous machine firm and motionleſs in the midſt of the ſmooth ocean, and conſidered its foundations beneath, together with its cordage, maſts, and ſails above. How eaſily would he ſee the whole one regular ſtructure, all things depending on one another; the uſes of the rooms below, the lodgments, and the conveniencies of men and ſtores? But being ignorant of the intent, or of all above, would he pronounce the maſts and cordage to be uſeleſs and cumberſome, and for this reaſon condemn the frame and deſpiſe the architect? O my friend! let us not thus betray our ignorance; but conſider where we are, and in what univerſe. Think of the many parts of the vaſt machine, in which we have ſo little inſight, and of which it is impoſſible we ſhould know the ends and uſes: when, inſtead of ſeeing to the higheſt pendants, we ſee only ſome lower deck, and are in this dark caſe of fleſh, confined even to the hold and meaneſt ſtation of the veſſel." I have inſerted this paſſage at length, becauſe it is a noble and poetical illuſtration of the foregoing lines, as well as of many other paſſages in this Eſſay. Characteriſtics, vol. ii. p. 188.

The whole doctrine of Plato is contained in this one ſhort ſentence: Μέρος μὲν ἕνεκα ὅλου, καὶ οὐχ ὅλον ἕνεκα μέρους ἀπεργάζεται. See a very fine paſſage in A. Gellius, lib. 6. cap. 1. containing the opinion of Chryſippus on the origin of evil.

VER. 32. *Can a part contain the whole?*] "HOBBES (ſays Dr. Campbell) acknowledged God the author of all things, but thought, or at leaſt pretended he thought, too reverently of him

to

II. Presumptuous Man! the reason would'st thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou can'st, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

Of

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to believe his nature could be comprehended by human understanding. But what gave a handle to some to treat him as an atheist, was, the contempt he expressed for many of those scholastic terms, invented by assuming men, who would impose their own crude notions of the Divine Being, on their fellow-creatures, as so many articles of faith." One of the most false and pernicious tenets of Hobbes was the debasing and disparaging human nature, and saying, that man was to man a wolf; and attempting, as Cudworth expresses it, to "villanize mankind."

Ver. 35. *Presumptuous Man!*] Voltaire, tom. iv. p. 227. has the following remarkable words: I own it flatters me to see that Pope has fallen upon the very same sentiment which I had entertained many years ago: Vous vous étonnez que Dieu ait fait l'homme si borné, si ignorant, si peu heureux. Que ne vous etonnez-vous, qu'il ne l'ait pas plus borné, plus ignorant, et plus malheureux? Quand un Français et un Anglais pensent de meme, il fait bien qu'ils ayent raison.

Ver. 41. *Or ask of yonder, &c.*] On these lines M. Voltaire thus descants: "Pope dit que l'homme ne peut savoir pourquoi les Lunes de Jupiter sont moins grandes que Jupiter? Il se trompe en cela, c'est une erreur pardonable. Il n'y a point de Mathematicien qui n'ent fait voir," &c. [Vol. ii. p. 384. Ed. Gen.] And so goes on to shew, like a great mathematician as he is, that it would be very inconvenient for the Page to be as big as his Lord and Master. It is pity all this fine reasoning should proceed on a ridiculous blunder. The poet thus reproves the impious complainer of the order of Providence: "You are dissatisfied with the weakness of your condition: But, in your situation, the nature

Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as Man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;

In

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ture of things requires juſt ſuch a creature as you are; in a different ſituation, it might have required that you ſhould be ſtill weaker. And though you ſee not the reaſon of this in your own caſe; yet, that reaſons there are, you may ſee in the caſe of other of God's creatures.

" Aſk of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade?
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are leſs than Jove?"

Here (ſays the Poet) the ridicule of the *weeds'* and the *Satellites'* complaint, had they the faculties of ſpeech and reaſoning, would be obvious to all; becauſe their very ſituation and office might have convinced them of their folly. Your folly, ſays the Poet to his complainers, is as great, though not ſo evident, becauſe the reaſon is more out of ſight; but that a reaſon there is, may be demonſtrated from the attributes of the Deity. This is the Poet's clear and ſtrong reaſoning; from whence, we ſee, he was ſo far from ſaying, that Man could not know the cauſe *why Jove's Satellites were leſs than Jove*, that all the force of his reaſoning turns upon this, that Man did ſee and know it, and ſhould from thence conclude, that there was a cauſe of this inferiority as well in the *rational*, as in the *material* Creation. W.

VER. 53. *In human works,*] Verbatim from Bolingbroke. Fragments 43 and 63.

In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So Man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.
When

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Ver. 60. *'Tis but a part*] A new method of accounting for the origin of evil has been advanced by Hume in his Dialogues, p. 196. "I ſcruple not to allow," ſaid Cleanthes, "that I have been apt to ſuſpect the frequent repetition of the word infinite, which we meet with in all theological writers, to favour more of panegyric than of philoſophy; and that any purpoſes of reaſoning, and even of religion, would be better ſerved, were we to reſt content with more accurate and more moderate expreſſions. The terms, admirable, excellent, ſuperlatively great, wiſe, and holy, theſe ſufficiently fill the imaginations of men; and any thing beyond, beſides that it leads into abſurdities, has no influence on the affections or ſentiments. Thus, in the preſent ſubject, if we abandon all human analogy, as it ſeems your intention, Demea, I am afraid we abandon all religion, and retain no conception of the great object of our adoration. If we preſerve human analogy, we muſt for ever find it impoſſible to reconcile any mixture of evil in the univerſe with infinite attributes; much leſs can we ever prove the latter from the former. But ſuppoſing the Author of Nature to be finitely perfect, though far exceeding mankind, a ſatisfactory account may then be given of natural and moral evil, and every untoward phenomenon be explained and adjuſted. A leſs evil may then be choſen, in order to avoid a greater: inconveniencies be ſubmitted to, in order to reach a deſirable end: and, in a word, benevolence, regulated by wiſdom and limited by neceſſity, may produce juſt ſuch a world as the preſent." This ſeems to have been borrowed from Voltaire. Queſtions ſur l'Encyclopedie, 9 Partie, p. 348. I have heard Dr. Adam Smith ſay, that theſe Dialogues concerning Natural Religion were the moſt laboured of all Hume's works. They were the occaſion of Dr. Balguy's publiſhing that capital treatiſe, intitled, *Divine Benevolence:* which benevolence he undertakes to vindicate like this Eſſay on Man, but with greater conſiſtency and cloſeneſs of reaſoning, without having recourſe to a future exiſtence. Wollaſton,

in

When the proud ſteed ſhall know why Man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God:
Then ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſion's, being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.

Then ſay not Man's imperfect, Heaven's in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.

If

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VER. 64. In the former Editions,

Now wears a garland an Egyptian God:

altered as above for the reaſon given in the note.

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in a celebrated paſſage, has given a ſtriking and pathetic picture of the evils and miſeries of this preſent life, in order to ſhew (as many divines do in their diſcourſes) the abſolute neceſſity of another, for the defence of the diſpenſations of Providence. Dr. Balguy, from p. 110 to p. 127, has minutely, and ſtep by ſtep, confuted every part of this ſtatement of the evils and miſeries of life; and ends by ſaying, "that Wollaſton has only attended to one ſide of the queſtion. He has dwelt largely on the melancholy parts of human life; but in great meaſure overlooked its enjoyments. A pen like his could, with equal eaſe and ſucceſs, have painted the happineſs of our preſent ſtate, and given it the appearance of a paradiſe." This is the paſſage of Wollaſton, which Bolingbroke has ſo much ridiculed. Works, vol. ii. p. 110.

VER. 64.—*Egypt's God:*] Called ſo, becauſe the God *Apis* was worſhipped univerſally over the whole land of Egypt. W.

VER. 70. *As he ought:*] Conſequently man is not in a lapſed or degenerate ſtate. He is as perfect a being as ever his Creator intended him to be; nor, conſequently, did he ſtand in need of

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:

Who

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any redemption or atonement. The expression, as *he ought*, is imperfect; for, ought *to be*.

Ver. 74. *What matter, soon*] But surely, the sooner and the later, with respect to communicating happiness to any being, is, and must be, a circumstance of great consequence.

Ver. 77. *The book of Fate,*] It would obviate the heavy difficulties in which we are involved, when we argue on the Divine Prescience, and consequent Predestination, if we were to adopt Archbishop King's opinion, and say, "that the knowledge of God is very different from the knowledge of Man, which implies succession, and seeing objects one after another; but the existence and the attributes of the Deity can have no relation to time; for that all things, past, present, and to come, are all at once present to the Divine Mind."

Ver. 81. *The lamb thy riot dooms*] The tenderness of this striking image, and particularly the circumstance in the last line, has an artful effect in alleviating the dryness of the argumentative parts of the Essay, and interesting the reader. No happier passage can be found in our author's works, though Johnson thought otherwise.

Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never Is, but always To be bleſt.
The ſoul (uneaſy, and confin'd) from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo,

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After Ver. 88, in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's Gnat ſhould die as Cæſar bleed.

Ver. 93, 94. In the firſt Fol. and Quarto,

What bliſs *above* he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bliſs *below*.

NOTES.

VER. 87. *Who ſees with equal eye, &c.*] Matth. x. 29.

VER. 97. *The ſoul (uneaſy, and confin'd)*] "In the old editions, it was, confin'd *at home*, which was altered at the perſuaſion of the divine, againſt the ſenſe of the poet. The point to be illuſtrated is, that hope is implanted in man, to enable him to bear all the evils of life, though it is merely viſionary, and has no foundation:

"What future bliſs he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bleſſing now."

Thus man, confined on his own earth, dreams of imaginary manſions in another world. Hope ſupplies the reality of them. He hopes, upon the ſame ground as the Indian does, for a heaven, where his dog ſhall accompany him. Sorry am I to give this view of the author's creed; but it is too true a repreſentation of it. He makes no difference between the certainty of the

Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; 100
His

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Chriſtian's heaven and the Indian's. It will be preſumption in me to go further; and yet I cannot help obſerving, that, allow Mr. Pope this doctrine, and he will go near to overthrow the whole argument of the divine legation of Moſes. God has implanted in mankind a religious fear, and a foreboding of a future ſtate. The divine ſays, he had this from revelation: the deiſt, that it ſupplies the want of one; that it has kept the world in awe from the beginning of the creation, ſeconded with an opinion of Providence prevailing even in this world." From MS. notes of our learned printer Mr. Bowyer.

Ver. 99. *Lo, the poor Indian! &c.*] The Poet having bid Man comfort himſelf with expectation of future happineſs; having ſhewn him that this HOPE is an earneſt of it; and put in one very neceſſary caution,

" Hope *humbly* then, with *trembling* pinions ſoar;"

provoked at thoſe miſcreants whom he afterwards (Ep. iii. Ver. 263.) deſcribes as building *Hell on ſpite, and Heaven on pride*, he upbraids them (from Ver. 98 to 113.) with the example of the poor Indian, to whom alſo Nature hath given this *common* HOPE of *Mankind:* But though his untutor'd mind had betrayed him into many childiſh fancies concerning the nature of that future ſtate, yet he is ſo far from excluding any part of his own ſpecies (a vice which could proceed only from the *pride* of falſe Science) that he humanely, though ſimply, admits even his *faithful dog to bear him company.* W.

Pope has indulged himſelf in but few digreſſions in this piece; this is one of the moſt poetical. Repreſentations of undiſguiſed nature and artleſs innocence always amuſe and delight. The ſimple notions which uncivilized nations entertain of a future ſtate are many of them beautifully romantic, and ſome of the beſt ſubjects for poetry. It has been queſtioned, whether the circumſtance of the dog, although ſtriking at the firſt view, is introduced with propriety, as it is known that this animal is not a native of America. The notion of ſeeing God in clouds, and hearing him in the wind, cannot be enough applauded. Buffon ſays, the Americans had no domeſtic animals about them when that continent was diſcovered.

His ſoul, proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To Be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiſer thou! and, in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy Opinion againſt Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, Here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
If Man alone ingroſs not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:

Snatch

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 108. in the firſt Ed.

But does he ſay the Maker is not good,
Till he's exalted to what ſtate he wou'd:
Himſelf alone high Heav'n's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?

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Ver. 120. *Alone made perfect here,*] The obvious meaning is, "Be content with the preſent life; it is your pride only that makes you think yourſelf ill-treated, and induces you to look for another and more perfect ſtate."

Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his juſtice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring

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Bolingbroke is for ever repeating the ſame note, and ſaying, "It is profane even to inſinuate, and much more to affirm peremptorily, that the proceedings of God towards man, in the preſent life, are unjuſt; and, if that could be admitted, it would be abſurd to admit that this may be ſet right; which means, if the words have any meaning, that this injuſtice muſt ceaſe to be injuſtice, on the received hypotheſis of his proceedings towards man in another life. One is profane, notwithſtanding all the queſtions they beg to ſupport the charge: the other is abſurd, on the very principles on which they argue, and according to our cleareſt and moſt diſtinct ideas or notions of human juſtice."

It is a ſingular fact, and not ſufficiently attended to, that neither the ancient philoſophers nor poets, though they abound in complaints of the unequal diſtribution of good and evil at preſent, yet do not even infer or draw any arguments, from this ſuppoſed inequality, for the neceſſity of a future life, where ſuch inequality will be rectified, and Providence vindicated.

Ver. 126. *Men would be Angels,*] Verbatim from Bolingbroke, vol. v. p. 465.; as are many other paſſages. How are we to interpret the aſſertion, that Pope did not really underſtand the principles of Bolingbroke, when the latter ſays to him, "Theſe ſubjects have been ſo often treated of between you and me, that I ſhall ſay nothing of them here." The following paſſage, relating to the caution and timidity of Pope, may give us a key to his conduct, vol. iv. p. 190. "Read," ſays Bolingbroke to him, "the entire paſſage; conſult your memory; look round you, and then you ſhall tell me what you think of Clarke's argument. You ſhall tell it in my ear: I expect no more; for I know how deſirous you are to keep fair with orders, whatever liberties you take with particular men."

Aſpiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aſpiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe. 130

V. Aſk

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VER. 127. *If Angels fell,*] It may mortify our pride to conſider how little we know of the Fall of Angels; on which event depends the Fall of Man, effected by the agency of the chief of theſe Fallen Angels. Revelation is not expreſs on this important ſubject. All is imperfect conjecture. We have only a few hints on the ſubject: Such as that in Iſaiah, c. xiv. v. 12.; and in Ezekiel, c. xxviii. v. 14.; and in the Apocalypſe, concerning the ſeven-headed dragon. "I had rather know the hiſtory of Lucifer," ſays Burnet, in his Theory, "than of all the Babylonian and Perſian kings; nay, than of all the kings of the earth: what the birthright was of that mighty prince; what his dominions; where his imperial court and reſidence; how he was depoſed; for what crime, and by what power; how he ſtill wages war againſt heaven in his exile; what confederates he hath; what is his power over mankind, and how limited."

Milton, in book v. copies from the Rabbinical writers, from the fathers, and ſome of the ſchoolmen, the cauſes of the rebellion of Satan and his aſſociates; but ſeems more particularly to have in view an obſcure Latin poem written by Odoricus Valmarana, and printed at Vienna in 1627, intitled, "Dæmonomachiæ, ſive de Bello Intelligentiarum ſuper Divini Verbi Incarnatione;" in which the revolt of Satan, or Lucifer, is expreſsly aſcribed to his envy at the exaltation of the Son of God. See Newton's Milton, vol. i. p. 407. But the commentators on Milton have not obſerved that there is ſtill another poem which he ſeems to have copied, "L'Angeleida di Eraſmo di Valvaſone," printed at Venice, in quarto, in 1590, deſcribing the battle of the Angels againſt Lucifer, and which Gordon de Porcel, in his Library of Romances, tom. ii. p. 190. thought related to Angelica, the heroine of Boiardo and Arioſto. I beg leave to add, that Milton ſeems alſo to have attended to a poem of Taſſo, not much noticed, on the Creation, "Le Sette Giornate del Mondo Creato," in 1607.

V. Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine,
Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, " 'Tis for mine:
" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;
" Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew,
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
" For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
" For me, health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
" Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
" My foot-ſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies."
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When

NOTES.

Ver. 131. *Aſk for what end, &c.*] If there be any fault in theſe lines, it is not in the general ſentiment, but in the ill choice of inſtances made uſe of in illuſtrating it. It is the higheſt abſurdity to think that *Earth is* man's *foot-ſtool*, his *canopy the Skies*, and the *heavenly bodies* lighted up principally for his uſe; yet, ſurely, it is very excuſable to ſuppoſe fruits and minerals given for this end. W.

There is moſt aſſuredly a fault.

Ver. 141. *But errs not Nature*] The whole of this doctrine is thus clearly ſtated in ſome valuable manuſcripts of the late James Harris, Eſq.

" Whence evil in the univerſe, and why? Some things, perhaps, which thou thinkeſt ſuch, are not evil, but in appearance. Where the whole is vaſtly great, the connections will be innumerable. When, therefore, a part only is ſeen, many of theſe connections will be inexplicable. Being inexplicable, they will often exhibit appearances of evil, where yet in fact is no evil, but only good, not underſtood.

" Again, throughout the whole there is more good than evil: For in the ſyſtem of the heavens we know of no evil at all. The ſame

When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
" No

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ſame perhaps is true in many other parts of the whole. And with reſpect even to men, 'tis their intereſt to be good, if it be true that by Nature they are rational and ſocial. So that if, by vice of any kind, they chance to introduce evil, 'tis by deviating from Nature, and thwarting her original purpoſe. Indeed, all evil in general appears to be of the caſual kind; not ſomething intended by the Maker of the world, (for all his preparations plainly tend towards good,) but ſomething which follows, without being intended, and that perhaps neceſſarily, from the nature and eſſence of things. Indeed, the nature and eſſence of every being is immutable; and, while it exiſts itſelf, all its attributes will exiſt likewiſe. To ſay, therefore, a thing ſhould be, without its inſeparable and conſtitutive attributes, is the ſame as to ſay, it ſhould be, and not be. A miller works in his mill, and becomes white: a collier works in his mine, and becomes black: yet were neither of theſe incidents intended by either; but, other and better ends being purpoſed to be anſwered, they were neceſſarily attended by theſe collateral incidents. So it is in the univerſe. The good leads, the evil follows: the good is always deſigned, the evil only admitted: the good has exiſtence, by being the final cauſe of all things; the evil has exiſtence, becauſe it cannot be avoided: the good appears to be ſomething in character and form, which all beings ſome way or other are framed to enjoy: the evil, on the contrary, appears to be ſomething which all beings ſome way or other are framed to avoid; ſome by talons, others by teeth; ſome by wings, others by fins; and, laſtly, man, by genius ripened into arts, which alone is ſuperior to the ſum of all other preparations.

" Again, ſome evil, though evil, is yet productive of good, and therefore had better be, than not be, elſe there had not been the good. For example, human nature is infirm; expoſed to many and daily hardſhips; to pinching colds and ſcorching heats; to famines, droughts, diſeaſes, wounds. Call this all of it evil, if you pleaſe. Yet what a variety of arts ariſe from this evil, and which, if this evil had not urged, had never exiſted? Where had been agriculture, architecture, medicine, weaving, with a thou-

" No ('tis reply'd) the firſt Almighty Cauſe
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
" Th'

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ſand other arts too many to enumerate, had man been born a ſelf-ſufficient animal, ſuperior to the ſenſations of want or evil? Where had been that noble activity, that never-ceaſing energy of all his various powers, had not the poignancy of evil awakened them from the very birth, and diſpelled all ſymptoms of lethargy and drowſineſs? Nay more; courage, magnanimity, prudence, and wiſe indifference; patience, long-ſuffering, and acquieſcence in our lot; a calm and manly reſignation to the will of God, whatever he diſpenſes, whether good or bad; theſe heroic virtues could never have had exiſtence, had not thoſe things called evils firſt eſtabliſhed them into habit, and afterwards given occaſion for them to energize, and become conſpicuous. But the moſt important circumſtance of all is, that the very being and eſſence of ſociety itſelf is derived from the wants and infirmities of human nature. 'Tis theſe various infirmities, ſo much more numerous and laſting in man than in other animals, which make human ſocieties ſo eminently neceſſary; which extend them ſo far beyond all other animal aſſociations, and knit them together with ſuch indiſſoluble bands. Let each individual be ſuppoſed ſelf-ſufficient, and ſociety at once is diſſolved and annihilated. For why aſſociate without a cauſe? And what need of ſociety, if each can ſupport himſelf? But mark the conſequence; if ſociety be loſt, with it we loſe the energy of every ſocial affection; a loſs, in which every man loſes ſomething, but in which a good man loſes his principal and almoſt his only happineſs: For what then becomes of friendſhip, benevolence, love of country, hoſpitality, generoſity, forgiveneſs, with all the charities

Of father, ſon, and brother?

A man detached from human connections and relations (if ſuch a monſter may indeed be ſuppoſed) is no better than an ignorant inhuman ſavage; a mere Cyclops, devoid of all that is amiable and good."

In another part of the ſame manuſcripts he adds, " But a few days ago, and 'twas a lovely world. All was florid, cheerful, and gay. Yeſterday my friend's houſe was burnt. To-day arrived

" Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began:
" And what created perfect?—Why then Man?
If

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rived the news of the death of an old ſervant, who was diligent, careful, and of long-approved fidelity. Now 'tis all diſaſtrous, black, and diſmal. Wretched man! Wretched univerſe! how miſerable a manſion, and how helpleſs its inhabitants! Happy exiſtence may indeed well be deſired; but what value in exiſtence only pregnant with anxiety? Wiſely murmured! cries the leading principle, the god-like particle of reaſon and common ſenſe. The events which thou lamenteſt are ſtrange and unheard of. Thou never kneweſt before that thy ſpecies was mortal, or that fire could do any thing but prepare thee thy food. Murmur on, and grieve thee with a laudable obſtinacy. 'Twill infallibly cancel what is gone and over; render paſt, not paſt; and done, not done: For what ſo eaſy, ſo practicable, and obvious? Beſides thou, for thy part, haſt no deſire to acquire thoſe virtues which none can learn, but who have been partakers of the pains, the croſſes, and calamities, and diſaſters of human life. Man-like conſtancy, brave ſteady endurance, a cheerful acquieſcence in the univerſal diſpenſation, are to thee but trifles of mean importance. They are only of uſe in a buſtling world, when the winds rage, the ſtorms deſcend, thunders roll,

" With terror thro' the dark aerial hall."

Thou haſt never dreamt of a world like this: thou haſt never framed thyſelf but for a fine Elyſian one, where ſpring perpetual ſmiles with verdant flowers; where ſunſhine and zephyrs are happily blended; juſt exactly ſuch a ſpot as thou haſt ever found old England, where never was a froſt, never a fog, never a day but was delicious and ſerene. But hold, Reaſon! we have never found old England that paradiſe which thou deſcribeſt.—Fools then, and idiots! why act you as though you had? Why are your tempers and manners adapted to one kind of world, while your real ſituation is found to be in another?—Would you travel to Greenland in your ſhirt, and not be cold?—to Guinea in your cloak, and not be warm? Muſt things ſubmit to you, or you to things? Or is it not as abſurd to ſuppoſe that the world ſhould be new-modelled, that it might correſpond to the weakneſs and caprices of mankind, as that the foot ſhould be fitted to the ſhoe,

and,

If the great end be human Happineſs,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do leſs? 150
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſun-ſhine, as of Man's deſires;
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
As Men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's de-
ſign, 155
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?

Who

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and not the ſhoe to the foot; the horſe to the ſaddle, and not the ſaddle to the horſe?—Be thankful rather to that Divine Providence, who hath given thee powers to make even this life a happy one; who hath wiſely contrived, that, where proper care is had, from the greateſt of calamities may be learnt, if thou wilt endeavour, the nobleſt of all virtues."

Ver. 148. *And what created perfect?*] No poſition can be more true and ſolid; for perfect happineſs is as incommunicable as omnipotence. But the objector will not be equally ſatisfied by being told, that there can be any exceptions or any change under the guidance of a gracious and powerful Creator. Bayle is for ever repeating, in anſwer to his antagoniſts, "I only maintain, that the objections concerning the origin of evil cannot be ſolved by the mere ſtrength of reaſon; and I always believed that this was ſaying no more than what all our divines confeſs concerning the incomprehenſibility of predeſtination."

Ver. 150. *Then Nature deviates, &c.*] "While comets move in very eccentric orbs, in all manner of poſitions, blind Fate could never make all the planets move one and the ſame way in orbs concentric; ſome inconſiderable irregularities excepted, which may have riſen from the mutual actions of comets and planets upon one another, and which will be apt to increaſe, till this ſyſtem wants a reformation." *Sir Iſaac Newton's Optics, Quæſt. ult.*

Ver. 155. *If plagues, &c.*] What hath miſled Mr. De Crouſaz in his cenſure of this paſſage, is his ſuppoſing the compariſon to be between the effects of *two things in this ſublunary world;* when not only the elegancy, but the juſtneſs of it, conſiſts in its being between

Who knows but He, whose hand the light'ning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours

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tween the effects of a thing in the *universe at large*, and the familiar known effects of one *in this sublunary world*. For the position inforced in these lines is this, *that partial evil tends to the good of the whole:*

"Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
"May, must be right, as relative to all." Ver. 51.

How does the Poet inforce it? If you will believe this Critic, in illustrating the effects of partial moral evil in a particular system, by that of partial natural evil in the *same* system, and so he leaves his *position* in the lurch. But the Poet reasons at another rate: The way to prove his point, he knew, was to illustrate the effect of partial moral evil in the *universe*, by partial natural evil in a *particular system*. Whether partial moral evil tend to the good of the Universe, being a question which, by reason of our ignorance of *many* parts of that Universe, we cannot decide but from known effects; the rules of good reasoning require that it be proved by *analogy*, *i. e.* setting it by, and comparing it with, a thing *clear and certain*; and it is a thing *clear and certain*, that partial natural evil tends to the good of our *particular system*. W.

"All ills arise from the order of the universe, which is absolutely perfect. Would you wish to disturb so divine an order for the sake of your own particular interest? What if the ills I suffer arise from malice or oppression? But the vices and imperfections of men are also comprehended in the order of the universe.

"If plagues," &c.

Let this be allowed, and my own vices will be also a part of the same order."

Such is the commentary of the academist on these famous lines.

Voltaire, having written his poem on the dreadful earthquake at Lisbon, in direct opposition to the maxim of "Whatever is, is right," speaks of it thus in a letter to his friend, M. de Cideville, 1756: "Comme je ne suis pas en tout de l'avis de Pope, malgrè l'amitié que j'ai eue pour sa personne, et l'estime sincere que je conserverai toute ma vie pour ses ouvrages, j'ai cru devoir lui rendre justice dans ma preface, aussi-bien qu'à notre illustre ami M. l'Abbé

Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right is to ſubmit.
Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.

But

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l'Abbé du Reſnel, qui lui a fait l'honneur de le traduire, et ſouvent lui a rendu le ſervice d'adoucir les duretés des ſes ſentimens."

Ver. 157. *Who knows but He, &c.*] The ſublimity with which the great Author of Nature is here characteriſed, is but the ſecond beauty of this fine paſſage. The greateſt is the making the very diſpenſation objected to, the periphraſis of his title. W.

Ver. 162. *Account for moral,*] Their natures are ſo very diſſimilar, that they cannot, and ought not, to be accounted for by the ſame arguments. Men ſuffer and feel; elements, and unconſcious inanimate beings, cannot. Evil muſt be felt before it is evil. Such different objects require different treatment. "If Nature," ſays the commentator, "or the inanimate ſyſtem on which God hath impoſed his laws, which it obeys, as a machine obeys the hand of the workman, may, in courſe of time, deviate from its firſt direction, as the beſt philoſophy ſhews it may, where is the wonder that man, who was created a free agent, and hath it in his power every moment to tranſgreſs the eternal rule of right, ſhould ſometimes go out of order?" Are free agents, and beings accountable, becauſe they are free, to be put on the ſame footing as the inanimate ſyſtem? The infidel is for ever aſking, Why was man endowed with a faculty ſo dangerous, and ſo eaſily abuſed?

Ver. 167. *That never air or ocean*] An acute critic aſks if it ſhould not be—That never earth or ocean?—not air.

But ALL ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And paſſions are the elements of Life.
The gen'ral ORDER, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angels, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.

Made

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VER. 169. *But All ſubſiſts, &c.*] See this ſubject extended in Epiſtle ii. from Ver. 90 to 112, 155, &c.

VER. 171. *The general Order,*] It ſeems utterly impoſſible to explain theſe two remarkable lines in a way at all reconcileable to the doctrine of a lapſed condition of man, which opinion is the chief foundation of the Chriſtian revelation, and the capital argument for the neceſſity of redemption.

"That ſyſtem of philoſophy," ſays an able writer, "which profeſſes to juſtify the ways of God to man, without having recourſe to the doctrine of a future ſtate, muſt ever be conſidered as in the higheſt degree inimical to religion, whoſe very nature and eſſence it is to direct our views beyond the narrow limits of the preſent ſtate of exiſtence." See Eſſays Philoſophical, Hiſtorical, and Literary, p. 399. for ſome very acute obſervations on the Eſſay on Man.

Pope in theſe lines uſes almoſt the very words of Bolingbroke: "To think worthily of God, we muſt think that the natural order of things has always been the ſame; and that a being of infinite wiſdom and knowledge, to whom the paſt and the future are like the preſent, and who wants no experience to inform him, can have no reaſon to alter what infinite wiſdom and knowledge have once done." Section 58. Eſſays to Pope.

VER. 174. *And little leſs than Angels, &c.*] *Thou haſt made him a little lower than the Angels, and haſt crowned him with glory and honour.* Pſalm viii. 9.

Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say, what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all;
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate,
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſs'd with all?
The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not Man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a Fly.

Say

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Ver. 182. *Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, &c.*] It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are formed for ſtrength, their ſwiftneſs is leſſened; or as they are formed for ſwiftneſs, their ſtrength is abated. P.

Ver. 183. *All in exact proportion*] I cannot forbear thinking, that a little French treatiſe on Providence, publiſhed at Paris, 1728, formed on the principles of Leibnitz, ſomewhat moderated, had fallen into the hands both of Bolingbroke and Pope, from the great ſimilarity of the reaſoning there employed.

Ver. 186. *Is Heav'n unkind to Man,*] Cudworth, Leibnitz, King, Shafteſbury, Hutcheſon, Balguy, have all ſtrenuouſly argued for the prepollency of good to evil in our preſent ſyſtem; but none more forcibly than Balguy from p. 103 to p. 125 of his Divine Benevolence.

Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:

Mark

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Ver. 202. *And ſtunn'd him*] The argument certainly required an inſtance drawn from real ſound, and not from the imaginary muſic of the ſpheres. Locke's illuſtration of this doctrine is not only proper but poetical: "If our ſenſe of hearing were but one thouſand times quicker than it is, how would a perpetual noiſe diſtract us; and we ſhould, in the quieteſt retirement, be leſs able to ſleep or meditate, than in the middle of a ſea-fight." In line before 193, the expreſſion of microſcopic eye is from Locke.

Ver. 207. *Far as Creation's ample range extends,*] He tells us (from Ver. 206 to 233.) that the complying with ſuch extravagant deſires would not only be uſeleſs and pernicious to Man, but would be breaking into the order, and deforming the beauty of God's Creation, in which *this* animal is ſubject to *that*, and every one to Man; who by his Reaſon enjoys the ſum of all their powers. W.

In the preſent improved ſtate of Reaſon, poets of philoſophy will be preferred to poets of fancy. It may be doubted whether our author has excelled Dryden in the art of reaſoning in rhyme,

Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs: 210
What

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whoſe Religio Laici, and Hind and Panther, are in this reſpect admirable; though the fable of the latter abounds in abſurdities and inconſiſtencies.

Ver. 209. *Mark how it mounts,*] When it is ſaid that Pope was guilty of ſome contradictions and ſome inconſiſtencies in his reaſonings on the *beſt*, let us alſo remember that ſo alſo was his guide and philoſophical friend, who, it is to be wiſhed, had always expreſſed himſelf as in the following terms, p. 121. v. 5.

" Methinks I hear a ſincere and devout theiſt, in the midſt of ſuch meditations as theſe, cry out, " No; the world was not made for man, nor man only to be happy. The objections urged by atheiſts and divines againſt the wiſdom and goodneſs of the Supreme Being, on theſe arbitrary ſuppoſitions, deſtroy their own foundations. Mankind is expoſed, as well as other animals, to many inconveniencies and to various evils, by the conſtitution of the world. The world was not, therefore, made for him, nor he to be happy. But he enjoys numberleſs benefits, by the fitneſs of his nature to this conſtitution, unaſked, unmerited, freely beſtowed. He returns, like other animals, to the duſt; yet neither he nor they are willing to leave the ſtate wherein they are placed here. The wiſdom and the goodneſs of God are therefore manifeſt. I thank thee, O my Creator! that I am placed in a rank, low in the whole order of being, but the firſt in that animal ſyſtem to which I belong: a rank wherein I am made capable of knowing thee, and of diſcovering thy will, the perfection of my own nature, and the means of my own happineſs. Far be it from me to repine at my preſent ſtate, like thoſe who deny thee; or like thoſe who own thee, only to cenſure thy works and the diſpenſations of thy providence. May I enjoy thankfully the benefits beſtowed on me by thy divine liberality! May I ſuffer the evils, to which I ſtand expoſed, patiently, nay willingly! None of thy creatures are made to be perfectly happy like thyſelf; nor did thy goodneſs require that they ſhould be ſo. Such of them as are more worthy objects of it than thy human creatures, ſuperior natures that inhabit other worlds, may be affected in ſome degree or other by phyſical evils, ſince theſe are effects of the general laws of

What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious to the tainted green:
Of

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matter and motion. They muſt be affected too, in ſome degree or other, by moral evil, ſince moral evil is the conſequence of error, as well as of diſorderly appetites and paſſions, and ſince error is the conſequence of imperfect underſtanding. Leſs of this evil may prevail among them. But all that is finite, the moſt exalted intelligences, muſt be liable to ſome errors. Thou, O God! that Being who is liable to none, and to whom infallibility and impeccability belong,

" Duc me, parens celſique dominator poli,
" Quocumque placuit. Nulla parendi mora eſt,
" Aſſum impiger *."

VER. 210. *From the green myriads*] Theſe lines are admirable patterns of forcible diction. The peculiar and diſcriminating expreſſiveneſs of the epithets ought to be particularly regarded. Perhaps we have no image in the language more lively than that of the laſt verſe: " To live along the line," is equally bold and beautiful. In this part of the epiſtle the poet ſeems to have remarkably laboured his ſtyle, which abounds in various figures, and is much elevated. Pope has practiſed the great ſecret of Virgil's art, which was to diſcover the very ſingle epithet that preciſely ſuited each occaſion. If Pope muſt yield to other poets in point of fertility of fancy, or harmony of numbers, yet in point of propriety, cloſeneſs, and elegance of diction, he can yield to none. Very inferior is the tranſlation of Abbé du Reſnel, of all this fine paſſage, to the original, though it is evident he took pains about it. See his four lines on the ſpider:

Contemplez l'araignée en ſon réduit obſcur;
Que ſon toucher eſt vif, qu'il eſt prompt, qu'il eſt ſur;
Sur ces pieges, tendus ſans ceſſe vigilante,
Dans chacun de ſes fils elle paroit vivante.

VER. 213. *The headlong lioneſs*] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deſarts of Africa is this: At their firſt going

* Sen. Ep. 107.

Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How Inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reaſon, what a nice barrier?
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection, how ally'd;
What thin partitions Senſe from Thought divide?

And

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out in the night-time they ſet up a loud roar, and then liſten to the noiſe made by the beaſts in their flight, purſuing them by the ear, and not by the noſtril. It is probable the ſtory of the jackall's hunting for the lion, was occaſioned by the obſervation of this defect of ſcent in that terrible animal. P.

Ver. 224. *For ever ſep'rate, &c.*] *Near*, by the ſimilitude of the operations; *ſeparate* by the immenſe difference in the nature of the powers. W.

Ver. 226. *What thin partitions, &c.*] So *thin*, that the Atheiſtic Philoſophers, as Protagoras, held that THOUGHT *was only* SENSE; and from thence concluded, that *every imagination or opinion of every man was true:* Πᾶσα φαντασία ἐστὶν ἀληθής. But the Poet determines more philoſophically; that they are really and eſſentially different, how *thin* ſoever the partition be by which they are *divided*. Thus, (to illuſtrate the truth of this obſervation,) when a geometer conſiders a triangle, in order to demonſtrate the equality of its three angles to two right ones, he has the picture or image of ſome ſenſible triangle in his mind, which is *ſenſe*; yet notwithſtanding, he muſt needs have the motion or idea of an intellectual triangle likewiſe, which is *thought*; for this plain reaſon, becauſe every image or picture of a triangle muſt needs be obtuſangular, or rectangular, or acutangular; but that which, in his mind, is the ſubject of his propoſition is the ratio of a triangle,

undetermined

And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee? 230
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go! 235
Around, how wide, how deep extend below!
Vast chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 238. Ed. 1st.
Ethereal essence, spirit, substance, man.

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undetermined to any of these species. On this account it was that Aristotle said, Νοηματα τιν διοισει, τω μη Φαντασματα ειναι, η δε ταυτα φαντασματα, αλλ' ουκ ανευ φαντασματων. *The conceptions of the mind differ somewhat from sensible images; they are not sensible images, and yet not quite free or disengaged from sensible images.*

VER. 232. *Is not thy Reason*] "Such then is the admirable distribution of nature, her adapting and adjusting not only the stuff or matter to the shape itself and form, to the circumstance, place, element, or region; but also the affections, appetites, sensations, mutually to each other, as well as the matter, form, action, and all besides; all managed for the best, with perfect frugality and just reserve: profuse to none, but bountiful to all: never employing in one thing more than enough; but with exact œconomy retrenching the superfluous, and adding force to what is principal in every thing: And is not thought and reason principal in man? would we have no reserve for these; no saving for this part of his engine?" Shaftsbury, in the Moralist, vol. ii. p. 99.

VER. 235. *Above, how high,*] This is a magnificent passage. Thomson had before said, in Summer, v. 333.

Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the Whole muſt fall.

Let

NOTES.

——Has any ſeen
The mighty chain of beings, leſſening down
From infinite Perfection, to the brink
Of dreary Nothing, deſolate abyſs!
From which aſtoniſh'd thought recoiling turns?

See alſo Locke, vol. ii. p. 49.

Ver. 240. *No glaſs can reach;*] "There are," ſays Hooke the naturaliſt, "8,280,000 *animalcula* in one drop of water." "Nature, in many inſtances," ſays Themiſtius, "appears to make her tranſitions ſo imperceptibly, and by little and little, that in ſome beings it may be doubted whether they are animal or vegetable.

Ver. 244. *The great ſcale's deſtroy'd:*] All that can be ſaid of the ſuppoſition of a ſcale of beings gradually deſcending from perfection to non-entity, and complete in every rank and degree, is to be found in the third chapter of King's Origin of Evil, and in a note of the Archbiſhop, marked G, p. 137. of Law's tranſlation, ending with theſe emphatical words: "Whatever ſyſtem God had choſen, all creatures in it could not have been equally perfect; and there could have been but a certain determinate multitude of the moſt perfect; and, when that was completed, there would have been a ſtation for creatures leſs perfect, and it would ſtill have been an inſtance of goodneſs to give them a being as well as others."

Ver. 245. *From Nature's chain*] Almoſt the words of Marcus Antoninus, l. v. c. 8.; as alſo v. 265. from the ſame.

Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and ſtars run lawleſs through the ſky;
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.

All

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Ver. 251. *Let Earth unbalanc'd*] *i. e.* Being no longer kept within its orbit by the different directions of its progreſſive and attractive motions; which, like equal weights in a balance, keep it in an equilibre. W.

It is obſervable, that theſe noble lines were added after the firſt folio edition. It is a pleaſing and uſeful amuſement to trace out the alterations that a great and correct writer gradually makes in his works. At firſt it ran,

How inſtinct varies! What a hog may want
Compar'd with thine, half-reaſoning Elephant.

And again;

What the advantage if his finer eyes
Study a mite, not comprehend the ſkies.

Which lines at preſent ſtand thus:

How inſtinct varies in the growling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning Elephant, with thine:
Say what the uſe were finer optics given,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the Heav'n.

Formerly it ſtood thus:

No ſelf-confounding faculties to ſhare,
No ſenſes ſtronger than his brain can bear.

At preſent;

No pow'rs of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.

It appeared at firſt very exceptionably;

Expatiate far o'er all this ſcene of Man,
A mighty maze! of walks without a plan.

Which contradicted his whole ſyſtem, and it was altered to,

A mighty maze! but not without a plan!

All this dread Order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head? 260
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains, 265
The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;

That,

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Ver. 265. *Juſt as abſurd, &c.*] See the proſecution and application of this in Ep. iv. P.

Ver. 266. *The great directing Mind, &c.*] "Veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium. Deus enim ſine dominio, providentia, et cauſis finalibus, nihil aliud eſt quam Fatum et Natura." *Newtoni Princip. Schol. gener. ſub finem.*

Ver. 267. *All are but parts*] Theſe are lines of a marvellous energy and cloſeneſs of expreſſion. They are exactly like the old Orphic verſes quoted in Ariſtotle, De Mundo. Edit. Lugd. folio, 1590, p. 378.; and line 289 as minutely reſembles the doctrine of the ſublime hymn of Cleanthes the Stoic; not that I imagine Pope or Bolingbroke ever read that hymn, eſpecially the latter, who was ignorant of Greek.

Ver. 268. *Whoſe body Nature is, &c.*] Mr. de Crouſaz remarks, on this line, that "A Spinoziſt would expreſs himſelf in this manner." I believe he would; for ſo the infamous Toland has done, in his Atheiſt's Liturgy, called Pantheisticon: But ſo would St. Paul likewiſe, who, writing on this ſubject, the omnipreſence of God in his Providence, and in his Subſtance, ſays, in the words of a pantheiſtical Greek Poet, *In him we live, and move, and have our being; i. e.* we are parts of him, *his offspring:*

And

That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame; 270
Warms

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And the reaſon is, becauſe a religious theiſt and an impious pantheiſt both profeſs to believe the omnipreſence of God. But would Spinoza, as Mr. Pope does, call God *the great directing Mind of all*, who hath intentionally created a perfect Univerſe? Or would a Spinoziſt have told us,

"The workman from the work diſtinct was known?"

a line that overturns all Spinoziſm from its very foundations.

But this ſublime deſcription of the Godhead contains not only the *divinity* of St. Paul; but, if that will not ſatisfy the men he writes againſt, the *philoſophy* likewiſe of Sir Iſaac Newton.

The Poet ſays,

"All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;" &c.

The Philoſopher:—"In ipſo continentur et moventur univerſa, ſed abſque mutua paſſione. Deus nihil patitur ex corporum motibus; illa nullam ſentiunt reſiſtentiam ex omnipræſentia Dei.—Corpore omni et figura corporea deſtituitur.—Omnia regit et omnia cognoſcit—Cum unaquæque Spatii particula ſit ſemper, et unumquodque Durationis indiviſibile momentum, ubique certe rerum omnium Fabricator ac Dominus non erit nunquam, nuſquam."

Mr. Pope;

"Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
"As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
"As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns;
"As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
"To him, no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
"He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all."

Sir Iſaac Newton:—"Annon ex phænomenis conſtat eſſe entem incorporeum, viventem, intelligentem, omnipræſentem, qui in ſpatio infinito, tanquam ſenſorio ſuo, res ipſas intime cernat, penitusque perſpiciat, totaſque intra ſe præſens præſentes complectatur."

But now admitting there were an ambiguity in theſe expreſſions, ſo great that a Spinoziſt might employ them to expreſs his own particular

Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives

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particular principles; and ſuch a thing might well be, becauſe the Spinoziſts, in order to hide the impiety of their principle, are wont to expreſs the Omnipreſence of God in terms that any religious Theiſt might employ; in this caſe, I ſay, how are we to judge of the Poet's meaning? Surely by the whole tenor of his argument. Now take the words in the ſenſe of the Spinoziſts, and he is made, in the concluſion of his epiſtle, to overthrow all he had been advancing throughout the body of it: For Spinoziſm is the deſtruction of an Univerſe, where every thing tends, by a foreſeen contrivance in all its parts, to the perfection of the Whole. But allow him to employ the paſſage in the ſenſe of St. Paul, *That we and all creatures live, and move, and have our being in God*; and then it will be ſeen to be the moſt logical ſupport of all that had preceded. For the Poet having, as we ſay, laboured through his Epiſtle to prove, that every thing in the Univerſe tends, by a foreſeen contrivance, and a preſent direction of all its parts, to the perfection of the Whole; it might be objected, that ſuch a diſpoſition of things implying in God a painful, operoſe, and inconceivable extent of Providence, it could not be ſuppoſed that ſuch care extended to *all*, but was confined to the more noble parts of the creation. This groſs conception of the Firſt Cauſe the Poet expoſes, by ſhewing that God is equally and intimately preſent to every particle of Matter, to every ſort of Subſtance, and in every inſtant of Being. W.

Ver. 269. *That, chang'd thro' all*] "Every ear," ſays a critic of the trueſt taſte, "muſt feel the ill effect of the monotony in theſe lines. The cauſe of it is obvious. This verſe conſiſts of ten ſyllables, or five feet. When the pauſe falls on the fourth ſyllable, we ſhall find that we pronounce the ſix laſt in the ſame time that we do the four firſt; ſo that the couplet is not only divided into two equal lines, but each line, with reſpect to time, is divided into two equal parts." Webb's Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry.

Ver. 270. *Great in the earth,*] It is remarkable that perhaps the moſt ſolid refutation of Spinoza is in the 5th volume of Bayle's Dictionary, p. 199.

Lives through all Life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph, that adores and burns:

To

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VER. 274. *Operates unſpent;*] To Lucretius, who, in theſe very bold and magnificent lines, has aſked,

"Quis? regere immenſi ſummam; quis habere profundi
Indu manu validas potis eſt moderanter habenas?
Quis pariter cœlos omneis convertere? et omneis
Ignibus ætheriis terras ſuffire feraceis?
Omnibus inque locis eſſe omni tempore præſtó?

To this queſtion, I ſay, we may anſwer, "That Great Being who is ſo powerfully deſcribed by Pope in this paſſage."

See on this ſubject the fine and convincing Diſcourſe of Socrates with Ariſtodemus, in the firſt book of Xenophon's Memorabilia.

VER. 276. *In a hair as heart;*] How much ſuperior to a conceit of Cowley, addreſſed to J. Evelyne, Eſq.

"If we could open and intend our eye,
We all, like Moſes, ſhould eſpy,
E'en in a Buſh, the radiant Deity!"

Very ſublime is the idea of the Great Firſt Cauſe in a fragment of Empedocles:

——Φρὴν ἱερὴ, καὶ ἀθέσφατος ἔπλετο μῆνις,
Φροντίσι κύσμον ἅπαντα καταίσσουσα θοῆσι.

Ammonius, p. 199.

M. du Reſnel has tranſlated all this paſſage of Pope unfairly and abſurdly.

Our author ſtrove hard to excel four fine lines of his maſter Dryden, and has ſucceeded in the attempt; they are in a ſpeech of Raphael in the "State of Innocence," amidſt much traſh:

"Where'er thou art, he is; th' eternal Mind
Acts thro' all places; is to none confin'd:
Fills ocean, earth, and air, and all above,
And thro' the univerſal maſs does move."

To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

X. Ceaſe

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Ver. 280. *He fills, he bounds,*] This is a noble paſſage. Akenſide entered the liſts on this ſubject with our author. It will be pleaſant to compare two ſuch writers:

——"Thee, O Father, this extent
Of matter; Thee, the ſluggiſh earth and tract
Of ſeas, the heavens and heavenly ſplendors feel
Pervading, quickening, moving. From the depth
Of thy great eſſence, forth did'ſt thou conduct
Eternal Form; and there, where Chaos reign'd,
Gav'ſt her dominion to erect her ſeat,
And ſanctify the manſion. All her works
Well-pleas'd thou did'ſt behold. The gloomy fires
Of ſtorm or earthquake, and the pureſt light
Of Summer; ſoft Campania's new-born roſe;
And the ſlow weed, which pines on Ruſſian hills,
Comely alike to thy full viſion, ſtand:
To thy ſurrounding viſion, which unites
All eſſences and powers of the great world
In one ſole order; fair alike they ſtand,
As features well conſenting, and alike
Requir'd by Nature ere ſhe could attain
Her juſt reſemblance to the perfect ſhape
Of univerſal beauty, which with Thee
Dwelt from the firſt."——

Book i. 569. The Pleaſures of Imagination.

I will here add, as the beſt commentary on the prevailing doctrines of this firſt Epiſtle, a very exalted paſſage from Plotinus, in which he has introduced a ſublime proſopopœia of Nature, or the Univerſe, ſpeaking of the deſign of Creation; and I will give it in the forcible and energetic tranſlation of Cudworth, book i. p. 881. without apology for any antiquated expreſſions that this truly great divine and philoſopher has made uſe of:

"That which God made was the Whole, as One thing; which he that attends to may hear it ſpeaking to him after this manner: "God Almighty hath made Me, and from thence came I perfect and complete, and ſtanding in need of nothing, becauſe in Me are contained

X. Ceaſe then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.

Know

VARIATIONS.

After Verſe 282. in the MS.

Reaſon, to think of God when ſhe pretends,
Begins a Cenſor, an Adorer ends.

NOTES.

contained all things; plants and animals, and good ſouls, and men happy with virtue; and innumerable demons, and many gods. Nor is the earth alone in me adorned with all manner of plants and variety of animals; or does the power of ſoul extend at moſt no further than to the ſeas, as if the whole air, and æther, and heaven, in the mean time, were quite devoid of ſoul, and altogether unadorned with living inhabitants. Moreover, all things in me deſire good, and every thing reaches to it, according to its power and nature. For the whole world depends upon that firſt and higheſt good, the gods themſelves who reign in my ſeveral parts, and all animals and plants, and whatſoever ſeems to be inanimate in me. For ſome things in me partake only of being, ſome of life alſo, ſome of ſenſe, ſome of reaſon, and ſome of intellect above reaſon. But no man ought to require equal things from unequal; nor that the finger ſhould ſee, but the eye; it being enough for the finger to be a finger, and to perform its own office. As an artificer would not make all things in an animal to be eyes; ſo neither has the Divine λογος, or Spermatic Reaſon of the World, made all things gods; but ſome gods, and ſome demons, and ſome men, and ſome lower animals: not out of envy, but to diſplay its own variety and fecundity: but we are like unſkilful ſpectators of a picture, who condemn the limner, becauſe he hath not put bright colours every where: whereas he had ſuited his colours to every part reſpectively, giving to each ſuch as belonged to it. Or elſe are we like thoſe who would blame a comedy or tragedy, becauſe they were not all kings or heroes that acted in it, but ſome ſervants and ruſtic clowns introduced alſo, talking after their rude faſhion. Whereas the dramatic poem would neither be complete, nor elegant and delightful, were all thoſe worſer parts taken out of it."

The learned reader will be highly gratified by turning to a fine paſſage on this ſubject in Plutarch, De Animi Tranquillitate,

Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good:

And,

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vol. ii. p. 473. folio, 1620, and to the noble lines of Euripides there quoted: and would be gratified ſtill more by attentively peruſing the ſhort treatiſe of Ariſtotle, Περὶ Κοσμοῦ, concerning the beauty and concord of the Univerſe ariſing from Contrarieties; which treatiſe, notwithſtanding the different form of its compoſition, ought to be aſcribed to this philoſopher, for the reaſons aſſigned by Petit in his Obſervations, b. ii.; and by a diſſertation of Daniel Heinſius, as well as the opinion of our truly learned Biſhop Berkeley.

Ver. 287. *Safe in the hand*] "Be there two worlds, or be there twenty, the ſame God is the God of all; and wherever we are, we are equally in his power. Far from fearing my Creator, that all-perfect Being whom I adore, I ſhould fear to be no longer his creature." Bolingbroke.

Si ſic omnia dixiſſet!

Ver. 289. *All Nature is but Art,*] Cudworth obſerves, upon Lucretius's having ſaid,

"Uſque adeo res humanas vis abdita quædam
Obterit,"——

that here he reeled and ſtaggered in his atheiſm; or was indeed a Theiſt, and knew it not.

"Nature is the art whereby God governs the world," ſays Hobbes.

Ver. 291. *All Diſcord, Harmony*] The words of Plato, in the Thæot. are, καὶ τοῦτο μεγίστης τέχνης ἀγαθὸ ποιεῖν τὰ κακά. This muſt

And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

NOTES.

muſt be acknowledged to be the greateſt of all arts, to be able to bonifie evils, or tincture them with good."

Cudworth, p. 221. Intellectual Syſtem.

I was ſurpriſed to ſee this philoſophical doctrine amply illuſtrated in one of our quaint old writers, Feltham, in his Reſolves, p. 130. 1633.

"The whole world is kept in order by Diſcord; and every part of it is but a more particular compoſed jarre. Not a man, not a beaſt, not a creature, but have ſomething to ballaſt their lightneſſe. One ſcale is not alwaies in depreſſion, nor the other lifted ever high, but the alternate wave of the beame keepes it ever in the play of motion. From the piſmire on the tufted hill, to the monarch in the raiſed throne, nothing but hath ſomewhat to awe it. Wee are all here like birds that boyes let flye in ſtrings: when we mount too high, wee have that which puls us downe againe. What man is it which lives ſo happily, which feares not ſomething that would ſadden his ſoule if it fell? Nor is there any whom calamity doth ſo much triſtitiate, as that hee never ſees the flaſhes of ſome warming joy. Beaſts with beaſts are terrified and delighted. Man with man is awed and defended. States with ſtates are bounded and upholded. And, in all theſe, it makes greatly for the Maker's glory that ſuch an admirable harmony ſhould bee produced out of ſuch an infinite diſcord. The world is both a perpetuall warre, and a wedding. Heraclitus call'd a Diſcord and Concord the univerſall Parents. And to raile on Diſcord," ſaies the Father of the Poets, "is to ſpeake ill of Nature. As in muſicke ſometimes one ſtring is lowder, ſometimes another; yet never one long, nor never all at once. So ſometimes one ſtate gets a monarchy, ſometimes another: ſometimes one element is violent, now another: yet never was the whole world under one long; nor were all the elements raging together. Every ſtring has his uſe, and his tune, and his turne."

Feltham, we may imagine, did not know that this was a doctrine ſo old as Heraclitus, who ſpeaks of Παλιντροπος ἁρμονιη κόσμου, a verſatile harmony of the world, whereby things reciprocate backwards and forwards, &c.; quoted by Cudworth, chap. iv. b. i. from Plutarch, De Iſide & Oſiride, of two principles, a good God and an evil Dæmon; the Manichean doctrine.

* * * *

Bayle was the perſon who, by ſtating the difficulties concerning the Origin of Evil, in his Dictionary, 1695, with much acuteneſs and ability, revived the Manichean controverſy that had been long dormant. He was ſoon anſwered by Le Clerc in his Parrhaſiana, and by many articles in his Bibliotheques. But by no writer was Bayle ſo powerfully attacked, as by the excellent Archbiſhop King, in his Treatiſe de Origine Meli, 1702. About 1705, Lord Shafteſbury frequently viſited Bayle at Rotterdam, whoſe wit and learning he admired, and made him a preſent of an elegant watch by a delicate ſtratagem; and offered him a fine collection of books, which that philoſopher declined to accept. He had many converſations and diſputes with Bayle on the Manichæan controverſy; and in 1709 wrote the famous Dialogue intitled, The Moraliſts, as a direct confutation of the opinions of Bayle; though he had before touched on this ſubject, 1699, when the firſt edition of the Enquiry concerning Virtue and Merit was publiſhed: as did his diſciple Hutcheſon, 1725. In 1710, Leibnitz wrote his famous Theodicée; without entering into the metaphyſical refinements of that piece, it may be more amuſing to our reader juſt to mention the agreeable fiction with which he ends his philoſophical diſquiſition. He feigns, (in continuance of a Dialogue of Laurentius Valla,) that Sextus the ſon of Tarquin goes to Dodona to complain to Jupiter of the crime which he was deſtined to commit, the rape of Lucretia. Jupiter anſwers him, that he had nothing to do but to abſtain from going to Rome: but Sextus declares poſitively, that he could not renounce the hope of being a king, and accordingly to Rome he goes. After his departure, the high prieſt, Theodorus, aſks Jupiter, why he did not give another will to Sextus? Jupiter ſends Theodorus to Athens to conſult Minerva; ſhe ſhews to Theodorus the great palace of the Deſtinies, in which were placed all the pictures and repreſentations of all poſſible worlds, from the worſt model to the beſt. Theodorus beholds, in the latter, the crime which Sextus was doomed to commit; from which crime aroſe the liberty of Rome, and a mighty empire; an event ſo intereſting to a great part of the human race. Theodorus was ſilenced.

In 1720 Dr. John Clarke publiſhed his Enquiry into the Cauſe and Origin of Evil, a work full of ſound reaſoning; but almoſt every argument on this moſt difficult of all ſubjects had been urged many years before any of the above-mentioned treatiſes ap-

peared, namely, 1678, by that truly great ſcholar and divine Cudworth, in that ineſtimable treaſury of learning and philoſophy his Intellectual Syſtem, to which ſo many authors have been indebted, without owning their obligations.

I thought this little account of the writers who had preceded Pope, on the ſubject of this Eſſay, not improper to be ſubjoined in this place.

Voltaire wrote his Candide with the profeſſed deſign of ridiculing the fundamental doctrine of this Eſſay; and in his Philoſophical Dictionary; in his poem on the Deſtruction of Liſbon; in his Additions to the Encyclopedie; and in many parts of his Works and Letters; he ſeized every opportunity of combating and expoſing the opinion of Optimiſm. And he joined with Hume in ſaying, "That the only ſolid method of accounting for the Origin of Evil, conſiſtently with the other attributes of God, is not to allow that his power is infinite." "Sa puiſſance eſt très grande; mais qui nous a dit qu'elle eſt infinie, quand ſes ouvrages nous montrent le contraire? Certes, j'aime mieux l'adorer borné que mechant. Il ne reſte que d'avouer que Dieu ayant agi pour le mieux, n'a pu agir mieux. Cette neceſſité tranche toutes les difficultés & finit toutes les diſputes. Nous n'avons pas le front de dire, Tout eſt bien; nous diſons tout eſt le moins mal qu'il ſe pouvait." "We ought," ſays Hume, "to allow that the Creator of the univerſe poſſeſſes that preciſe degree of power, intelligence, and benevolence which actually appears in his workmanſhip; nothing farther can ever be juſtly proved; and the ſuppoſition of farther attributes is mere hypotheſis." Thus endeavouring to deprive us of our moſt comfortable hopes, and moſt ſalutary expectations. But he ſhould remember, that, if this be all that reaſon and philoſophy can be able to prove, life and immortality are brought to light by the goſpel. Notwithſtanding theſe looſe principles of Voltaire, yet one is glad to find, from the ſame hand, a full confutation of the impious tenets advanced in the Syſteme de la Nature. Tom. iv. of Queſtions ſur l'Encyclopedie, page 285. And in the beginning of this article, in the ſame volume, he has confuted Spinoza, and pointed out his many contradictions, ſophiſms, and obſcurities; proving clearly that he did not underſtand his own opinions. In vol. vii. of the ſame work, page 283. he has demoliſhed the artful arguments of Bayle, who endeavoured to prove that atheiſm was a tenet leſs miſchievous to the happineſs of man than idolatry.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to Himſelf, *as an Individual.*

I. *THE buſineſs of Man not to pry into* God, *but to ſtudy* himſelf. *His* Middle Nature; *his Powers and Frailties,* Ver. 1 to 19. *The Limits of his* Capacity, Ver. 19. &c. II. *The two Principles of Man,* Self-love *and* Reaſon, *both neceſſary,* Ver. 53, &c. Self-love *the ſtronger, and why,* Ver. 67, &c. *Their end the ſame,* Ver. 81, &c. III. *The* Passions, *and their uſe,* Ver. 93 to 130. *The* Predominant Paſſion, *and its force,* Ver. 132 to 160. *Its Neceſſity, in directing Men to different purpoſes,* Ver. 165, &c. *Its providential Uſe, in fixing our Principle, and aſcertaining our Virtue,* Ver. 177. IV. Virtue *and* Vice *joined in our* mixed Nature; *the limits near, yet the things* ſeparate *and* evident: *What is the Office of* Reaſon, Ver. 202 to 216. V. *How odious* Vice *in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves in it,* Ver. 217. VI. *That, however, the* Ends *of* Providence *and* general Good *are anſwered in our Paſſions and Imperfections,* Ver. 238, &c. *How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all* Orders of Men, Ver. 241. *How uſeful they are to* Society, Ver. 251. *And to* Individuals, Ver. 263. *In every* ſtate, *and every* age *of life,* Ver. 273, &c.

EPISTLE II.

I. KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan,
The proper ſtudy of Mankind is Man.

Plac'd

VARIATIONS.

VER. 2. Ed. 1ſt.
The only ſcience of Mankind is Man.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Know then thyſelf,*] Not content with the fame acquired by writing thoſe fine tragedies, Zaire, Alzire, Merope, and Mahomet, Voltaire muſt needs deſcend to didactic poetry; for a deſcent it is; out of an ambition to be an univerſal genius; and produced, in emulation of Pope, five Diſcourſes on Man: the firſt is, on the Equality of Happineſs in the different Conditions of Man; the ſecond, on the Freedom of Man; the third, on the Miſchiefs of Envy, and that it is the chief Obſtacle to our Happineſs; the fourth, to ſhew that, to be Happy, we muſt be moderate in all Things; the fifth, that Pleaſure muſt proceed from God; the ſixth, that Perfect Happineſs cannot be attained in this Life, and that Men ought not to complain; the ſeventh and laſt is, to ſhew that Virtue chiefly conſiſts in Acts of Beneficence to our Fellow-creatures. A cloſe reſemblance is viſible in the following lines of the ſixth diſcourſe to the Eſſay on Man. Ep. i. v. 173.

" Un vieux Lettre Chinois, qui toujours ſur les bancs
Combattit la raiſon par de beaux argumens,
Plein de Confucins, et ſa Logique en tête,
Diſtinguant, concluant, préſenta ſa requête.
Pourquoi ſuis-je en un point reſſerré par le tems?
Mes jours devraient aller par-dela vingt mille ans;
Ma taille pour le moins dût avoir cent condées,
D'où vient que je ne puis, plus promt que mes idées,
Voyager dans la Lune, et reformer ſon cours?
Pourquoi faut-il dormir un grand tiers de mes jours;
Pourquoi ne puis-je, au gré de ma pudique flâme;
Faire au moins en trois mois cent enfans à ma femme;

 Pourquoi

Plac'd on this iſtmus of a middle ſtate,
A Being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or Beaſt;

In

NOTES.

Pourquoi pis-je en un jour ſi las de ſes attraits?
Tes pourquoi, dit le Dieu, ne finiraient jamais
Bientot tes queſtions vont etre decidées:
Vas chercher ta réponſe au pays des idées;
Pars!"——

Though there are many ſenſible and ſprightly paſſages in theſe diſcourſes, yet their inferiority to Pope is indiſputable. As much as we may lament and reprobate the looſe and libertine principles wantonly ſcattered up and down in the writings of Voltaire, yet is it impoſſible not to admire the fertility of his genius, the brilliancy of his wit, and the variety of his talents? It is vain to think it poſſible to deſtroy and depreciate the man who, with ſuch an unparalleled verſatility of mind, could produce, not only the tragedies juſt mentioned, and ſome parts of the Henriade, but Comic Tales, a certain Mock Heroic Poem, and Familiar Epiſtles in verſe, equal to the facility and naïveté of La Fontaine; as well as ſuch hiſtories as that of Charles XII. Louis XIV. and the Eſſay on General Hiſtory; which laſt work has had the great merit of giving a new turn to hiſtorical compoſitions, and carrying them from accounts of battles, and ſieges, and negotiations alone, to inveſtigations of the progreſs of manners, laws, and arts; and this in a ſtyle of marvellous perſpicuity and preciſion; ſo that his proſe is quite equal to his verſe, perhaps ſuperior. They who are fond of attributing the diſorders and enormities in France to the influence of Voltaire's writings, ought in common juſtice to be reminded, that even in one of his moſt exceptionable works, the Dictionaire Philoſophique, are various paſſages, ſtrongly pointed, againſt Atheiſm, Equality, and Democracy, and the very impious tenets of the Syſteme de la Nature.

Ver. 3. *On this iſthmus*] From Cowley, in the Ode on Life and Fame. As alſo line 205. in the 4th Epiſtle,

To Kings, or to the Favorites of Kings.

In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!

Go,

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 18. in the MS.

For more perfection than this ſtate can bear
In vain we ſigh, Heav'n made us as we are.
As wiſely ſure a modeſt Ape might aim
To be like Man, whoſe faculties and frame

He

NOTES.

VER. 11. *Alike in ignorance, &c.*] *i. e.* The proper ſphere of his reaſon is ſo narrow, and the exerciſe of it ſo nice, that the too immoderate uſe of it is attended with the ſame ignorance that proceeds from the not uſing it at all. Yet though, in both theſe caſes, he is *abuſed by himſelf*, he has it ſtill in his own power to *diſabuſe himſelf*, in making his paſſions ſubſervient to the *means*, and regulating his Reaſon by the *end* of life. W.

VER. 12. *Whether he thinks too little,*] It was obſerved by Bayle, above an hundred years ago, "that philoſophy might be compared to certain powders, ſo very corroſive, that, having conſumed the proud and ſpongy fleſh of a wound, they would corrode even the quick and ſound fleſh, rot the bones, and penetrate to the very marrow. Philoſophy is proper at firſt to confute errors, but if ſhe be not ſtopped there, ſhe attacks truth itſelf; and, when ſhe has her full ſcope, ſhe generally goes ſo far that ſhe loſes herſelf, and knows not where to ſtop." What would Bayle have ſaid if he had ſeen the uſes to which philoſophy has been applied in the preſent times?

Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;
Inſtruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, ſoar with Plato, to th' empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;

Or

VARIATIONS.

He ſees, he feels, as you or I to be
An Angel thing we neither know nor ſee.
Obſerve how near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how riſible of face!
It muſt be ſo—why elſe have I the ſenſe
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
Why elſe to walk on two ſo oft eſſay'd?
And why this ardent longing for a Maid?
So Pug might plead, and call his Gods unkind,
Till ſet on end and married to his mind.
Go, reas'ning thing! aſſume the Doctor's chair,
As Plato deep, as Seneca ſevere:
Fix moral fitneſs, and to God give rule,
Then drop into thyſelf, &c.——

VER. 21. Ed. 4th and 5th.

Show by what rules the wand'ring planets ſtray,
Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.

NOTES.

VER. 20. *Go, meaſure earth, &c.*] Alluding to the noble and uſeful labours of the modern Mathematicians, in meaſuring a degree at the equator and the polar circle, in order to determine the true figure of the earth; of great importance to aſtronomy and navigation; and which proved of equal honour to the wonderful ſagacity of Newton. W.

VER. 22. *Correct old Time, &c.*] This alludes to Newton's Grecian Chronology, which he reformed on thoſe two ſublime conceptions, the difference between the reigns of kings, and the generations of men; and the poſition of the colours of the equinoxes and ſolſtices at the time of the Argonautic expedition. W.

Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool.

Superior Beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd

NOTES.

VER. 29, 30. *Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom, &c.*] Theſe two lines are a concluſion from all that had been ſaid from Ver. 18. to this effect: Go now, vain Man, elated with thy acquirements in *real* ſcience, and *imaginary* intimacy with God; go, and run into all the extravagancies I have exploded in the firſt epiſtle, where thou pretendeſt to teach Providence how to govern; then drop into the obſcurities of thy own nature, and thereby manifeſt thy ignorance and folly. W.

VER. 31. *Superior beings, &c.*] In theſe lines the Poet ſpeaks to this effect: "But to make you fully ſenſible of the difficulty of this ſtudy, I ſhall inſtance in the great Newton himſelf; whom, when ſuperior beings, not long ſince, ſaw capable of unfolding the whole law of Nature, they were in doubt whether the owner of ſuch prodigious ſagacity ſhould not be reckoned of their order; juſt as men, when they ſee the ſurpriſing marks of Reaſon in an Ape, are almoſt tempted to rank him with their own kind." And yet this wondrous Man could go no further in the knowledge of himſelf than the generality of his ſpecies. M. Du Reſnel, who underſtood nothing of all this, tranſlates theſe four celebrated lines thus,

"Des celeſtes Eſprits la vive intelligence
Regarde *avec pitie notre foible Science;*
Newton, le grand Newton, que nos admirons tous
Eſt peut être pour eux, *ce qu'un Singe eſt pour nous.*"

But it is not the *pity*, but the *admiration* of thoſe celeſtial Spirits which is here ſpoken of. And it was for no ſlight cauſe they admired; it was *to ſee a mortal man unfold the whole law of Nature.* By which we ſee it was not Mr. Pope's intention to bring any of the Ape's *qualities*, but its *ſagacity*, into the compariſon. W.

Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a Newton as we ſhew an Ape.

Could he, whoſe rules the rapid Comet bind,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who ſaw its fires here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.

Trace

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 35. Ed. 1ſt.

Could he, who taught each Planet where to roll,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of the Soul?
Who mark'd their points to riſe, or to deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

NOTES.

Ver. 34. *As we ſhew an Ape.*] Evidently borrowed from the following paſſage in the Zodiac of Palingenius, and not, as hath been ſuggeſted by Dr. Hurd, from Plato. Pope was a reader and publiſher of the modern Poets of Italy who wrote in Latin. The words are,

"Simia Cœliolûm riſuſq; jocuſq; Deorum eſt
Tunc Homo, cum temerè ingenio confidit, et audet
Abdita Naturæ ſcrutari, arcanaq; Divum."

Ver. 37. *Who ſaw its fires here riſe, &c.*] Sir Iſaac Newton, in calculating the velocity of a Comet's motion, and the courſe it deſcribes, when it becomes viſible in its deſcent to, and aſcent from, the Sun, conjectured, with the higheſt appearance of truth, that Comets revolve perpetually round the Sun, in ellipſes vaſtly eccentrical, and very nearly approaching to parabolas. In which he was greatly confirmed, in obſerving between two Comets a coincidence in their perihelions, and a perfect agreement in their velocities. W.

Trace Science then, with Modeſty thy guide:
Firſt ſtrip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct what is but Vanity, or Dreſs,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleneſs;
Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge

NOTES.

Ver. 44. *Firſt ſtrip off*] The abuſes of learning are enumerated with brevity and elegance in theſe few lines. It was a favourite ſubject with our author; and it is ſaid he intended to have written four epiſtles on it, wherein he would have treated of the extent and limits of human reaſon; of arts and ſciences uſeful and attainable; of the different capacities of different men; of the knowledge of the world; and of wit. Such cenſures, even of the moſt unimportant parts of literature, ſhould not, however, be carried too far; and a ſenſible writer obſerves, that there is not indeed any part of knowledge which can be called entirely uſeleſs. "The moſt abſtracted parts of mathematics, and the knowledge of mythological hiſtory, or ancient allegories, have their own pleaſures, not inferior to the more gay entertainments of painting, muſic, or architecture; and it is for the advantage of mankind that ſome are found who have a taſte for theſe ſtudies. The only fault lies in letting any of thoſe inferior taſtes engroſs the whole man to the excluſion of the nobler purſuits of virtue and humanity *." We may here apply an elegant obſervation of Tully, who ſays, in his Brutus, "Credo, ſed Athenienſium quoque plus interfuit firma tecta in domiciliis habere, quam Minervæ ſignum ex ebore pulcherrimum: tamen ego me Phidiam eſſe mallem quam vel optimum fabrum lignarium; quare non quantum quiſque profit, ſed quanti quiſque ſit, ponderandum eſt: præſertim cum pauci pingere egregiè poſſint aut fingere, operarii autem aut bajuli deeſſe non poſſint."

Ver. 47. *Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,*] Such as the mathematical demonſtrations concerning the *ſmall quantity of matter;* the *endleſs diviſibility* of it, &c. W.

Ver. 48. *Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;*] *i. e.* when *Admiration* has ſet the mind on the rack. W.

* Hutcheſon's Nature and Conduct of the Paſſions, p. 179.

Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then ſee how little the remaining ſum,
Which ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the times to come!

II. Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain;

Nor

NOTES.

Ver. 49. *Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts*
Of all our Vices have created Arts;]
i. e. Thoſe parts of natural Philoſophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Poetry, &c. which adminiſter to luxury, deceit, ambition, effeminacy, &c.

Ver. 53. *Two Principles, &c.*] The Poet having ſhewn the difficulty which attends the ſtudy of Man, proceeds to remove it, by laying before us the elements or true principles of this ſcience, in an account of the *Origin*, *Uſe*, and *End* of the Passions; which, in my opinion, contains the trueſt, cleareſt, ſhorteſt, and conſequently the beſt ſyſtem of Ethics that is any where to be met with. He begins (from Ver. 52 to 59.) with pointing out the two grand Principles in human nature, Self-love and Reason. Deſcribes their general nature: The firſt ſets Man upon acting, the other regulates his action. However, theſe principles are *natural*, not *moral*; and therefore, in themſelves, neither good nor evil, but ſo only as they are directed. This obſervation is made with great judgment, in oppoſition to the deſperate folly of thoſe Fanatics, who, as the Aſcetic, vainly pretend to eradicate Self-love; or, as the Myſtic, are more ſucceſsful in ſtifling Reaſon; and both, on the abſurd fancy of their being *moral*, not *natural*, principles. W.

Ver. 54. *Self-love, to urge,*] Such popular writers as Paſcal, Nicole, and Rochefoucault, having given a wrong and improper definition of Self-love, and miſtaken the origin of it for its end, have argued unfairly and inconcluſively on the ſubject, and repreſented this firſt ſpring of all human actions, as baſe, mean, and diſgraceful. Our Author, more wiſe and temperate, has endeavoured to reconcile Self-love with ſocial, and private good with univerſal happineſs. He had the hint from Shafteſbury: "If there

Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation ſtill,
Aſcribe all Good; to their improper Ill.

Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:

Fix'd

NOTES.

there can poſſibly be ſuppoſed in a creature ſuch an affection towards ſelf-good, as is actually, in its natural degree, conducing to his private intereſt, and at the ſame time inconſiſtent with the public good; this may indeed be called ſtill a vitious affection. And on this ſuppoſition a creature cannot really be good and natural in reſpect of his ſociety or public, without being ill and unnatural towards himſelf. But if the affection be then only injurious to ſociety when it is immoderate, and not ſo when it is moderate, duly tempered, and allay'd, then is the immoderate degree of the affection truly vicious, but not the moderate. Characteriſtics, vol. ii. p. 22. He had ſaid before, vol. i. p. 120. ſpeaking of thoſe who had written on Self-love, "If theſe gentlemen who delight ſo much in the play of words, but are cautious how they grapple cloſely with definitions, would tell us only what Self-intereſt was, and would determine Happineſs and Good, there would be an end of this enigmatical wit." See alſo pages 78, 79, 80, 87, 139, 140, of volume the ſecond. Pope does not appear to have read, though publiſhed before this Eſſay, Hutcheſon's admirable Illluſtrations and Defence of the Moral Senſe, and his fine Treatiſe on the Paſſions. Burtamaqui's work, Principes du Droit Natural, was not yet publiſhed, by which our Author might have profited much.

Ver. 59. *Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;*] The Poet proceeds (from Ver. 58 to 67.) more minutely to mark out the diſtinct offices of theſe two Principles, which offices he had before aſſigned only in general; and here he ſhews their neceſſity; for without Self-love, as the *ſpring*, Man would be unactive: and without Reaſon, as the *balance*, active to no purpoſe. W.

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs through the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.

Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires:
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.

Let ſubtle ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;

And

NOTES.

Ver. 81. *Let ſubtle ſchoolmen, &c.*] From this deſcription of Self-love and Reaſon it follows, as the Poet obſerves (from Ver. 80 to 93.) that both conſpire to one end, namely, human happineſs, though they be not equally expert in the choice of the means; the difference being this, that the firſt haſtily ſeizes every thing which hath the appearance of good; the other weighs and examines whether it be indeed what it appears.

This ſhews, as he next obſerves, the folly of the ſchoolmen, who conſider them as two oppoſite principles, the one good and the other evil. The obſervation is ſeaſonable and judicious; for this dangerous ſchool-opinion gives great ſupport to the Manichean

And Grace and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.
Wits, juſt like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Paſſions we may call:
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not ev'ry good we can divide,
And Reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions, though ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's name.

In

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 86. in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frighted Fools,
Of good and evil Reaſon puzzled ſchools,
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught——

NOTES.

chean or Zoroaſtrian error, the confutation of which was one of the Author's chief ends in writing. For if there be *two principles* in Man, a *good* and *evil*, it is natural to think him the joint product of the two Manichean Deities (the firſt of which contributed to this *Reaſon*, the other to his *Paſſions*) rather than the creature of one Individual Cauſe. This was Plutarch's opinion, and, as we may ſee in him, of ſome of the more ancient theiſtical Philoſophers. It was of importance, therefore, to reprobate and ſubvert a notion that ſerved to the ſupport of ſo dangerous an error: And this the Poet hath done with much force and clearneſs. W.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.

On

NOTES.

Ver. 101. *In lazy Apathy*] Swift obſerves, that "the Stoical ſcheme of ſupplying our wants by lopping off our paſſions, is like cutting off our legs for want of ſhoes." How eaſy is it to expoſe aſſertions which were never aſſerted; to refute tenets which were never held; to become St. George when we make our own dragons? What ſays old Epictetus, who knew Stoicism better than theſe men? ὁ γαρ δει με εἶναι ΑΠΑΘΗ ὡς Ανδριάντα, &c. "I am not to be Apathetic, or void of paſſions, like a ſtatue. I am to diſcharge all the relations of a ſocial and friendly life, the parent, the huſband, the brother, the magiſtrate." Theſe words are copied from a valuable manuſcript of my late excellent friend James Harris, Eſq. author of Hermes, and other admirable treatiſes. Perhaps a ſtronger example cannot be found, of taking notions upon truſt without any examination, than the univerſal cenſure that has been paſſed upon the Stoics, as if they conſtantly and ſtrenuouſly inculcated a total inſenſibility with reſpect to paſſion, to which theſe lines of Pope allude; when it is certain the Stoics meant only, a freedom from ſtrong perturbation, from irrational and exceſſive agitations of the ſoul; and no more.

Ver. 105. *The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,*] As it was from obſervation of the evils occaſioned by the paſſions, that the Stoics thus extravagantly projected their extirpation, the Poet recurs (from Ver. 104 to 111.) to his grand principle ſo often before, and to ſo good purpoſe, inſiſted on, that *partial Ill is univerſal Good;* and ſhews, that though the tempeſt of the paſſions, like that of the air, may tear and ravage ſome few parts of nature in its paſſage, yet the ſalutary agitation produced by it preſerves the Whole, in life and vigour. This is his *firſt* argument againſt the Stoics, which he illuſtrates by a very beautiful ſimilitude, on a hint taken from Scripture:

"Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind." W.

From

On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.

Paſſions,

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 108. in the MS.

A tedious Voyage! where how uſeleſs lies
The compaſs, if no pow'rful guſts ariſe?

NOTES.

From factions, and ferments, and political agitations, and commotions, and wars, ariſe the moſt ſtriking and vigorous exertions of the human mind. Witneſs what happened in Greece, and Rome, and modern Italy; in France after the league; and in England after, and in, our civil war. Great occaſions call forth great and latent abilities; and every man becomes capable of every exertion. A Socrates and a Sophocles were found, alone, in the time of Themiſtocles and Thraſybulus. The dead calm of deſpotiſm, in ſuch a government as China, for inſtance, cruſhes and overwhelms all effort and all emulation.

Ver. 108. *Reaſon the card,*] This paſſage is exactly copied from Fontenelle, tom. i. p. 109.

" Ce ſont les paſſions qui ſont et qui defont tout. Si la raiſon dominoit ſur la terre, il ne s'y paſſeroit rien. On dit que les pilotes craignent au dernier point ces mers pacifiques, ou l'ont ne peut naviger, et qu'ils veulent du vent, au hazard d'avoir des tempêtes. Les paſſions ſont chez des hommes des vents qui ſont neceſſaires, pour mettre tout en mouvement, quoiqu'ils cauſent ſouvent les orages." He had alſo copied Fontenelle before, in Epiſtle i. v. 290.

All chance direction which thou canſt not ſee,

" Tout eſt hazard dans le monde, pourvû que l'on donne ce nom à un ordre que l'on ne connoit point." Tom. i. p. 81.

Ver. 109. *Nor God alone* in the ſtill calm *we find,*
He mounts the ſtorm, *and walks upon the wind.*]

The tranſlator turns it thus,

" Dieu lui-même, Dieu ſort de *ſon profond repos.*"

And ſo, makes an *Epicurean* God, of the Governor of the Univerſe. M. De Crouſaz does not ſpare this expreſſion of *God's*

Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe, 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
Theſe

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 112. in the MS.

The ſoft reward the virtuous, or invite;
The fierce, the vicious puniſh or affright.

NOTES.

coming out of his profound repoſe. "It is," ſays he, "exceſſively poetical, and preſents us with ideas which we ought not to dwell upon," &c. and then, as uſual, blames the Author for the blunder of his Tranſlator. *Comm. p.* 158. W.

Ver. 109. *Nor God alone, &c.*] Theſe words are only a ſimple affirmation in the poetic dreſs of a ſimilitude, to this purpoſe: Good is not only produced by the ſubdual of the Paſſions, but by the turbulent exerciſe of them. A truth conveyed under the moſt ſublime imagery that poetry could conceive or paint. For the author is here only ſhewing the providential iſſue of the Paſſions; and how, by God's gracious diſpoſition, they are turned away from their natural deſtructive bias, to promote the Happineſs of Mankind. As to the method in which they are to be treated by Man, in whom they are found, all that he contends for, in favour of them, is only this, that they ſhould not be quite rooted up and deſtroyed, as the Stoics, and their followers, in all Religions, fooliſhly attempted. For the reſt, he conſtantly repeats this advice,

"The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend,
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend." W.

Ver. 110. *Walks upon the wind.*] In Dryden's Ceyex and Alcione is,

"And now ſublime ſhe rides upon the wind."

Ver. 117. *Love, Hope, and Joy,*] This beautiful group of allegorical perſonages, ſo ſtrongly contraſted, how does it act? The

Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well-accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.
Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act, they ceaſe, in proſpect, riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes diff'rent objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And

NOTES.

The proſopopœia is unfortunately dropped, and the metaphor changed immediately in the ſucceeding lines, viz.

"Theſe mix'd with art," &c.

VER. 128. *On diff'rent ſenſes*] A didactic poet, who has happily indulged himſelf in bolder flights of enthuſiaſm, ſupported by a more figurative ſtyle than our Author uſed, has thus nobly illuſtrated this very doctrine:

——"Diff'rent minds
Incline to diff'rent objects: one purſues
The vaſt alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another ſighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentleſt beauty. Hence, when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And Ocean, groaning from the loweſt bed,
Heaves his tempeſtuous billows to the ſky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakeſpeare looks abroad
From ſome high cliff, ſuperior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs
All on the margin of ſome flow'ry ſtream,
To ſpread his careleſs limbs, amid the cool
Of plantane ſhades."——

And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.
As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingl'd with his very frame,
The Mind's diſeaſe, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſow'r.
We,

NOTES.

VER. 133. *As Man, perhaps, &c.*] "Antipater Sidonius Poeta omnibus annis uno die natali tantum corripiebatur febre, et eo conſumptus eſt ſatis longa ſenecta." *Plin.* l. vii. *N. H.* This *Antipater* was in the times of Craſſus; and is celebrated for the quickneſs of his parts by Cicero. W.

VER. 147. *Reaſon itſelf, &c.*] The Poet, in ſome other of his epiſtles, gives examples of the doctrines and precepts here delivered. Thus, in that *Of the Uſe of Riches*, he has illuſtrated this truth in the character of Cotta. W.

VER. 148. *Turns vinegar*] Taken from Bacon, De Calore; and the preceding verſe, and compariſon, 132.

"Like Aaron's ſerpent,"——

is from Bacon likewiſe.

We, wretched ſubjects, tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak Paſſions for the ſtrong:
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, Nature's road muſt ever be preferr'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard:
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe:
A mightier Pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral Men impels to ſev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.

Let

NOTES.

Ver. 149. *We, wretched ſubjects,*] The weakneſs and inſufficiency of Human Reaſon is here painted in the ſtrongeſt colours; from whence the neceſſity and the utility of Revelation may be juſtly inferred.

Ver. 157. *Proud of an eaſy*] From the Duc de la Rochefoucault, Maxim. 10.; as is alſo Verſe 170. from Maxim. 266.; and alſo Verſe 272. from the ſame author, Maxim. 36.

The late excellent Duke de la Rochefoucault, in a letter to Dr. Adam Smith, dated Paris, 3 Mars. 1778, ſpeaks thus of the Maxims of his ingenious grandfather, as too ſevere on Human Nature: "Perhaps it may be urged to excuſe him, that he had ſeen and known men chiefly in a court, or in the time of a civil war; deux theatres ſur leſquels ils ſont certainement plus mauvais qu'ailleurs."

Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Through life 'tis follow'd, even at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reaſon on their ſide.

Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear;
The ſureſt Virtues thus from Paſſions ſhoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal, and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n avarice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, through ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on ſhame.

Thus

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 194. in the MS.

How oft with Paſſion, Virtue points her charms!
Then ſhines the Hero, then the Patriot warms.

Peleus'

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride) 195
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:
Reaſon the bias turns from good to ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.

The

VARIATIONS.

Peleus' great Son, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a Whore, or Helen none!
But Virtues oppoſite to make agree,
That, Reaſon! is thy taſk; and worthy Thee.
Hard taſk, cries Bibulus, and Reaſon weak.
—Make it a point, dear Marqueſs! or a pique.
Once, for a whim, perſuade yourſelf to pay
A debt to Reaſon, like a debt at play.
For right or wrong have mortals ſuffer'd more
B— for his prince, or * * for his Whore?
Whoſe ſelf-denials Nature muſt controul?
His, who would ſave a Sixpence, or his Soul?
Web for his health, a Chartreux for his Sin,
Contend they not which ſooneſt ſhall grow thin?
What we reſolve, we can: but here's the fault,
We ne'er reſolve to do the thing we ought.

NOTES.

Ver. 197. *Reaſon the bias, &c.*] But leſt it ſhould be objected that this account favours the doctrine of Neceſſity, and would inſinuate that men are only acted upon, in the production of good out of evil; the Poet teacheth (from Ver. 196 to 203.) that Man is a free agent, and hath it in his power to turn the natural paſſions into virtues or into vices, properly ſo called:

"Reaſon the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will."

Secondly, If it ſhould be objected, that though he doth, indeed, tell us ſome actions are beneficial and ſome hurtful, yet he could not call thoſe *virtuous*, nor theſe *vicious*, becauſe, as he hath deſcribed things, the motive appears to be only the gratification of ſome paſſion; give me leave to anſwer for him, that this would be miſtaking the argument, which (to Ver. 249. of this epiſtle) conſiders the paſſions only with regard to *Society*, that is, with regard to their *effects* rather than their *motives*: That, however, it is his deſign to teach that actions are *properly virtuous and vicious*; and though

The fiery ſoul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And

NOTES.

though it be difficult to diſtinguiſh genuine virtue from ſpurious, they having both the ſame appearance, and both the ſame public effects, yet that they may be diſentangled. If it be aſked, by what means? He replies (from Ver. 202 to 205.) by conſcience;—*the God within the mind;*—and this is to the purpoſe; for it is a Man's own concern, and no one's elſe, to know whether his virtue be pure and ſolid; for what is it to others, whether this virtue (while, as to them, the effect of it is the ſame) be real or imaginary? W.

Ver. 205. *Extremes in Nature equal ends produce, &c.*] But ſtill it will be ſaid, Why all this difficulty to diſtinguiſh true virtue from falſe? The Poet ſhews why, (from Ver. 204 to 211.) That though indeed vice and virtue ſo invade each other's bounds, that ſometimes we can ſcarce tell where one ends and the other begins, yet great purpoſes are ſerved thereby, no leſs than the perfecting the conſtitution of the Whole, as lights and ſhades, which run into one another inſenſibly in a well-wrought picture, make the harmony and ſpirit of the compoſition. But on this account to ſay there is neither vice nor virtue, the Poet ſhews (from Ver. 210 to 217.) would be juſt as wiſe as to ſay, there is neither black nor white; becauſe the ſhade of that, and the light of this, often run into one another, and are mutually loſt:

"Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain."

This is an error of *ſpeculation*, which leads men ſo fooliſhly to conclude, that there is neither vice nor virtue. W.

And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.
Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.

No

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 220. in the 1ſt Edition, followed theſe,

A Cheat! a Whore! who ſtarts not at the name,
In all the Inns of Court or Drury-lane?

NOTES.

Ver. 217. *Vice is a monſter, &c.*] There is another Error, an error of *practice*, which hath more general and hurtful effects; and is next conſidered (from Ver. 216 to 221.) It is this, that though, at the firſt aſpect, Vice be ſo horrible as to fright the beholder, yet, when by habit we are once grown familiar with her, we firſt ſuffer, and in time begin to loſe the memory of her nature; which neceſſarily implies an equal ignorance in the nature of virtue. Hence men conclude, that there is neither one nor the other. W.

"Hence we find," ſays that amiable moraliſt Hutcheſon, "that the baſeſt actions are dreſt in ſome tolerable maſk:" "What others call avarice, appears to the agent a prudent care of a family or friends; fraud, artful conduct; malice and revenge, a juſt ſenſe of honour; fire, and ſword, and deſolation among enemies, a juſt thorough

No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he;
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.

'Tis

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 226. in the MS.

The Col'nel ſwears the Agent is a dog,
The Scriv'ner vows th' Attorney is a rogue.
Againſt the Thief, th' Attorney loud inveighs,
For whoſe ten pound the County twenty pays.
The Thief damns Judges, and the Knaves of State;
And dying, mourns ſmall Villains hang'd by great.

NOTES.

thorough defence of our country; perſecution, a zeal for truth, and for the eternal happineſs of men, which heretics oppoſe."

Ver. 231. *Virtuous and vicious*] A fine and juſt reflection, and well calculated to ſubdue and extinguiſh that petulant contempt and unmerited averſion which men too generally entertain of each other, and which gradually diminiſh and deſtroy the ſocial and kind affections. "Our emulation," ſays the amiable and ſagacious Hutcheſon, "our jealouſy or envy, ſhould be reſtrained in a great meaſure by a conſtant reſolution of bearing always in our minds the lovely ſide of every character." And Plato obſerves, in the Phædon, that there is ſomething amiable in almoſt every man living. This charitable doctrine of putting candid conſtructions on actions that appear blameable, nay, deteſtable and deformed, is illuſtrated and enforced, with great ſtrength of argument and of benevolence, by King, in the 5th ch. of the Origin of Evil, when he endeavours to evince the prevalence of moral good in the world.

Ver. 234. *By fits, what they deſpiſe.*] Χαλ πὸν ἐσθλὸν ἔμμεναι, was a ſaying of Pittacus, quoted and commented upon by Plato, in the Protagoras.

'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
But Heav'n's great view is One, and that the Whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from Vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids

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Ver. 239. *That counter-works each folly and caprice;*] The mention of this principle, that *Self* directs vice and virtue, and its conſequence, which is, that

"Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal,"

leads the Author to obſerve,

"That Heav'n's great View is One, and that the Whole."

And this brings him naturally round again to his main ſubject, namely, *God's producing good out of ill*, which he proſecutes from Ver. 238 to 249. W.

Ver. 249. *Heav'n forming each on other to depend,*] I. Hitherto the Poet hath been employed in diſcourſing of the uſe of the Paſſions, with regard to Society at large; and in freeing his doctrine from objections: This is the *firſt* general diviſion of the ſubject of this epiſtle.

II. He comes now to ſhew (from Ver. 248 to 261.) the uſe of theſe Paſſions, with regard to the more confined circle of our friends,

Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
Till one Man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.

Wants

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friends, relations, and acquaintance: and this is the *ſecond* general diviſion.

III. The Poet having thus ſhewn the uſe of the Paſſions in *Society*, and in *Domeſtic* life, comes, in the laſt place, (from Ver. 260 to the end) to ſhew their uſe to the *Individual*, even in their illuſions; the imaginary happineſs they preſent, helping to make the real miſeries of life leſs inſupportable: And this is his *third* general diviſion:

——" Opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a Vanity is giv'n in vain."

Which muſt needs vaſtly raiſe our idea of God's goodneſs; who hath not only provided more than a counterbalance of *real happineſs* to human miſeries, but hath even, in his infinite compaſſion, beſtowed on thoſe who were ſo fooliſh as not to have made this proviſion, an *imaginary happineſs*; that they may not be quite overborne with the load of human miſeries. This is the Poet's great and noble thought; as ſtrong and ſolid as it is new and ingenious: It teaches, that theſe illuſions are the faults and follies of Men, which they wilfully fall into; and thereby deprive themſelves of much happineſs, and expoſe themſelves to equal miſery: but that ſtill, God (according to his univerſal way of working) graciouſly turns theſe faults and follies ſo far to the advantage of his miſerable creatures, as to become, for a time, the ſolace and ſupport of their diſtreſſes:

——" Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wiſe." W.

It was an objection conſtantly urged by the ancient Epicureans, that Man could not be the creature of a benevolent Being, as he was formed in a ſtate ſo helpleſs and infirm: Montague took it, and urged it alſo. They never conſidered or perceived that this very infirmity and helpleſſneſs were the cauſe and cement of ſociety; that if men had been perfect and ſelf-ſufficient, and had ſtood in no need of each other's aſſiſtance, there would have been no occaſion for the invention of the arts, and no opportunity for the exertion of the affections. The lines, therefore, in which Lucretius

Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tie.

To

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cretius propoſes this objection, are as unphiloſophical and inconcluſive, as they are highly pathetic and poetical.

" Tum porrò puer, ut ſævis projectus ab undis
Navita, nudus humi jacet, infans, indigus omni
Vitali auxilio, cùm primùm in luminis oras
Nixibus ex alvo matris natura profudit;
Vagitúque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum eſt,
Cui tantum in vitâ reſtet tranſire malorum *."

There is a paſſage in the Moraliſts which I cannot forbear thinking Pope had in his eye, and which I muſt not therefore omit, as it ſerves to illuſtrate and confirm ſo many parts of the Eſſay on Man; I ſhall therefore give it at length, without apology:

" The young of moſt other kinds are inſtantly helpful to themſelves, ſenſible, vigorous, know how to ſhun danger, and ſeek their good: a human infant is of all the moſt weak, helpleſs, infirm. And wherefore ſhould it not have been ſo ordered? Where is the loſs in ſuch a ſpecies? Or what is Man the worſe for that defect, amidſt ſuch large ſupplies? Does not this defect engage him the more ſtrongly to ſociety, and force him to own that he is purpoſely, and not by accident, made rational and ſociable; and can no otherwiſe increaſe or ſubſiſt than in that ſocial intercourſe and community which is his natural ſtate? Is not both conjugal affection, and natural affection to parents, duty to magiſtrates, love of a common city, community, or country, with the other duties and ſocial parts of life, deduced from hence, and founded in theſe very wants? What can be happier than ſuch a deficiency, as it is the occaſion of ſo much good? What better, than a want ſo abundantly made up, and anſwered by ſo many enjoyments? Now, if there are ſtill to be found among mankind, ſuch as even, in the midſt of theſe wants, ſeem not aſhamed to affect a right of independency, and deny themſelves to be by nature ſociable; where would their ſhame have been had nature otherwiſe ſupplied their wants? What duty or obligation had been ever thought of? What reſpect or reverence of parents, magiſtrates, their country, or their kind? Would not their full and ſelf-ſufficient ſtate more

* Lib. v. ver. 223.

ſtrongly

To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;

The

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strongly have determined them to throw off nature, and deny the ends and author of their creation?"

Ver. 253. *Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally*
The common int'rest, &c.]

As these lines have been misunderstood, I shall give the reader their plain and obvious meaning. To these frailties (says he) we owe all the endearments of private life; yet, when we come to that age, which generally dispose men to think more seriously of the true value of things, and consequently of their provision for a future state, the consideration, that the grounds of those joys, loves, and friendships, are wants, frailties, and passions, proves the best expedient to wean us from the world; a disengagement so friendly to that provision we are now making for another state. The observation is new, and would in any place be extremely beautiful, but has here an infinite grace and propriety, as it so well confirms, by an instance of great moment, the general thesis, *That God makes Ill, at every step, productive of Good.* W.

Ver. 266. *With the care of Heav'n.*] It is, alas! with difficulty we can persuade the Poor that they are as much the favourites of Heaven as the Rich.

The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his Muſe.
See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſion ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold

NOTES.

Ver. 270. *The poet in his Muſe.*] The Author having ſaid, that no one could change his own profeſſion or views for thoſe of another, intended to carry his obſervation ſtill further, and ſhew that men were unwilling to exchange their own acquirements even for thoſe of the ſame kind, confeſſedly larger, and infinitely more eminent, in another.

To this end he wrote,

"What partly pleaſes, totally will ſhock:
I queſtion much, if *Toland* would be *Locke*."

But wanting another proper inſtance of this truth, he reſerved the lines above for ſome following edition of this Eſſay; which he did not live to give. W.

Ver. 271. *See ſome ſtrange comfort*] How exquiſite is this ſtanza of an unfiniſhed Ode of Gray?

"Still where roſy Pleaſure leads
See a kindred Grief purſue;
Behind the ſteps that Miſery treads,
Approaching Comfort view:
The hues of Bliſs more brightly glow,
Chaſtiſ'd by ſabler tints of Woe;
And blended form, with artful ſtrife,
The ſtrength and harmony of life."

Ver. 272. *And pride*] From La Rochefoucault, whoſe words are: "Nature, who ſo wiſely has fitted the organs of our body to make us happy, ſeems likewiſe to have beſtowed pride on us, on purpoſe, as it were, to ſave us the pain of knowing our own imperfections." Maxim 36.

Ver. 274. *Hope travels through,*] Is this Hope then no more than one of thoſe ſtrange comforts, thoſe deluſive pleaſures, thoſe ſorts of groundleſs happineſs, that conſtitute the chief enjoyment of the ſot, the chemiſt, the poet, and the lunatic?

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before,
Till tir'd he ſleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.

Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:

Theſe

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Ver. 280. *And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:*] A Satire on what is called, in Popery, the *Opus operatum.* As this is a deſcription of the circle of human life returning into itſelf by a ſecond child-hood, the Poet has with great elegance concluded his deſcription with the ſame image with which he ſet out—*And life's poor play is o'er.* W.

Ver. 280. *The toys of age:*] Exactly what Fontenelle ſays,

" Il eſt des hochets pour tout age."

And Prior,

" Give us play-things for old age."

Yet it is certain that Fontenelle could not have taken this verſe from Prior, for he did not underſtand Engliſh, though Prior wrote it more than twenty years before Fontenelle.

De Liſle, whoſe tranſlation of Virgil's Georgics is ſo frequently and ſo unjuſtly praiſed by Voltaire, has alſo tranſlated, but not publiſhed, the Eſſay on Man. Millot has given another, publiſhed 1762.

Ver. 286. *And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:*] An eminent Caſuiſt, *Father Francis Garaſſe*, in his *Somme Theologique*, has drawn a very charitable concluſion from this principle; which he hath well illuſtrated: " Selon la Juſtice" (ſays this equitable Divine) " tout travail honnête doit être recompenſé de loüange

ou

These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others wants by thine.

See!

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ou de satisfaction. Quand les bons esprits font un ouvrage excellent, ils sont justement recompensez par les suffrages du Public. Quand un pauvre esprit travaille beaucoup, pour fair un mauvais ouvrage, il n'est pas juste ni raisonable, qu'il attende des loüanges publiques; car elles ne lui sont pas dues. Mais afin que ses travaux ne demeurent pas sans récompense, Dieu lui donne une satisfaction personnelle, que personne ne lui peut envier sans une injustice plus que barbare; tout ainsi que Dieu, qui est juste, donne de la satisfaction aux Grenoüilles de leur chant. Autrement la blâme public, joint à leur mécontentement, seroit suffisant pour les réduire au desespoir." W.

Ver. 290. *And not a vanity*] Dr. Balguy has given us some bold and original thoughts on this subject:

"In single persons, it must be owned, the balance of the passions is very frequently destroyed; seldom indeed preserved with exactness and truth. But then the defects to be found in one man are supplied by the excesses in another. So that, if you consider the *whole* species, you will neither find too much, nor too little, of any one principle in the human mind. Indolence and ambition, avarice and sensuality, resentment and compassion, if not in the same persons, yet in different persons, counteract and balance each other. Nor is there a single sentiment implanted in our nature which can either be increased, or lessened, in the *whole* race of mankind, without loss or harm to the human species; unless, indeed, you assume a liberty of altering *many* things at a time; of forming a new and fantastic system, perhaps made up of inconsistent parts, and beyond the bounds of possibility itself. So true is that celebrated passage of Cicero, de Nat. Deorum, lib. ii. c. 34; "Si quis corrigere aliquid volet, aut deterius faciet, aut id, quod fieri non potuit, desiderabit." Divine Benevolence, p. 100.

See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

NOTES.

VER. 294. *'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool,*] A little time after the ſecond edition of this Epiſtle was publiſhed, Voltaire writes thus, July 24, 1733, to Monſ. Thiriot, his friend, in London:

"A propos d'epitre, dites à M. Pope, que je l'ai très-bien reconnu, in his Eſſay on Man (which Pope had not owned at that time); 'tis certainly his ſtyle; now and then there is ſome obſcurity: but the whole is charming." Lettres de M. Voltaire, tome i. p. 165. And, ſpeaking of it again, p. 291. he ſays, "C'eſt un ouvrage qui donne quelquefois de la peine aux lecteurs Anglois." And in a long letter to La Marquiſe du Deffant, in the year 1736, p. 337. he tells her, "Tout l'ouvrage de Pope, ſous mille de pareille obſcurités. Il y a cent eclairs admirables qui percent à tous momens cette nuit, et votre imagination brillante doit les aimer." I am informed by Lord Orford, an intimate friend of this accompliſhed lady, that ſhe communicated a great number of Voltaire's letters to the publiſhers of his Works, which they returned, and would not inſert, becauſe they bore very hard on many of the philoſophers of Paris, and particularly on Helvetius.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to Society.

I. *THE whole Univerſe one ſyſtem of Society*, Ver. 7, &c. *Nothing made wholly for* itſelf, *nor yet wholly for* another, Ver. 27. *The happineſs of* Animals *mutual*, Ver. 49. II. Reaſon *or* Inſtinct *operate alike to the good of each Individual*, Ver. 79. Reaſon *or* Inſtinct *operate alſo to Society, in all animals*, Ver. 109. III. *How far* Society *carried by Inſtinct*, Ver. 115. *How much farther by Reaſon*, Ver. 128. IV. *Of that which is called the* State *of* Nature, Ver. 144. *Reaſon inſtructed by Inſtinct in the Invention of* Arts, Ver. 166; *and in the Forms of* Society, Ver. 176. V. *Origin of Political Societies*, Ver. 196. *Origin of Monarchy*, Ver. 207. *Patriarchal Government*, Ver. 212. VI. *Origin of true Religion and Government, from the ſame principle, of Love*, Ver. 231, &c. *Origin of Superſtition and Tyranny, from the ſame principle, of Fear*, Ver. 237, &c. *The Influence of Self-love operating to the* ſocial *and* public *Good*, Ver. 266. *Reſtoration of true Religion and Government on their firſt principle*, Ver. 285. *Mixt Government*, Ver. 288. *Various Forms of each, and the true end of all*, Ver. 300, &c.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt: "The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. In ſeveral Edit. in 4to.
Learn, Dulneſs, learn! "The Univerſal Cauſe," &c.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *The Univerſal Cauſe*] Voltaire concludes his objections to Optimiſm with the following words: "Ce ſyſtême, du tout eſt bien, ne repreſente l'auteur de toute la nature que comme un roi puiſſant et mal-faiſant, qui ne s'embarraſſe pas qu'il en coute la vie à quatre ou cinq cent mille hommes, et que les autres trainent leurs jours dans la diſette et dans les larmes, pourvû qu'il vienne à tout de ſes deſſeins. Loins donc que l'opinion du meilleur des mondes poſſible conſole, elle eſt déſeſpérante pour les philoſophes qui l'embraſſent. La queſtion du bien et du mal demeure un cahos indebrouillable pour ceux qui cherchent de bonne foi; c'eſt un jeu d'eſprit pour ceux qui diſputent; ils ſont des forçats qui jouent avec leurs chaînes. Pour le peuple non penſant, il reſſemble aſſez à des poiſſons qu'on a tranſporter d'une rivière dans un reſervoir; ils ne ſe doutent pas qu'ils ſont là pour être mangés le carême; auſſi ne ſçavons-nous rien du tout par nous-mêmes des cauſes de notre deſtinée. Mettons à la fin de preſque tous les chapitres de Metaphyſique les deux lettres des juges Romains quand ils n'entendant pas une cauſe. N. L. non liquet, cela n'eſt pas clair."

VER. 3. *Superfluous health*,] Immoderate labour and immoderate ſtudy are equally the impairers of health: They, whoſe ſta-

Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.

See

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tion ſets them above both, muſt needs have an abundance of it, which not being employed in the common ſervice, but waſted in Luxury and Folly, the Poet properly calls a *ſuperfluity*. W.

Ver. 4. *Impudence of wealth*,] Becauſe *wealth* pretends to be wiſdom, wit, learning, honeſty, and, in ſhort, all the virtues in their turns. W.

Ver. 3, 4, 5, 6. M. Du Reſnel, not ſeeing into the admirable purpoſe of the caution contained in theſe four lines, hath quite dropped the moſt material circumſtances contained in the laſt of them; and, what is worſe, for the ſake of a fooliſh antitheſis, hath deſtroyed the whole propriety of the thought in the two firſt: and ſo, between both, hath left his Author neither ſenſe nor ſyſtem.

" Dans le ſein du bonheur, *ou de l'adverſité*."

Now of all men, thoſe in adverſity have leaſt need of this caution, as being leaſt apt to forget, *That God conſults the good of the whole, and provides for it by procuring mutual happineſs by means of mutual wants*; it being ſeen that ſuch who yet retain the ſmart of any freſh calamity, are moſt compaſſionate to others labouring under diſtreſſes, and moſt prompt and ready to relieve them. W.

Ver. 7. *Look round our World, &c.*] He introduceth the ſyſtem of human Sociability (Ver. 7, 8.) by ſhewing it to be the dictate of the Creator; and that Man, in this, did but follow the example of general Nature, which is united in one cloſe ſyſtem of benevolence. W.

" The buſh protects that acorn which becomes an oak. The graſs maintains the nobleſt animals. Thus does the vegetable nature both help itſelf and help the animal. Again, blights and blaſts deſtroy the tender plant, and breed contagions and peſts among animals. Thus does the vegetable, or at leaſt inanimate nature, both hurt itſelf and hurt the animal. By the induſtry of man and the dung of animals, the vegetable nature is fertilized and cultivated. The parent animal nouriſhes its young, and defends

See plaſtic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:

All

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ſends them at a ſeaſon when of themſelves defenceleſs. Thus does the animal nature both keep itſelf and help the vegetable. Again, by man and beaſt are vegetables deſtroyed; and by man and beaſt are man and beaſt deſtroyed. Thus does the animal nature both hurt itſelf and hurt the vegetable. Friendſhip and ſtrife are concurrent principles. By friendſhip are prevented chaos and confuſion; by ſtrife are prevented ſloth and lethargy. By ſtrife all powers are rouſed to action; and by friendſhip they are tempered into harmony and concord." MSS. of Harris.—And again;

"Hence we perceive the meaning of what Heraclitus ſays in Plutarch, when he calls War the father, and king, and lord of all things; and aſſerts that, when Homer prayed

"That ſtrife be baniſh'd both from God and men,"

he was not aware that he was curſing the generation of all things, as, in fact, they deduce their riſe out of conteſt and antipathy."

VER. 12. *Form'd and impell'd, &c.*] To make Matter ſo cohere as to fit it for the uſes intended by its Creator, a proper *configuration* of its inſenſible parts is as neceſſary as that quality ſo equally and univerſally conferred upon it, called *Attraction*. To expreſs the firſt part of this thought, our Author ſays *form'd*; and to expreſs the latter, *impell'd*. W.

VER. 15. *See dying vegetables*] Pope has again copied Shaftesbury ſo cloſely in this paſſage, as to uſe almoſt his very words: "Thus, in the ſeveral terreſtrial forms, a reſignation is required; a ſacrifice, and mutual yielding of nature, one to another. The vegetables, by their death, ſuſtain the animals; and the animal bodies diſſolved enrich the earth, and raiſe again the vegetable world. The numerous inſects are reduced by the ſuperior kinds of birds or beaſts: and theſe again are checked by man, who, in his turn, ſubmits

All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,)
Like

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submits to other natures, and resigns his form a sacrifice in common to the rest of things. And if in natures, so little exalted or pre-eminent above each other, the sacrifice of interest can appear so just; how much more reasonably may all inferior natures be subjected to the superior nature of the world!" The Moralist, p. 130.

Whatever censures Shaftesbury has incurred for his many indecent and groundless objections against the Christian religion, yet we ought candidly to confess, that two of his treatises, the Enquiry concerning Virtue, and the Moralists, deserve attention and applause. The former is written with great perspicuity of method and closeness of argument, and with a purity and simplicity of style very different from the over-ornamented, tumid style of many of his other works. The latter is perhaps the finest imitation of the manner of Plato, as Lord Monboddo has shewn at large, in our language. In both are advanced the most cogent arguments for an Intelligent First Cause, and the benevolence, wisdom, and goodness of a superintending Providence. Our Author has therefore been guilty of manifest injustice in insinuating, in the last book of the Dunciad, ver. 418. that the very Theocles, from whom he has copied so much, and so many of whose sentiments and arguments he has adopted, is a preacher of Fate and Naturalism. And, what is still more inexcusable, the words of Theocles are imperfectly quoted in the note of this passage of the Dunciad, in order to give a colour to the insinuation; for, after the words "impowered Creatress," the two following ones—"or Thou," are unfairly omitted. See Characteristics, vol. ii. p. 345. The first book of the Enquiry ends with a sentence far remote from irreligion and epicurism: "Hence we may determine justly the relation which virtue has to piety; the first being not complete without the latter; since, where the latter is wanting, there can be neither the same benignity, firmness, nor constancy; the same good composure of the affections, nor uniformity of mind. And thus the perfection and height of virtue must be owing to the belief of a God!" Vol. ii. p. 76.

In a letter of Dr. Warburton, transcribed from the manuscripts of Dr. Birch, in the British Museum, by the late Mr. Maty, are these

Like bubbles on the sea of Matter born,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects

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these remarkable words: "As to the passages of Mr. Pope that correspond with Leibnitz, you know he took them from Shaftesbury; and that Shaftesbury and Leibnitz had one common original, Plato, whose system of the best, when pushed as far as Leibnitz has carried it, must end in Fate." A strange opinion once prevailed, that Leibnitz was not serious in his Theodicée. Le Clerc and De Maiscaux were of this opinion. But Mr. Jourdan, in his entertaining Voyage Literaire, p. 150. has produced a letter of the celebrated and learned Mr. Le Croze, that effectually destroys this absurd supposition.

I shall add to this long note, that it seems to be an insufferable instance of affectation in Bolingbroke, never once to have mentioned Shaftesbury, who was much his superior in learning and philosophy, and from whom he has borrowed so many sentiments and opinions. See also Letters of Shaftesbury to a Young Clergyman.

Ver. 19, 20. *Like bubbles, &c.*] M. Du Resnel translates these two lines thus:

"*Sort du neant y réntre,* et reparoit au jour."

He is here, indeed, consistently wrong: for having (as we said) mistaken the Poet's account of the *preservation* of *Matter* for the *creation* of it, he commits the very same mistake with regard to the *vegetable* and *animal* systems; and so talks now, though with the latest, of the *production of things out of nothing*. Indeed, by his speaking of their *returning into nothing*, he has subjected his Author to M. Du Crousaz's censure. "Mr. Pope descends to the most vulgar prejudices, when he tells us that *each being returns to nothing:* the Vulgar think that what disappears is annihilated," &c. *Comm. p.* 221. W.

Ver. 22. *One all-extending, all-preserving Soul*] Which, in the language of Sir Isaac Newton, is, "Deus omnipræsens est, non per virtutem solam, sed etiam per substantiam: nam virtus sine substantia subsistere non potest." *Newt. Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.* W.

Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn;
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of Heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.

While

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Ver. 23. *Greatest with the least;*] As acting more strongly and immediately in beasts, whose instinct is plainly an external reason; which made an old school-man say, with great elegance, "Deus est anima brutorum:"

"In this 'tis God directs"— W.

Ver. 43. *Know, Nature's children all*] The poetry of these lines is as beautiful as the philosophy is solid. "They who imagine that all things in this world were made for the immediate use of Man alone, run themselves into inextricable difficulties. Man, indeed,

While Man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon he muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul;
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:

Nature

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After Ver. 46. in the former Editions,

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as Gooſe could judge, he reaſon'd right;
But as to Man, miſtook the matter quite.

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deed, is the head of this lower part of the creation; and perhaps it was deſigned to be abſolutely under his command. But that all things here tend directly to his own uſe, is, I think, neither eaſy nor neceſſary to be proved. Some manifeſtly ſerve for the food and ſupport of others, whoſe ſouls may be neceſſary to prepare and preſerve their bodies for that purpoſe, and may at the ſame time be happy in a conſciouſneſs of their own exiſtence. It is probable they are intended to promote each other's good reciprocally: Nay, Man himſelf contributes to the happineſs, and betters the condition of the brutes in ſeveral reſpects, by cultivating and improving the ground; by watching the ſeaſons; by protecting and providing for them, when they are unable to protect and provide for themſelves." Theſe are the words of Dr. Law, in his learned Commentary on King's Origin of Evil, firſt publiſhed in Latin, 1701, a work of penetration and cloſe reaſoning; which, it is remarkable, Bayle had never read, butonly ſome extracts from it, when he firſt wrote his famous article of the Paulicians, in his Dictionary.

VER. 45. *See all things for my uſe!*] On the contrary, the wiſe man hath ſaid, *The Lord hath made all things for himſelf.* Prov. xvi. 4. W.

VER. 46. *Replies a pamper'd gooſe:*] Taken from Peter Charron; but ſuch a familiar and burleſque image is improperly introduced among ſuch ſolid and ſerious reflections.

VER. 50. *Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:*] Alluding to the *witty* ſyſtem of that Philoſopher, which made Animals

mere

Nature that Tyrant checks; He only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his Pleaſure, yet for more his Pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, till he ends the being, makes it bleſt;
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!

To

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mere Machines, inſenſible of pain or pleaſure; and ſo encouraged Men in the exerciſe of that *Tyranny* over their fellow-creatures, conſequent on ſuch a principle. W.

Ver. 51. *Nature that Tyrant checks;*] What an exquiſite aſſemblage is here (down to Ver. 70.) of deep reflection, humane ſentiments, and poetic imagery! It is finely obſerved, that compaſſion is excluſively the property of Man alone.

Ver. 68. *Than favour'd Man, &c.*] Several of the ancients, and many of the Orientals ſince, eſteemed thoſe who were ſtruck by lightning as ſacred perſons, and the particular favourites of Heaven. P.

Ver. 68. *By touch ethereal ſlain.*] The expreſſion is from Milton's Comus.

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it, but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle! that Heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with Reaſon or with Inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt;
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'erſhoot, but juſt to hit;
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier Reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;

And

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After Ver. 84. in the MS.

While Man, with op'ning views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge ſtrays.
Too weak to chuſe, yet chuſing ſtill in haſte,
One moment gives the pleaſure and diſtaſte.

And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who

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VER. 97. *And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct*] Charron, of whom Pope and Bolingbroke were ſo fond, has treated this ſubject with ſo much freedom of thought, and endeavoured to raiſe Inſtinct ſo much above Reaſon, that Stanhope, his tranſlator, deemed it neceſſary to obviate the tendency of his tenets, by a long Appendix to the 34th chapter of the firſt book. It appears a little ſtrange, that ſo orthodox a divine as Stanhope ſhould tranſlate two books that are ſuppoſed to favour libertiniſm and ſcepticiſm—the Wiſdom of Charron and the Maxims of Rochefoucault. Bayle has ſtated the difficulties, that ariſe in accounting to the actions of brutes, with his uſual acuteneſs and force of argument.

Hume has gone farther than any other writer on the ſubject: "Though animals," he ſays, "learn many parts of their knowledge from obſervation and experience, there are alſo many parts of it which they derive from the original hand of Nature, which much exceed the ſhare of capacity they poſſeſs on ordinary occaſions, and in which they improve little or nothing by the longeſt practice and experience. Theſe we denominate Inſtincts, and are ſo apt to admire as ſomething very extraordinary and inexplicable by all the diſquiſitions of human underſtanding. But our wonder will perhaps ceaſe or diminiſh, when we conſider that the experimental reaſoning itſelf, which we poſſeſs in common with beaſts, and on which the whole conduct of life depends, is nothing but a ſpecies of Inſtinct, or mechanical power, that acts in us unknown to ourſelves; and, in its chief operations, is not directed by any ſuch relations or compariſons of ideas as are the proper objects of our intellectual faculties. Though the Inſtinct be different, yet ſtill it is an Inſtinct which teaches a man to avoid the fire; as much as that which teaches a bird with ſuch exactneſs the art of incubation, and the whole economy and order of its nurſery." Of the Reaſon of Animals, Eſſay, p. 432.

Father Bougeant's little treatiſe on the Language of Beaſts is an amuſing work; in which he has placed the notion of Des Cartes, that they are mere machines, in a ſtrong light, as well as the difficulties that ariſe from the opinion of their having immortal ſouls. Bougeant was ſeverely cenſured by his brother jeſuits for this little work. He had better have kept to politics. He wrote the Hiſ-

tory

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as De-moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds:

But

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tory of the Treaty of Weſtphalia. Poſterity will look on this as a curious work: the ſtate of Europe being now ſo totally changed, this hiſtory will read like a romance.

VER. 99. *Who taught*] This paſſage is highly finiſhed: ſuch objects are more ſuited to the nature of poetry than abſtract ideas. Every verb and epithet has here a deſcriptive force. We find more imagery from theſe lines to the end of the epiſtle, than in any other parts of this Eſſay. The origin of the connections in ſocial life, the account of the ſtate of nature, the riſe and effects of ſuperſtition and tyranny, and the reſtoration of true religion and juſt government; all theſe ought to be mentioned as paſſages that deſerve high applauſe, nay, as ſome of the moſt exalted pieces of Engliſh poetry.

VER. 109. *God, in the nature of each being, &c.*] The Author now cometh to the main ſubject of his epiſtle, the proof of Man's SOCIABILITY, from the two general ſocieties compoſed by him; the *natural*, ſubject to *paternal* authority; and the *civil*, ſubject to that of a *magiſtrate*. This he hath the addreſs to introduce, from what had preceded, in ſo eaſy and natural a manner, as ſheweth him to have the art of giving all the grace to the dryneſs and ſeverity of Method, as well as wit to the ſtrength and depth of

But as he fram'd the Whole, the Whole to bleſs,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happineſs:
So from the firſt, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all quick'ning ether keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace!
They love themſelves, a third time, in their race.

Thus

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Reaſon. The philoſophic nature of his work requiring he ſhould ſhew by what means thoſe Societies were introduced, this affords him an opportunity of ſliding gracefully and eaſily from the preliminaries into the main ſubject; and ſo of giving his work that perfection of method, which we find only in the compoſitions of great writers. For having juſt before, though to a different purpoſe, deſcribed the power of beſtial Inſtinct to attain the happineſs of the *Individual*, he goeth on, in ſpeaking of Inſtinct as it is ſerviceable both to that, and to the *Kind* (from Ver. 108 to 147.), to illuſtrate the original of *Society*. He ſheweth, that though, as he had before obſerved, God had founded the proper bliſs of each creature in the nature of its own exiſtence; yet theſe not being independent individuals, but parts of a Whole, God, to bleſs that Whole, built mutual happineſs on mutual wants: Now, for the ſupply of mutual wants, creatures muſt neceſſarily come together: which is the firſt ground of Society amongſt Men. He then proceeds to that called *natural*, ſubject to *paternal* authority, and ariſing from the union of the two ſexes; deſcribes the imperfect image of it in brutes; then explains it at large in all its cauſes and effects.

Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the Inſtinct, and there ends the care;
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:
Reflection, Reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt, and the love;
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn;
Each Virtue in each Paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe:
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and forecaſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
The State of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-

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effects. And laſtly ſhews, that, as in *fact*, like mere animal Society, it is founded and preſerved by mutual wants, the ſupplial of which cauſeth mutual happineſs; ſo is it likewiſe in *right*, as a rational Society, by equity, gratitude, and the obſervance of the relation of things in general. W.

Self-love and Social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint-tenant of the ſhade;
The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:

The

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Ver. 152. *Man walk'd with beaſt,*] Lucretius, agreeably to his more uncomfortable ſyſtem, has preſented us with a different and more horrid picture of this ſtate of Nature. The calamitous condition of Man is exhibited by images of much energy and wildneſs of fancy; ſee ver. 980. book v.; and particularly when he repreſents, at ver. 991. ſome of theſe wretched mortals mangled by the wild beaſts, into whoſe caverns they had retreated for ſhelter in tempeſtuous ſeaſons, and running diſtracted with pain through the woods, with their wounds undreſſed and putrifying:

—tremulas ſuper ulcera tetra tenentes
Palmas, horriferis accibant vocibus Orcum.

Pain is moſt forcibly expreſſed by the action here deſcribed, and by the epithet "tremulas."

The continuance and univerſality of the ſavage ſtate of Man, in the earlieſt ages of the world, has been the favourite opinion of many late philoſophical writers, particularly of Lord Kaims, in his Sketches, which has been anſwered with much learning and acuteneſs by Dr. Doig, 1792.

Ver. 156. *All vocal beings, &c.*] This may be well explained by a ſublime paſſage of the Pſalmiſt, who, calling to mind the age of Innocence, and full of the great ideas of thoſe

"Chains of Love
Combining all below and all above,
Which to one point, and to one centre bring,
Beast, Man, or Angel, *Servant*, *Lord*, or *King*;"

breaks out into this rapturous and divine apoſtrophe, to call back the devious Creation to its priſtine rectitude; that very ſtate our author deſcribes above: "Praiſe the Lord, all angels; praiſe him all ye hoſts. Praiſe ye him, ſun and moon; praiſe him, all ye ſtars of light," &c. W.

The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:
Heav'n's attribute was Univerſal Care,
And Man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the Man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer ſavage, Man.
See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy Inſtinct then was Reaſon's part;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake—
" Go, from the Creatures thy inſtructions take:
" Learn

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VER. 157. *Undreſt, unbrib'd, unbloody,*] Alliteration is here uſed with effect. But is the aſſertion conſiſtent with the uſual interpretation of the Scripture account of the origin of ſacrifice?

VER. 158. *Unbrib'd, unbloody, &c.*] *i. e.* the ſtate deſcribed from Ver. 262 to 269, was not yet arrived. For then, when Superſtition was become ſo extreme as to bribe the Gods with *human ſacrifices*; Tyranny became neceſſitated to woo the prieſt for a favourable anſwer. W.

VER. 162. *The butcher and the tomb;*] Plutarch has written a treatiſe againſt animal food; tom. ii. 995. Thomſon, with his uſual tenderneſs, has done the ſame; Spring, v. 330.

VER. 171. *Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake——*
" Go, &c.]

M. Du Reſnel has tranſlated the lines thus,

" La Nature *indigné* alors ſe fit entendre;
" Va, *malheureux* mortel, va, lui dit elle, apprendre."

One would wonder what ſhould make the Tranſlator repreſent

" Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
" Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
" Thy

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Nature in such a passion with Man, and calling him names, at a time when Mr. Pope supposed her in her best good-humour. W.

Ver. 171. *The voice of Nature*] The prosopopœia is magnificent, and the occasion important, no less than the origin of the arts of life. Nature is personified by Lucretius, and introduced speaking with suitable majesty and elevation: She is chiding her foolish and ungrateful children for their vain and impious discontent:

" Quid tibi tantopere est, mortalis, quod nimis ægris
Luctibus indulges? quid mortem congemis, ac fles?—
Aufer abhinc lacrymas, barathro et compesce querelas."

There is an authoritative air in the brevity of this sentence, as also in the concluding line of her speech; and particularly in the very last words:

" Æquo animoque, agedum, jam aliis concede:—necesse est."

This fine prosopopœia in our Author is not, as Dr. Warburton asserted, the most sublime that ever entered into the human imagination, for we see Lucretius used it before.

The Romans have left us scarcely any piece of poetry so striking and original as the beginning and progress of arts, at the end of the fifth book of Lucretius; who perhaps, of all the Roman poets, had the strongest imagination. The Persians distinguish the different degrees of Fancy in different poets, by calling them painters or sculptors. Lucretius, from the force of his images, should be ranked among the latter. He is in truth a Sculptor Poet. His images have a bold relief. Of this noble prosopopœia, in Lucretius, Addison seems to have thought, in a well-known passage of Cato:

———" All Nature cries aloud
Thro' all her Works."———

Ver. 173. *Learn from the birds, &c.*] It is a caution commonly practised amongst Navigators, when thrown upon a desert coast, and in want of refreshments, to observe what fruits have been touched by the Birds: and to venture on these without further hesitation. P.

Ver. 173. *Learn from the birds*] Taken, but finely improved, from Bacon's Advancement of Learning, p. 48. " They who discourse

" Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
" Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
" Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
" Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
" And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct Mankind:
" Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
" There towns aerial on the waving tree.

" Learn

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diſcourſe of the inventions and originals of things, refer them rather to Beaſts, Birds, and Fiſhes, and Serpents, than to Men. So that it was no marvaile (the manner of antiquity being to conſecrate Inventors) that the Ægyptians had ſo few human idols in their temples, but almoſt all brute. Who taught the raven in a drowth to throw pebbles into a hollow tree when ſhe ſpied water, that the water might riſe ſo as ſhe might come to it? Who taught the bee to ſayle thro' ſuch a vaſt ſea of air, and to find the way from a field in flower a great way off to her hive? Who taught the ant to bite every graine of corne ſhe burieth in her hill, leaſt it ſhould take roote and grow?" See, in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, the marvellous account of the white ants in Africa, and their buildings and arts.

It is ſomewhat remarkable, that Solomon, in the Proverbs, when he ſpeaks of the wonderful inſtincts of certain animals, does not mention the bee.

VER. 174. *Learn from the beaſts, &c.*] See Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* l. viii. c. 27. where ſeveral inſtances are given of Animals diſcovering the medical efficacy of herbs, by their own uſe of them; and pointing out to ſome operations in the art of healing, by their own practice. W.

VER. 177. *Learn of the little Nautilus, &c.*] Oppian Halieur, lib. ii. deſcribes this fiſh in the following manner: " They ſwim on the ſurface of the ſea, on the back of their ſhells, which exactly reſemble the hulk of a ſhip; they raiſe two feet like maſts, and extend a membrane between, which ſerves as a ſail; the other two feet they employ as oars at the ſide. They are uſually ſeen in the Mediterranean." P.

" Learn each ſmall People's genius, policies,
" The Ants' republic, and the realm of Bees;
" How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
" And Anarchy without confuſion know;
" And theſe for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
" In vain thy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle Juſtice in her net of Law,
" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey;
" And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature ſpoke; obſervant Men obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here roſe one little ſtate; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.

Did

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197. In the firſt Editions,

Who for thoſe Arts they learn'd of Brutes before,
As Kings ſhall crown them, or as Gods adore.

" Les Sauvages racontent que ce fut *Michabou* [le Dieu des Eaux] qui apprit à leurs Ancêtres à pêcher, qu'il inventa les Rêts, et que ce fut la toile d'Araigne'e qui lui en donne l'idée." ——*Journal d'un Voyage dans l'Amerique Sept. par Charlevoix.* Vol. v. p. 417. *Par.* 1744. 8vo. W.

Ver. 201. *Here roſe one little ſtate, &c.*] In the MS. thus,

The neighbours leagu'd to guard their common ſpot;
And Love was Nature's dictate, Murder, not.

For

Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What War could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converſe and Love mankind may ſtrongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus States were form'd; the name of King unknown,
Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas

VARIATIONS.

For want alone each animal contends;
Tigers with Tigers, that remov'd, are friends.
Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and ſtreams around.
No Treaſure then for rapine to invade;
What need to fight for ſun-ſhine, or for ſhade?
And half the cauſe of conteſt was remov'd,
When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

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VER. 208. *When Love was Liberty,*] *i. e.* When men had no need to guard their native liberty from their governors by civil pactions; the love which each maſter of a family had for thoſe under his care being their beſt ſecurity. W.

VER. 209. *Thus States were form'd;*] Having thus explained the original of Civil Society, he ſhews us next (from Ver. 208 to 215.) that to this Society a *civil magiſtrate*, properly ſo called, did belong: And this in confutation of that idle hypotheſis, which pretends that God conferred the regal title on *the Fathers* of families; from whence men, when they had inſtituted Society, were to fetch their Governors. On the contrary, our Author ſhews, that a King was unknown, till common intereſt, which led men to inſtitute civil government, led them at the ſame time to inſtitute a Governor. However, that it is true that the ſame wiſdom or valour, which gained regal obedience from ſons to the ſire, procured kings a paternal authority, and made them conſidered as fathers of their people. Which probably was the original (and, while

'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.

VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch sate,
King, priest, and parent of his growing state;

On

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while mistaken, continues to be the chief support) of that slavish error: Antiquity representing its earliest monarchs under the idea of a common father, πάλης ἀνδρῶν. Afterwards, indeed, they became a kind of foster-fathers, ποιμένα λαων, as Homer calls one of them: Till at length they began to devour that flock they had been so long accustomed to shear; and, as Plutarch says of Cecrops, ἐκ χρηστοῦ βασιλεως ἀγριος και δρακοντώδη γενόμενον TYPANNON. W.

From the manuscripts of James Harris, Esq. "The highest order of men are wise and honest legislators: next to them come wise and honest magistrates: next to these, military commanders, whether naval or terrestrial: next to these, the tribe of artists, as well the elegant as the necessary: next to these, farmers, hinds, and labourers: then come idle men of great family, patent-gatherers, knights, and baronets, mumpers, fortune-tellers, gypsies, gentlemen without possessions; all who injure society either by fraud or rapine, or at least by ingratitude, in partaking of its benefits, without regarding the great duty of contributing their own endeavours."

VER. 211. *'Twas Virtue only, &c.*] Our Author hath good authority for this account of the origin of kingship. Aristotle assures us, that it was Virtue only, or in arts or arms: Καθίσταλαι Βασιλευς ἐκ τῶν ἐπὶ ικῶν καθ' ὑπεροχὴν ἀρετῆς, ἢ περάξεων τῶν ἀπὸ τῆς ἀρετῆς, ἢ καθ' ὑπεροχὴν τοιαύτης γένους. W.

VER. 214. *A Prince the Father*] Joinville relates, that he had frequently seen St. Louis, after having heard mass in the summer, seat himself at the foot of an old oak in the forest of Vincennes, where any one of his subjects might approach him, and lay his business or complaint before this good king. Our Author would have much improved all that he says of Government, if he had lived to have read one of the best, perhaps, of all treatises on politics, that of the President Montesquieu.

On him, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
Or fetch the aerial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, ſick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd
One great firſt father, and that firſt ador'd.

Or

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Ver. 219. *He from the wond'ring*] A finer example can perhaps ſcarce be given of a compact and comprehenſive ſtyle. The manner in which the four elements were ſubdued is compriſed in theſe four lines alone. Pope is here, as Quintilian ſays of another, "denſus et brevis, et inſtans ſibi." There is not an uſeleſs word in this paſſage; there are but three epithets, wondering, profound, aerial; and they are placed preciſely with the very ſubſtantive that is of moſt conſequence: if there had been epithets joined with the other ſubſtantives, it would have weakened the nervouſneſs of the ſentence. This was a ſecret of verſification Pope well underſtood, and hath often practiſed with peculiar ſucceſs.

Ver. 225. *Then, looking up, &c.*] The Poet here maketh their more ſerious attention to Religion to have ariſen, not from their gratitude amidſt abundance, but from their inability in diſtreſs; by ſhewing, that, in proſperity, they reſted in *ſecond cauſes*, the immediate authors of their bleſſings, *whom they revered as God*; but that, in adverſity, they reaſoned up to the *Firſt*:

"Then, looking up from fire to fire," &c.

This, I am afraid, is but too true a repreſentation of humanity. W.

Ver. 225 to Ver. 240.] M. Du Reſnel, not apprehending that the Poet was here returned to finiſh his deſcription of the State of Nature, has fallen into one of the groſſeſt errors that ever was committed. He has miſtaken this account of *true Religion* for an account of the *origin of Idolatry*; and thus he fatally embelliſhes his own blunder:

"Jaloux

Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
The

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" Jaloux d'en conſerver les traits et la figure,
Leur zèle induſtrieux inventa la peinture.
Leurs neveux, attentifs à ces hommes fameux,
Qui par le droit du ſang avoient régné ſur eux,
Trouvent-ils dans leur ſuite *un grand, un premier pere*,
Leur aveugle reſpect l'adore et le révere."

Here you have one of the fineſt pieces of reaſoning turned at once into a heap of nonſenſe. The unlucky term of *Great firſt Father*, was miſtaken by our Tranſlator to ſignify a *Great Grand Father*. But he ſhould have conſidered, that Mr. Pope always repreſents God under the idea of a Father: He ſhould have obſerved that the Poet is here deſcribing thoſe men who

" To *Virtue*, in the paths of pleaſure trod,
And own'd a *Father*, where they own'd a *God*." W.

Ver. 226. *That firſt ador'd.*] In Hume's celebrated diſcourſe on the Natural Hiſtory of Religion, he endeavours to prove, that, " conſidering the improvement of human ſociety, from rude beginnings to a ſtate of greater perfection, Polytheiſm or Idolatry was, and neceſſarily muſt have been, the firſt religion of mankind: And that the firſt ideas of religion aroſe not from a contemplation of the works of Nature, but from a concern with regard to the events of life, and from the inceſſant hopes and fears which actuate the human mind." This was anſwered by Biſhops Warburton and Hurd.

Ver. 227. *That this All begun,*]

" Some few, whoſe lamp ſhone brighter, have been led
From cauſe to cauſe, to Nature's ſecret head;
And found that one firſt Principle muſt be:
But what, or who, that Univerſal He;
Whether ſome ſoul incompaſſing this ball
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving All;
Or various atoms interfering dance,
Leapt into form (the noble work of Chance);
Or this great All was from eternity;
Not e'en the Stagirite himſelf could ſee;
And Epicurus gueſs'd as well as he:
As

The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one:
Ere Wit oblique had broke that steddy light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To Virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man.
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;

That

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As blindly grop'd they for a future state;
As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll
Without a centre where to fix the soul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end;
How can the less the greater comprehend?
Or finite Reason reach infinity?
For what cou'd fathom God were more than he."

This passage is from the Religio Laici of Dryden. It is a pleasing and useful amusement, to compare the didactic style of Pope with that of his master, and see which of them has the art of reasoning best in verse.

Ver. 231. *Ere Wit oblique, &c.*] A beautiful allusion to the effects of the prismatic glass on the rays of light. W.

Ver. 232. *Man, like his Maker,*] It was before the Fall of Man, as the sacred historian tells us, that God pronounced—That all was good. But we must bear in mind that our Author never adverts to, or argues from, or supposes, any lapsed condition of Man.

Ver. 241. *Who first taught*] "What flatterers of princes often tell us, that monarchy was the earliest form, is rather dishonour-

able

That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cauſe?
Force firſt made Conqueſt, and that conqueſt, law;
Till Superſtition taught the Tyrant awe,

Then

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able to it; importing, indeed, that it at firſt pleaſed a rude and unexperienced populace, but could not continue to pleaſe upon experience and the increaſe of wiſdom. And indeed in nothing could one leſs expect that the firſt eſſays could be perfect, than in a conſtitution of civil policy; a work requiring the greateſt knowledge and prudence, to be acquired only by much thought and experience of human life. The ſeveral great inconveniencies attending each of the ſimple forms, ſhew the neceſſity of having recourſe to the mixt and complex; and the ſeveral great advantages peculiar to each of the ſimple, ſhew that thoſe mixed forms are beſt where all the three kinds are artfully compounded: and this was the opinion of the wiſeſt men of antiquity—Plato, Ariſtotle, Zeno, Cicero."

Theſe are the words of that moſt amiable and candid philoſopher, Hutcheſon.

Ver. 242. *Th' enormous faith, &c.*] In this Ariſtotle placeth the difference between a King and a Tyrant, that the firſt ſuppoſeth himſelf made for the People: the other, that the People are made for him: Βουλεται δ' ὁ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ εἶναι φυλαξ, ὅ πως οἱ μὲν κεκτημένοι τὰς οὐσίας μηθὲν ἄδικον πάσχωσιν, ὁ δὲ δημος μὴ ὑβρίζηται μεθέν ἡ δὲ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΙΣ προς οὐδὲν ἀποβλέπει κοινὸν, εἰ μὴ τῆς ἰδίας ὠφελείας χάριν. Pol. lib. v. cap. 10. W.

Ver. 245. *Force firſt made Conqueſt, &c.*] All this is agreeable to fact, and ſhews our Author's knowledge of human nature. For that *Impotency* of mind, (as the Latin writers call it,) which gives birth to the enormous crimes neceſſary to ſupport a Tyranny, naturally ſubjects its owner to all the vain, as well as real, terrors of Conſcience: Hence the whole machinery of Superstition.

It is true, the Poet obſerves, that afterwards, when the Tyrant's fright was over, he had cunning enough, from the experience of the effect of Superſtition upon himſelf, to turn it, by the aſſiſtance of the Prieſt (who for his reward went ſhares with him in the Tyranny) againſt the juſtly dreaded reſentment of his ſubjects. For a Tyrant naturally and reaſonably ſuppoſeth all his Slaves to be his Enemies.

Having

Then ſhar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of ſubjects made:
She 'midſt the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and burſting ſkies,
Saw Gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt;
Such

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Having given the Cauſes of Superſtition, he next deſcribeth its objects:

" Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt," &c.

The ancient Pagan Gods are here very exactly deſcribed. This fact evinces the truth of that original, which the Poet gives to Superſtition; for if theſe phantaſms were firſt raiſed in the imagination of Tyrants, they muſt needs have the qualities here aſſigned to them. For Force being the Tyrant's Virtue, and Luxury his Happineſs, the attributes of his God would of courſe be *Revenge* and *Luſt*; in a word, the antitype of himſelf. But there was another, and more ſubſtantial cauſe, of the Reſemblance between a Tyrant and a Pagan God; and that was the making *Gods of Conquerors*, as the Poet ſays; and ſo canonizing a tyrant's vices with his perſon. W.

VER. 246. *Till Superſtition taught*] Notwithſtanding theſe Verſes are ſo ſpirited and ſplendid, yet how much are they excelled by the ſublime and terrific figure painted by Lucretius with ſuch force and energy, that Michael Angelo might have worked from the ſketch of the gigantic Demon of Superſtition putting out his head from the heavens, and looking down with an horrible aſpect on the miſerable and trembling ſons of men!

" Quæ caput à cœli regionibus oſtendebat,
Horribili ſuper aſpectû mortalibus inſtans!"

Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food;
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood;
With heav'n's own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, through juſt and through unjuſt,
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt:

The

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Ver. 257. *Gods partial, changeful,*] "It were better," ſays Bacon, in his 17th Eſſay, "to have no opinion of God at all, than ſuch an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely: and certainly ſuperſtition is the reproach of the Deity. And as the contumely is greater towards God, ſo the danger is greater towards men. Atheiſm leaves a man to ſenſe, to philoſophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation; all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but ſuperſtition diſmounts all theſe, and erecteth an abſolute monarchy in the minds of men. Therefore Atheiſm did never perturbe ſtates; for it makes men wary of themſelves, as looking no farther."

It is extremely remarkable, that this laſt paragraph comprehends all that Bayle has ſaid of the effects of Atheiſm in his celebrated Thoughts on Comets. And yet Bacon has never been cenſured for it, nor numbered among Infidels.

Ver. 262. *And hell was built on ſpite,*] How mortifying is it to conſider, ſays one, that Locke, Newton, and Clarke would have been perſecuted in France, impriſoned at Rome, and burnt at Liſbon?

Ver. 269. *So drives Self-love, &c.*] The inference our Author draws from all this (from Ver. 268 to 283.) is, that Self-love driveth through right and wrong; it cauſeth the Tyrant to violate

The ſame Self-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall we keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurprize, a ſtronger take?

His

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late the rights of mankind; and it cauſeth the People to vindicate that violation. For Self-love being common to the whole ſpecies, and ſetting each individual in purſuit of the ſame objects, it became neceſſary for each, if he would ſecure his own, to provide for the ſafety of another's. And thus Equity and Benevolence aroſe from that ſame Self-love which had given birth to Avarice and Injuſtice:

" His Safety muſt his Liberty reſtrain;
All join to guard what each deſires to gain."

The Poet hath not any where ſhewn greater addreſs, in the diſpoſition of this work, than with regard to the inference before us; which not only giveth a proper and timely ſupport to what had been advanced in the ſecond epiſtle concerning the nature and effects of Self-love, but is a neceſſary introduction to what follows, concerning the Reformation of Religion and Society: as we ſhall ſee preſently. W.

VER. 272. *Government and Laws.*] " However men might ſubmit voluntarily, in the ſimplicity of early ages, or be ſubjected by conqueſt, to a government without a conſtitution; yet they were never long in diſcovering," in the words of Hooker, " that to live by one man's will, became the cauſe of all men's miſery; and therefore they ſoon rejected the yoke, or made it ſit eaſy on their necks."

VER. 273. *For, what one likes*] Theſe two lines expreſs with brevity and clearneſs the following ſentiments of Hooker: " The like natural inducement hath brought men to know that it is no leſs their duty to love others than themſelves; for ſeeing thoſe things which are equal muſt needs all have one meaſure; if I cannot but wiſh to receive good, even as much at every man's hands as any man can wiſh unto his own ſoul, how ſhould I look to have any part of my deſire herein ſatisfied, unleſs my ſelf be careful to ſatisfy the like deſire which is undoubtedly in other men?"

His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the publick good.

'Twas then, the ſtudious head, or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,

Poet

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Ver. 283. *'Twas then, the ſtudious head, &c.*] The Poet hath now deſcribed the riſe, perfection, and decay of civil Policy and Religion in the more early times. But the deſign had been imperfect, had he dropt his diſcourſe here: There was, in after ages, a recovery of theſe from their ſeveral corruptions. Accordingly, he hath choſen that happy æra for the concluſion of his Song. But as good and ill Governments and Religions ſucceed one another without ceaſing, he now leaveth facts, and turneth his diſcourſe (from Ver. 282 to 295.) to ſpeak of a more laſting reform of mankind, in the Invention of thoſe philoſophic Principles, by whoſe obſervance, a Policy and a Religion may be for ever kept from ſinking into Tyranny and Superſtition:

" 'Twas then, the ſtudious head, or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or Patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;" *&c.*

The eaſy and juſt tranſition into this ſubject from the foregoing is admirable. In the foregoing he had deſcribed the effects of Self-love; and now, with great art, and high probability, he maketh Men's *obſervations* on theſe effects the occaſion of thoſe diſcoveries which they have made of the true principles of Policy and Religion, deſcribed in the preſent paragraph; and this he evidently hinteth at in that fine tranſition,

" 'Twas THEN, the ſtudious head," &c.

The Poet ſeemeth here to mean the polite and flouriſhing age of Greece; and thoſe benefactors to Mankind, which he had principally in view, were SOCRATES and ARISTOTLE; who, of all the pagan world, ſpoke beſt of God, and wrote beſt of Government. W.

POET or PATRIOT, rose but to restore
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught Pow'r's due use to People and to Kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring int'rests, of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd State.

Such

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VER. 285. *Poet or Patriot, rose*] "No constitution is formed by concert; no government is copied from a plan. The members of a small state contend for equality; the members of a greater find themselves classed in a certain manner that lays a foundation for monarchy. They proceed from one form of government to another; by easy transitions, and frequently under old names, adopt a new constitution. The seeds of every form are lodged in human nature; they spring up and ripen with the season. The prevalence of a particular species is often derived from an imperceptible ingredient mingled in the soil. We are therefore to receive, with caution, the traditionary histories of ancient legislators and founders of states. Their names have long been celebrated; their supposed plans have been admired; and what were probably the consequences of an early situation, is, in every instance, considered as an effect of design. An author and a work, like cause and effect, are perpetually coupled together. This is the simplest form under which we can consider the establishment of nations: and we ascribe to a previous design what came to be known only by experience, what no human wisdom could foresee, and what, without the concurring humour and disposition of his age, no authority could enable an individual to execute." Ferguson, in his History of Civil Society; a work highly commended by the late Lord Mansfield.

VER. 294. *Th' according music*] This is the very same illustration that Tully uses in that beautiful fragment, De Republicâ; "Ut

Such is the World's great Harmony, that ſprings
From Order, Union, full Conſent of things: 296
Where

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" Ut in fidibus, ac tibiis, atque cantu ipſo, ac vocibus, concentus eſt quidam tenendus ex diſtinctis tonis, quem immutatum, ac diſcrepantem aures eruditæ ferre non poſſunt, iſque concentus ex diſſimillarum vocum moderatione concors tamen efficitur et congruens; ſic, ex ſummis et infimis, et mediis interjectis ordinibus, ut tonis, moderata ratione civitas conſenſu diſſimilli morum concinit, et quæ harmonia a muſicis dicitur in cantu, ea eſt in civitate concordia, arctiſſimum atque optimum omni in Republicâ vinculum incolumitatis; quæ ſine juſtitiâ, nullo pacto eſſe poteſt."

Such is the happy and ineſtimable conſtitution of Great Britain! Let thoſe, who talk and think of abſolute equality, remember the words of one whom they muſt allow was a lover of freedom:

——" And if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well conſiſt."
Par. Loſt. Book V. v. 791.

Thucydides, in three words, deſcribes a juſt and well-poiſed government, which ought to be, αὐτόνομοι, αὐτόδικοι, αὐτοτελῆ.

Ver. 295. *Such is the World's great Harmony, &c.*] This doctrine was taken up by Leibnitz; but it was to ingraft upon it a moſt pernicious fataliſm. Plato ſaid, God *choſe* the beſt: Leibnitz ſaid, he *could not but* chooſe the beſt, as he could not act without, what this philoſopher called, a *ſufficient reaſon*. Plato ſuppoſed freedom in God to chooſe one of two things equally good: Leibnitz held the ſuppoſition to be abſurd: however, admitting the caſe, he ſtill held that God could *not* chooſe one of two things equally good. Thus it appears, the firſt went on the ſyſtem of Freedom; and that the latter, notwithſtanding the moſt artful diſguiſes of his principles, in his *Theodicée*, was a thorough Fataliſt: for we cannot well ſuppoſe he would give that freedom to Man which he had taken away from God. The truth of the matter ſeems to be this: he ſaw, on the one hand, the monſtrous abſurdity of ſuppoſing, with Spinoza, that blind Fate was the author of a coherent Univerſe; but yet, on the other, he could not conceive with Plato, how God could foreſee and conduct, according to an archetypal idea, a World, of all poſſible Worlds the beſt,

Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
For Forms of Government let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:

For

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beſt, inhabited by *free Agents*. This difficulty therefore, which made the Socinians take Preſcience from God, diſpoſed Leibnitz to take Free-will from Man: And thus he faſhioned his fantaſtical hypotheſis; he ſuppoſed that when God made the body, he impreſſed on his new-created Machine a certain ſeries or ſuite of *motions*; and that when he made the fellow ſoul, he impreſſed a correſpondent ſeries of *ideas*; whoſe operations, throughout the whole duration of the union, were ſo exactly timed, that whenever an *idea* was excited, a correſpondent *motion* was ever ready to ſatisfy the volition. Thus, for inſtance, when the mind had the *will* to raiſe the arm to the head, the body was ſo pre-contrived, as to raiſe, at that very moment, the part required. This he called the PRE-ESTABLISHED HARMONY; and with this he promiſed to do wonders. W.

VER. 297. *Where ſmall and great,*] Swift's opinion about property is remarkable, in his Various Thoughts, p. 394. "In all well-inſtituted commonwealths, care has been taken to limit men's poſſeſſions; which is done for many reaſons, and, among the reſt, for one, which is perhaps not often conſidered; that when bounds are ſet to men's deſires, after they have acquired as much as the laws will permit them, their private intereſt is at an end, and they have nothing to do but to take care of the public."

VER. 303. *For Forms of Government*] But ſurely ſome Forms of Government are better calculated to produce and continue a good adminiſtration than others, or alter and reform bad adminiſtrations. "It is a great queſtion with ſeveral, Whether there be any eſſential difference," ſays Hume, "betwixt one form of Government

For Modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight; 305
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:

In

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and another? and, Whether every form may not become good or bad, according as it is well adminiſtered? Were it once admitted, that all Governments are alike, and that the only difference conſiſts in the character and conduct of the governors, moſt political diſputes would be at an end, and all zeal for one conſtitution above another, muſt be eſteemed mere bigotry and folly. But, though a friend to moderation, I cannot forbear condemning this ſentiment, and ſhould be very ſorry to think that human affairs admit of no greater ſtability than what they receive from the caſual humours and characters of particular men.

" 'Tis true, thoſe who maintain that the goodneſs of all Government conſiſts in the goodneſs of the adminiſtration, may cite many particular inſtances in hiſtory, where the very ſame Government, in different hands, has varied ſuddenly into the oppoſite extremes of good and bad. Compare the French Government under Henry III. and under Henry IV. Oppreſſion, levity, artifice, on the part of the rulers: faction, ſedition, treachery, rebellion, diſloyalty, on the part of the ſubjects: theſe compoſe the character of the former miſerable æra. But when the patriot and heroic prince, who ſucceeded, was once firmly ſeated on the throne, the government, the people, every thing ſeemed to be totally changed, and all from the difference of the temper and ſentiments of theſe two ſovereigns. An equal difference of a contrary kind may be found on comparing the reigns of Elizabeth and James, at leaſt with regard to foreign affairs: and inſtances of this kind may be multiplied, almoſt without number, from ancient as well as modern hiſtory.

" But here I would beg leave to make a diſtinction. All abſolute Governments (and ſuch that of England was, in great meaſure, till the middle of the laſt century, notwithſtanding the numerous panegyrics on ancient Engliſh liberty) muſt very much depend on the adminiſtration: and this is one of the great inconveniencies of that form of Government. But a republican and free Government would be a moſt obvious abſurdity, if the particular checks and controuls, provided by the conſtitution, had really no influence, and made it not the intereſt, even of bad men, to operate

In Faith and Hope the world will diſagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:

All

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rate for the public good. Such is the intention of theſe forms of Government, and ſuch is their real effect where they are wiſely conſtituted: As, on the other hand, they are the ſources of all diſorders, and of the blackeſt crimes, where either ſkill or honeſty has been wanting in their original frame and inſtitution.

"So great is the force of laws, and of particular forms of Government, and ſo little dependance have they on the humours and temper of men, that conſequences almoſt as general and certain may be deduced from them, on moſt occaſions, as any which the mathematical ſciences afford us."

Hear alſo the opinion of the Cambridge Profeſſor, Dr. Rutherforth, on this ſubject, which is an important one: "Politicians are very well employed in comparing and balancing the advantages and inconveniencies of each form of Government with one another. For though the reſult of their inquiries will never determine what form it is which any particular nation has agreed to eſtabliſh, yet it may ſerve to ſhew every nation what is the moſt deſireable form, and may lead them, as they have opportunity, to make ſuch alterations in their own as will bring them nearer to that point, if they cannot quite reach it. Certainly our Engliſh Poet has but little reaſon on his ſide, when he repreſents ſuch an inquiry as the buſineſs of fools; and maintains, that the only difference between civil conſtitutions of Government conſiſts in the better or worſe adminiſtration of them: for that conſtitution is, in his judgment, to be called the beſt, let it be what it will, which is beſt adminiſtered. Whatever public benefit depends upon the character of the perſons in power, it is derived from their wiſdom and goodneſs, and not from the nature of the form of government. So that to call that form the beſt, which is beſt adminiſtered, ſeems to be ſpeaking improperly. Or if we will call it the beſt, we muſt in the mean time allow, that it is the beſt by accident only, and not in its own nature. In the common courſe of human affairs it is almoſt impoſſible to prevent the civil power from coming into the hands of weak and bad men, whatever the conſtitution is. That form of Government, therefore, is beſt in itſelf, which guards moſt effectually againſt this evil; or if this evil ever does

All muſt be falſe that thwart this One great End;
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind or mend. 310
Man,

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happen, which lays the perſons in power under ſuch checks and reſtraints as are moſt likely to prevent them from abuſing their truſt; or, laſtly, if this truſt is abuſed, which has provided the readieſt means for correcting the abuſes. An abſolute monarchy is a conſtitution which has ſo little title to theſe characters, that it can have no pretenſion to be thought the only natural, and much leſs the only poſſible, form of Government, upon account of its being the beſt form." In that elegant and valuable publication, intitled Athenian Letters, written by ſome of the moſt reſpectable perſons of the preſent age, and in which ſubjects of literature, philoſophy, and politics are treated with uncommon candour and penetration, is an excellent diſcourſe on Forms of Government, by the honourable Charles Yorke, p. 216. London. 4to. 1781.

A penetrating writer has well obſerved, "that all Forms of Government, in fact, mutually approach each other, or recede, by many, and often inſenſible gradations?" Ariſtotle is of opinion, in the ſeventh chapter of the ſeventh book of his Politics, that there are ſome nations who cannot live under a free Government.

VER. 305. *For Modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight;*] Theſe latter ages have ſeen ſo many ſcandalous contentions for *modes of faith*, to the violation of Chriſtian Charity, and diſhonour of ſacred Scripture, that it is not at all ſtrange they ſhould become the object of ſo benevolent and wiſe an Author's reſentment. W.

He borrowed this from Cowley; who, extolling the piety of his friend Craſhaw, the Poet, who went over to the Romiſh Church, and died a Canon of Loretto, ſays,

"Pardon, my Mother Church, if I conſent
That Angels led him, when from thee he went;
For e'en in error ſure no danger is,
When join'd to ſo much piety as his:—
His Faith, perhaps, in ſome nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm ſure, was in the right."

Cowley alſo, poſſibly, might take the hint from Lord Herbert of Cherbury; who hath this diſtich in his works:

Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

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" Digladient alii circa res religionis:
Quod credas nihil eſt, ſit modo vita proba."

But " digladient is a barbariſm; he ſhould have ſaid, digladientur, or contendant," ſays Dr. Jortin.

Ver. 313. *On their own Axis*] This illuſtration is plainly taken from the Spectator, No. 588, ſaid to be written by Mr. Grove: " Is therefore Benevolence inconſiſtent with Self-love? Are their motions contrary? No more than the diurnal rotation of the earth is oppoſed to its annual; or its motion round its own centre; which might be improved as an illuſtration of Self-love; that whirls it about the common centre of the world, anſwering to univerſal benevolence. Is the force of Self-love abated, or its intereſt prejudiced by benevolence? So far from it, that benevolence, though a diſtinct principle, is extremely ſerviceable to Self-love, and then doth moſt ſervice when it is leaſt deſigned."

Ver. 315. *Act the Soul;*] It ſhould certainly be actuate, or act upon. He has uſed this expreſſion again, Iliad xv. v. 487.

" ——— This acted by a God."

Such inaccuracies are not worth remarking, but in writers ſo correct and eminent as our author, leaſt they ſhould give a ſanction to errors. Dr. Lowth in his Grammar has pointed out ſeveral in our Author's Works.

Ver. 318. *And bade Self-love*] The Remarks of Warburton on the Eſſay on Man, on the Moral Epiſtles, and the Alliance betwixt Church and State, were tranſlated into French by M. De Silhouette; for which tranſlation, ſuppoſing it contained opinions unfavourable to the deſpotic government of France, he was much cenſured,

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cenſured, and had nearly been proſecuted, when he became Controller General of the Finances; and he immediately bought up and deſtroyed all the copies of this work that could be found.

Voltaire, writing to M. De Cideville, in June 1759, ſays of M. De Silhouette, "Le genie de M. De Silhouette eſt Anglais, calculateur, et courageux; mais ſi on nous prend des Guadeloupe, ſi ces mandits Anglois ont plus de vaiſſeaux que nous, et meilleurs, ſi les frais de la viſite qu'on veut leur rendre ſont perdus, ſi les depenſes immenſes d'une guerre juſte, mais ruineuſe, abſorbent les revenus de l'état, ni M. De Silhouette, ni Pope, n'y pourront ſuffire."

In this paſſage, (Ver. 318.) Pope uſes the very words of Bolingbroke: "Thus it happens that Self-love and Social are divided, and ſet in oppoſition to one another in the conduct of particular men, whilſt in the making laws, and the regulation of government, they continue the ſame." Minutes of Eſſays, ſection 51. addreſſed to Pope.

EPISTLE IV.

OUR Poet having, in the three former Epiſtles, treated of Man in all the three reſpects in which he can be conſidered; namely, firſt, Of his Nature and State with reſpect to the Univerſe; ſecondly, With reſpect to Himſelf; thirdly, With reſpect to Society: ſeems to have finiſhed his ſubject in the three foregoing Epiſtles. This fourth Epiſtle, therefore, on Happineſs, may be thought to be adſcititious, and out of its proper place, and ought to have made part of the ſecond Epiſtle, where Man is conſidered with reſpect to Himſelf. I formerly mentioned this to Dr. Akenſide and Mr. Harris, who were of my opinion.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of MAN, *with reſpect to* Happineſs.

I. *FALSE Notions of Happineſs, Philoſophical and Popular, anſwered from* Ver. 19 *to* 27. II. *It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all,* Ver. 30. *God intends Happineſs to be* equal; *and to be ſo it muſt be* ſocial, *ſince all particular Happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs by* general, *not* particular Laws, Ver. 37. *As it is neceſſary for* Order, *and the peace and welfare of* Society, *that* external goods *ſhould be* unequal, *Happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe,* Ver. 51. *But, notwithſtanding that inequality, the* balance *of Happineſs among Mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Paſſions of* Hope *and* Fear, Ver. 70. III. *What the Happineſs of* Individuals *is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world; and that the* good Man *has here the advantage,* Ver. 77. *The error of imputing to* Virtue *what are only the calamities of* Nature, *or of* Fortune, Ver. 94. IV. *The folly of expecting that God ſhould alter his general Laws in favour of particulars,* Ver. 121. V. *That we are not judges who are good: but that whoever they are, they muſt be happieſt,* Ver. 133, &c. VI. *That* external goods *are not the proper rewards, but often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of, Virtue,* Ver. 165. *That even theſe can make no Man happy without Virtue: Inſtanced in* Riches, Ver. 183. Honours, Ver. 191. Nobility, Ver. 203. Greatneſs, Ver. 215. Fame, Ver. 235. Superior Talents, Ver. 257, &c. *With pictures of human Infelicity in Men poſſeſſed of them all,* Ver. 267, &c. VII. *That* Virtue only *conſtitutes a Happineſs, whoſe object is* univerſal, *and whoſe proſpect* eternal, Ver. 307, &c. *That the* perfection *of* Virtue *and* Happineſs *conſiſts in a* conformity *to the* ORDER *of* PROVIDENCE *here, and a* Reſignation *to it here and hereafter,* Ver. 326, &c.

EPISTLE IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool, and wiſe.

Plant

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *Oh Happineſs! &c.*] In the MS. thus:

Oh Happineſs! to which we all aſpire,
Wing'd with ſtrong hope, and borne by full deſire;
That eaſe, for which in want, in wealth we ſigh;
That eaſe, for which we labour and we die.

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VER. 1. *Oh Happineſs!*] He begins his addreſs to Happineſs after the manner of the ancient hymns, by enumerating the titles and various places of abode of this goddeſs. He has undoubtedly perſonified her at the beginning, but he ſeems to have dropped that idea in the ſeventh line, where the deity is ſuddenly tranſformed into a plant; from thence this metaphor of a vegetable is carried on diſtinctly through the eleven ſucceeding lines, till he ſuddenly returns to conſider Happineſs again as a perſon, in the eighteeenth line,

"And fled from Monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee."

For to fly and to dwell, cannot juſtly be predicated of the ſame ſubject, that immediately before was deſcribed as twining with laurels, and being reaped in harveſts.

Of

Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where:

'Tis

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Of the numberleſs treatiſes that have been written on Happineſs, one of the moſt ſenſible is that of Fontenelle, in the third volume of his works. Our Author's leading principle is, that Happineſs is attainable by all men;

"For mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eaſe."

So Horace alſo in Epiſt. xviii. b. 1.

"Æquam mi animum ipſe parabo."

"But Horace," ſays a penetrating obſerver on human life, "was groſsly miſtaken: the thing for which he thought he ſtood in no need of Jupiter's aſſiſtance, was what he could leaſt expect from his own ability. It is much more eaſy to get even riches and honours by one's induſtry, than a quiet and contented mind. If it be ſaid, that riches and honours depend on a thouſand things which we cannot diſpoſe of at pleaſure, and that therefore it is neceſſary to pray to God that he would turn them to our advantage; I anſwer, that the ſilence of the paſſions, and the tranquillity and eaſe of the mind, depend on a thouſand things that are not under our juriſdiction. The ſtomach, the ſpleen, the lymphatic veſſels, the fibres of the brain, and a hundred other organs, whoſe ſeat and figure are yet unknown to the anatomiſts, produce in us many uneaſineſſes, jealouſies, and vexations. Can we alter theſe organs? Are they in our own power?"

Seneca, by writing De Beatâ Vitâ, made neither his readers nor himſelf happy.

'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from Monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.
Ask of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
Some sunk to Beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain!
Or

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VER. 18. ST. JOHN! *dwells with thee.*] Among the many passages in Bolingbroke's Posthumous Works that bear a close resemblance to the tenets of this Essay, are the following: Vol. iv. octavo edition, pp. 223. 324. 388. 389. also pp. 49. 316. 328. 336, 337. 339. And in Vol. v. pp. 5, 6. 17. 92. 51. 113. 310.

VER. 21, 23. *Some place the bliss in action,——*
Some sunk to Beasts, &c.]

1. Those who place Happiness, or the *summum bonum*, in Pleasure, Ἡδονή; such as the Cyreniac sect, called, on that account, the Hedonic. 2. Those who place it in a certain tranquillity or calmness of Mind, which they call Εὐθυμία; such as the Democritic sect. 3. The Epicurean. 4. The Stoic. 5. The Protagorean, which held that Man was πάντων χρημάτων μέτρον, *the measure of all things;* for that all things which *appear* to him, *are*, and those things which *appear not* to any Man, *are not;* so that every imagination or opinion of every Man was true. 6. The Sceptic: Whose absolute doubt is, with great judgment, said to be the effect of Indolence, as well as the absolute trust of the Protagorean: For the same dread of labour attending the search of truth, which makes the Protagorean presume it is always at hand, makes the Sceptic conclude it is never to be found. The only difference is, that the lazyness of the one is desponding, and the lazyness of the other sanguine; yet both can give it a good name, and call it HAPPINESS. W.

VER. 23. *Some sunk to Beasts, &c.*] These four lines added in the

Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?
Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eaſe.
Remember, Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws:"
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing Individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.

Order

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the laſt Edition, as neceſſary to complete the ſummary of the falſe purſuits after Happineſs among the Greek Philoſophers. W.

Of which Greek Philoſophers, I imagine, Pope did not think, nor allude to.

Ver. 34. *Equal is Common Senſe,*] The experience of every day and every hour convinces us of the falſehood of this Stoical boaſt.

Order is Heav'n's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.

Heav'n

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 52. in the MS.

Say not, "Heav'n's here profuſe, there poorly ſaves,
"And for one Monarch makes a thouſand ſlaves."
You'll find, when Cauſes and their Ends are known,
'Twas for the thouſand Heav'n has made that one.

NOTES.

Ver. 49. Order *is Heav'n's firſt law;*] A writer of uncommon ſagacity and penetration has made the following reflection: "Our notion of order in civil ſociety, is frequently falſe; it is taken from the analogy of ſubjects inanimate and dead; we conſider commotion and action as contrary to its nature; we think it conſiſtent only with obedience, ſecrecy, and the ſilent paſſing of affairs through the hands of a few; the good order of ſtones in a wall, is their being properly fixed in the places for which they were hewn; were they to ſtir, the building muſt fall: but the good order of men in ſociety, is their being placed where they are properly qualified to act. The firſt is a fabric made of dead and inanimate parts; the ſecond is made of living and active members. When we ſeek in ſociety for the order of mere inaction and tranquillity, we forget the nature of our ſubject, and find the order of ſlaves, not of men." Ferguſon.

Ver. 50. *Some are, and muſt be,*] So much has of late years been ſaid of the doctrine of Equality, and ſo much has it been perverſely miſinterpreted and miſunderſtood, that it is to be wiſhed, that thoſe who declaim on this ſubject, would only look into the three following faſhionable French authors, who ſurely were ſtaunch lovers of liberty, to ſee the abſurdity of the notion of Equality of Ranks; namely, I. Monteſquieu, in the third Chapter of his eighth Book. II. D'Alembert, in his Comment on this Chapter of Monteſquieu. III. Voltaire, in the Eſſay on the Spirit of Nations, Chapter 67. on Switzerland. "You are not, by this term Equality," ſays the laſt, "to underſtand that abſurd and impoſſible Equality, by which the maſter and the ſervant, the magiſtrate and the artificer, the plaintiff and the judge,

Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:
But mutual wants this Happineſs increaſe;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all Men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.

Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better, or of worſe.

Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a ſtay:
The reſt mad Fortune gives or takes away.
All other bliſs by accident's debar'd;
But Virtue's, in the inſtant, a reward;
In hardeſt trials operates the beſt,
And more is reliſh'd as the more diſtreſt.

NOTES.

are confounded together; but that Equality by which the ſubject depends only on the laws."

Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of Senſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſk the moſt, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all th' advantage proſp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and diſdains:
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.

Oh

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 92. in the MS.

Let ſober Moraliſts correct their ſpeech,
No bad man's happy: he is great, or rich.

NOTES.

VER. 84. *But theſe leſs taſte them,*] "A ſelfiſh villain," ſays an acute obſerver, "may poſſeſs a ſpring and alacrity of temper, a certain gaiety of heart, which is indeed a good quality, but which is rewarded much beyond its merit; and when attended with good fortune, will compenſate the uneaſineſs and remorſe ariſing from all the other vices." Hume's Eſſays. The Sceptic.

VER. 88. *Which meets contempt,*] Compaſſion, it will be ſaid, is but a poor compenſation for miſery.

VER. 92. *To paſs for good.*] But are not the one frequently miſtaken for the other? How many profligate hypocrites have paſſed for good?"

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy Bliſs to Vice, to Virtue Woe!
Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools, the Good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to All.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See godlike TURENNE proſtrate on the duſt!
See

NOTES.

VER. 99. *See* FALKLAND] His genius, his learning, his integrity, his patriotiſm, are eloquently diſplayed by Cowley, as well as by Clarendon; but Lord Orford thinks the portrait by the latter too flattering and over-charged. If any proofs had been wanting of the violence and haughtineſs of archbiſhop Laud, this virtuous nobleman's oppoſing him would have been ſufficient. He aſſiſted Chillingworth in his great work againſt Popery; and he wrote ſome very elegant verſes to Sandys, on his Tranſlation of the Pſalms. The gallantry of Sir Philip Sidney, mentioned in a ſucceeding line, (101,) cannot be diſputed; but whether the death of this valorous knight was a proper example of ſuffering virtue to be here introduced, is another queſtion.

VER. 100. *See god-like* TURENNE] This great general was killed July 27, 1675, by a cannon ſhot, near the village of Saltyback, in going to chooſe a place whereon to erect a battery. "No one," ſays Voltaire, "is ignorant of the circumſtances of his death; but we cannot here refrain a review of the principal of them, for the ſame reaſon that they are ſtill talked of every day. It ſeems as if one could not too often repeat, that the ſame bullet which killed him, having ſhot off the arm of St. Hilaire, lieutenant general of the artillery, his ſon came and bewailed his misfortune with many tears; but the father, looking towards Turenne, ſaid, 'It is not I, but that great man, who ſhould be lamented.' Theſe words may be compared with the moſt heroic ſayings recorded in all hiſtory; and are the beſt eulogy that can be beſtowed upon Turenne. It is uncommon under a deſpotic government, where people are actuated only by private intereſts, for thoſe who have ſerved their country to die regretted by the public. Nevertheleſs, Turenne was lamented both by the ſoldiers and people; and Louvois was the only one who rejoiced at his death. The honours which the king

See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?
Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marſeilles' good biſhop purer breath,
When Nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or

NOTES.

king ordered to be paid to his memory are known to every one; and that he was interred at St. Denis, in the ſame manner as the conſtable du Gueſclin." But how much is the glory of Turenne tarniſhed by his cruel devaſtation of the Palatinate?

VER. 101. *See* SIDNEY *bleeds*] Among the many things related of the life and character of this all-accompliſhed perſon, it does not ſeem to be much known, that he was the intimate friend and patron of the famous atheiſt Giordano Bruno; was in a ſecret club with him and Sir Fulk Greville, held in London in 1587; and that the Spaccio della Beſtia Triumfante was at that time compoſed and printed in London, and dedicated to Sir Philip. See General Dictionary, vol. iii. p. 622.

VER. 107. *Why drew*] M. de Belſance, biſhop of Marſeilles. This illuſtrious prelate was of a noble family in Guienne. In early life he took the vows, and belonged to a convent of Jeſuits. He was made biſhop of Marſeilles in 1709.

In the plague of that city, in the year 1720, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his zeal and activity, being the paſtor, the phyſician, and the magiſtrate of his flock, whilſt that horrid calamity prevailed. Louis XV. in 1723, offered him a more conſiderable biſhopric, (to which peculiar feudal honours were annexed,) that of Laon in Picardy. He refuſed, however, to quit that of Marſeilles, giving for a reaſon, that he could not deſert a flock which had been ſo endeared to him by their misfortunes and his own exertions. The king, however, inſiſted upon his accepting of the privilege of appealing, in all his own cauſes, either temporal or ſpiritual, to the Parliament of Paris. The Pope ſent him from Rome an or-

Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God ſends not Ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial Ill is univerſal Good,

Or

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nament called Pallium, worn only by archbiſhops. He died at a very advanced age, in the year 1755, after having founded a college in Marſeilles, which bears his name, and after having written the Hiſtory of the Lives of his Predeceſſors in that See. When he was grand vicar of Agen, he publiſhed the life of a female relation of his, who was eminent for her piety, with this title, "Vie de Suſanne Henriette de Foix Candale." Vaniere has finely celebrated him. Lib. iii. of the Prædium Ruſticum.

Ver. 108. *When Nature ſicken'd,*] A verſe of marvellous comprehenſion and expreſſiveneſs, adopted from Dryden's Miſcellanies, v. 6. The effects of this peſtilence are more emphatically ſet forth in theſe few words than in forty ſuch Odes as Sprat's on the Plague at Athens. A fine example of what Dion. Halicarnaſſus calls Πυκνότητος καὶ σεμνότητος.

Ver. 110. *Lent Heav'n a parent, &c.*] This laſt inſtance of the Poet's illuſtration of the ways of Providence, the reader ſees, has a peculiar elegance; where a tribute of piety to a parent is paid in return of thanks to, and made ſubſervient of his vindication of, the great Giver and Father of all things. The Mother of the Author, a perſon of great piety and charity, died the year this poem was finiſhed, viz. 1733. W.

Ver. 112. *There deviates Nature,*] How can Nature be ſaid to deviate, when we before have been told, that the general "Order has been kept, ſince the whole began." And as to the wandering of the will, objectors perſiſt in ſaying, that it is preciſely the ſame thing, whether a God of infinite power and knowledge created beings originally wicked and miſerable, or gave them a power to make themſelves ſo; fore-knowing, that they would employ that power to their own deſtruction.

This is the objection forever repeated by Bayle, and which our limited underſtandings cannot fully anſwer,

"But find no end in wand'ring mazes loſt."

Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall;
Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we, like ſome weak Prince, th' Eternal Cauſe,
Prone for his fav'rites to reverſe his laws?

Shall

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 116. in the MS.

Of ev'ry evil, ſince the world began,
The real ſource is not in God, but man.

NOTES.

VER. 115. *Or Change admits,*] How Change can admit, or Nature let fall any evil, however ſhort and rare it may be, under the government of an all-wiſe, powerful, and benevolent Creator, is hardly to be underſtood. The reaſons aſſigned for the Origin of Evil, in theſe two lines, are ſurely not ſolid and ſatisfactory, and the doctrine is expreſſed in obſcure and equivocal terms. Theſe ſix lines are perhaps the moſt exceptionable in the whole Poem, in point both of ſentiment and expreſſion.

VER. 121. *Think we, like ſome weak Prince, &c.*] Agreeable hereunto, Holy Scripture, in its account of things under the common Providence of Heav'n, never repreſents miracles as wrought for the ſake of him who is the object of them, but in order to give credit to ſome of God's extraordinary diſpenſations to Mankind. W.

Akenſide has thus enlarged on this opinion, book i. p. 120. in a more copious and diffuſe ſtyle and manner:

——Leſt blind o'erweening pride
Pollute their offerings: leſt their ſelfiſh heart
Say to the heavenly ruler, "At our call
Relents thy power: by us thy arm is mov'd!
Fools! who of God as of each other deem:
Who his invariable acts deduce

Shall burning Etna, if a ſage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
Oh blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?

Or

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From ſudden counſels tranſient as their own;
Nor farther of his bounty, than the event
Which haply meets their loud and eager prayer,
Acknowledge; nor, beyond the drop minute,
Which haply they have taſted, heed the ſource
That flows from all; the fountain of his love;
Which, from the ſummit where he ſits inthron'd,
Pours health and joy, unfailing ſtreams throughout
The ſpacious region flouriſhing in view,
The goodly work of his eternal day,
His own fair univerſe; on which alone
His counſels fix, and whence alone his will
Aſſumes her ſtrong direction."

Ver. 123. *Shall burning Etna, &c.*] Alluding to the fate of thoſe two great Naturaliſts, Empedocles and Pliny, who both periſhed by too near an approach to Etna and Veſuvius, while they were exploring the cauſe of their eruptions. W.

Ver. 125. *On air or ſea*] It was obſerved in the Adventurer, many years before the elegant Letter to Mr. Maſon, on the Marks of Imitation, appeared, that this whole paſſage, and even the expreſſions, "New motions be impreſt," and "Shall gravitation ceaſe," were taken from Wollaſton, ſection v. p. 99.

Wollaſton, in this ſection, endeavours to prove, that, "It is not impoſſible, that ſuch laws of nature, and ſuch a ſeries of cauſes and effects may be originally deſigned; that not only general proviſions may be made for the ſeveral ſpecies of beings, but even particular caſes, at leaſt many of them, may alſo be provided for, without innovations or alterations in the courſe of nature." From whence he infers the doctrine of a particular Providence, and the reaſonableneſs and efficacy of prayer: a doctrine

for

Or ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?
But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A kingdom of the Juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe Juſt agree.
The good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own ſpirit fell;
Another deems him inſtrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.
What

NOTES.

for which Bolingbroke, in a variety of paſſages in his works, is fond of condemning Wollaſton, and his Defence of this Duty of Prayer. I have received the moſt authentic information that Dr. Middleton left behind him, a treatiſe on this ſubject; which Mrs. Middleton, by the advice of a judicious friend, was prevailed on not to publiſh, from the offence it might have given. But it was communicated to Lord Bolingbroke at his earneſt requeſt, and returned to Mrs. Middleton after he had kept it a conſiderable time. After Bolingbroke's death, a copy of it was found in his library.

VER. 130. *The hanging wall?*] Euſebius is weak enough to relate, from the teſtimonies of Irenæus and Polycarp, that the roof of the building under which Cerinthus the heretic was bathing, providentially fell down and cruſhed him to death. Lib. 3. cap. 29.

VER. 136. *Tell us who they are?*] This again is exactly copied from Wollaſton, ſection v. p. 110. who quotes Virgil on the occaſion,

——Cadit & Ripheus juſtiſſimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris, & ſervantiſſimus æqui:
Diis aliter viſum.——

VER. 138. *Inſtrument of hell;*] The hard fate of Servetus will remain for ever as an indelible mark of the violence, cruelty, and intolerance of Calvin.

What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, puniſh mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar—but for Titus too:
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country? ſay,
Or he whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day!
"But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves, while Vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it, when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it when he tempts the main,
Where Folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—ſhall the good want Health, the good want
"Pow'r?"
Add Health, and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing.
"Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no
king?"
Nay,

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 142. in ſome Editions,

Give each a Syſtem, all muſt be at ſtrife;
What diff'rent Syſtems for a Man and Wife?

The joke, though lively, was ill plac'd, and therefore ſtruck out of the text.

NOTES.

Ver. 157. *But grant him Riches,*] It does by no means follow, that becauſe he ſhould want riches, wealth, and power, he ſhould want every thing, and never know where to ſtop.

Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they ſtand? 166
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is

NOTES.

Ver. 162. *Why is not Man a God,*] The manner in which Ramſay endeavours, but in vain, to explain the doctrine of the Eſſay, is as follows: "Pope is far from aſſerting, that the preſent ſtate of Man is his primitive ſtate, and is conformable to Order: His deſign is to ſhew, that ſince the Fall, all is proportioned with weight, meaſure, and harmony, to the condition of a degraded Being, who ſuffers, and who deſerves to ſuffer, and who cannot be reſtored but by ſufferings; that phyſical evils are deſigned to cure moral evil; that the paſſions and the crimes of the moſt abandoned men are confined, directed, and governed by infinite wiſdom, in ſuch a manner as to make order emerge out of confuſion, light of darkneſs, and to call out innumerable advantages from the tranſitory inconveniences of this life; that this ſo gracious Providence conducts all things to its own ends, and without either cauſing or approving the effects of their deliberate malice; that all is ordained in the phyſical order, as all is free in the moral; that theſe two orders are connected cloſely without fatality, and are not ſubject to that neceſſity which renders us virtuous without merit, and vicious without crime; that we ſee at preſent but a ſingle wheel of the magnificent machine of the univerſe; but a ſmall link of the great chain; and but an inſignificant part of that immenſe plan which will one day be unfolded. Then will God juſtify all the incomprehenſible proceedings of his wiſdom and goodneſs, and will vindicate himſelf, as Milton ſpeaks, from the raſh judgment of mortals."

But there are too many paſſages in this Eſſay to ſuffer us to admit of the forced interpretation here given by Ramſay.

Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and ſix,
Juſtice a Conqu'ror's ſword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
Weak, fooliſh Man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The Boy and Man an Individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?

Go,

VARIATIONS.

After Verſe 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
Or fit for ſearching heads or honeſt hearts.

NOTES.

Ver. 170. *Then give Humility*] In a work of ſo ſerious and ſevere a caſt, in a work of reaſoning, in a work of theology, deſigned to explain the moſt intereſting ſubject that can employ the mind of man, ſurely ſuch ſtrokes of levity, of ſatire, of ridicule, as alſo lines 204. 223. 276. however poignant and witty, are ill placed and diſguſting, are violations of that propriety which Pope in general ſo ſtrictly obſerved. Lucretius preſerves throughout, the dignity he at firſt aſſumed; even his ſarcaſms and irony on the ſuperſtitious, have ſomething auguſt, and a noble haughtineſs in them; as in particular where he aſks, "How it comes to paſs that Jupiter ſometimes ſtrikes his own temples with his thunderbolts; whether he employs himſelf in caſting them in the deſerts for the ſake of exerciſing his arm; and why he hurls them in places where he cannot ſtrike the guilty.

——"Tum fulmina mittat; et ædes
Sæpe ſuas diſturbet; et in deſerta recedens
Sæviat, exercens telum, quod ſæpe nocentes
Præterit, exanimatque indignos, inque merentes."

He has turned the inſult into a magnificent image.

Ver. 173. *Weak, fooliſh Man!*] Theſe eight ſucceeding lines were not in former editions; and indeed none of them, eſpecially lines 177 and 179, do any credit to the Author, and rather make us wiſh they had been ſuppreſſed.

Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give Repute, or Truſt,
Content, or Pleaſure, but the Good and Juſt?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and Love were never to be ſold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year.

Honour and ſhame from no Condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

Fortune

NOTES.

VER. 185. *Give Repute, or Truſt,*] We ſee in the world, alas! too many examples of riches giving repute and truſt, content, and pleaſure to the worthleſs and profligate.

VER. 189. *God hates the worthy mind,*] The ground of the complaint is, not that the worthy man does not poſſeſs a large and ample fortue, but becauſe he ſometimes wants even neceſſaries.

VER. 194. *Act well your part,*] The Antients were very fond of this compariſon of human life with a drama. Epictetus uſes it in a well known paſſage, chapter 27. and Arrian alſo recites it: it is repeated twice or thrice in Stobæus; and Antoninus finiſhes his meditations with an alluſion to it. Ivie has given it from Epictetus in a manner ſo truly Horatian, that I cannot forbear repeating it:

"Nos

Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;

The

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" Nos ſumus in ſcenâ; quin et mandante magiſtro,
Quiſque datas agimus partes; ſit longa brevisve
Fabula, nil refert: Tyrio ſeu dives in oſtro
Incedam, pannis ſeu velcr ſquallidus, imo
Prognatus populo, ſeu fracto crure humerove
In triviis rogitem æra; placet lex"——

But our Author found the ſame illuſtration in his friend's Eſſay. See Bolingbroke, vol. v. p. 79. " The whole world, nay, the whole univerſe, is filled with Beings which are all connected in one immenſe deſign. The ſenſitive inhabitants of our globe, like the dramatis perſonæ, have different characters, and are applied to different purpoſes of action in every ſcene. The ſeveral parts of the material world, like the machines of a theatre, were contrived not for the actors, but for the action: and the whole order and ſyſtem of the drama would be diſordered and ſpoiled, if any alteration was made in either. The nature of every creature, his manner of being, is adapted to his ſtate here, to the place he is to inhabit, and, as we may ſay, to the part he is to act. If man was a creature inferior or ſuperior to what he is, he would be a very prepoſterous creature in this ſyſtem. Gulliver's horſes made a very abſurd figure in the place of men, and men would make one as abſurd in the place of horſes. I do not think that philoſophers have ſhewn in every inſtance why every thing is what it is, and as it is, or that nothing could be, in any one caſe, otherwiſe than it is, without producing a greater inconveniency to the whole than the particular inconveniency that would be removed. But I am ſure this has been proved in ſo many inſtances, that it is trifling, as well as profane, to deny it in any. We complain often of our ſenſes, and ſometimes of our reaſoning faculties: both are defective, weak, fallible: and yet if the former were more extenſive, more acute, and more nice, they would not anſwer the purpoſes of human life, they would be abſolutely inconſiſtent with them. Juſt ſo, if our reaſoning faculties were more perfect than they are, the order of intellectual Beings would be broken unneceſſarily, and man would be raiſed above his proper form, without any real advantage to himſelf, ſince the reaſon he has is ſufficient for him in the ſtate

allotted

The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
" What differ more (you cry) than crown and
" cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend! a wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if your's you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. *Boaſt the pure blood, &c.*] In the MS. thus,

The richeſt blood, right-honourably old,
Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
May ſwell thy heart and gallop in thy breaſt,
Without one daſh of uſher or of prieſt:
Thy pride as much deſpiſe all other pride
As Chriſt Church once all colleges beſide.

NOTES.

allotted to him; and ſince higher faculties and greater degrees of knowledge would on one hand increaſe his preſumption, and yet on the other would rather excite than ſate his curioſity, by ſhewing him more clearly the extent of his ignorance."

VER. 208. *From Lucrece to Lucrece:*] A bad rhyme to the preceding word race. It is taken from Boileau, vol. 85. Satire 5.

" Et ſi leur ſang tout pur, ainſi que leur nobleſſe,
Eſt paſſé juſqu'à vous de Lucrece en Lucrece."

VER. 210. *Count me thoſe*] The following comment is taken from the manuſcripts of James Harris, Eſq.

" If

Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards? 215
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on Greatneſs; ſay where Greatneſs lies?
"Where, but among the Heroes and the Wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede; 220

The

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"If thou art ever touched with the admiration of family, remember that thou too hadſt a progenitor in the time of the Holy War, as much as either the Courteneys, the Greys, or the Howards. The difference is no more than that in thoſe wiſe expeditions thy forefathers were corporals, while theirs were captains: That their forefathers had wealth enough to be benefactors to monkery; while the poverty of thine, if ever they had ſuch intentions, moſt happily prevented them from making their folly conſpicuous."

Pope ſeems to have been reading Peter Charron's ſevere Animadverſions on Natural and Perſonal Nobility, in book i. of Wiſdom, p. 499.

VER. 220. *From Macedonia's*] He has fallen into the common cant about Alexander the Great. Think of the ſcene in Darius's tent; of the foundation of the city of Alexandria, and the extent of its commerce; of the many colonies he eſtabliſhed; of his refuſing to treat the Perſians as ſlaves; of the grief expreſſed by the Perſians at his death; of the encouragement he gave to arts, both uſeful and elegant; and of his aſſiſtance to Ariſtotle his maſter, in making experiments and promoting ſcience: The encomiums beſtowed on him by two ſuch judges of men as Bacon and Monteſquieu, outweigh the cenſures of Boileau and Pope. Charles XII. deſerved not to be joined with him: Charles XII. tore out the leaf in which Boileau had cenſured Alexander. Robertſon, in his Diſquiſitions on India, has given a fine and comprehenſive view of the very grand deſign which Alexander had formed to annex that extenſive and opulent country to his empire. Section 1. Appendix.

The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the Politic and Wiſe;
All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes:
Men in their looſe unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.
What's Fame, a fancied life in other's breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.

Juſt

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VER. 222. *An enemy of all mankind!*] Had all nations, with regard to their heroes, been of the humour with the Normans, who called Robert II. the greateſt of their Dukes, by the name of ROBERT THE DEVIL, the Races of heroes might have been leſs numerous, or, however, leſs miſchievous. W.

VER. 235. *Or bleed like Socrates,*] Conſidering the manner in which Socrates was put to death, the word "bleed" ſeems to be improperly uſed. Cudworth has remarked, that it is a common miſtake to aſſert that Socrates was condemned for aſſerting the doctrine of one Supreme Deity; for he alſo acknowledged the exiſtence of inferior created gods; but he was puniſhed for expoſing and ridiculing the common fabulous poetic accounts of theſe inferior and ſubordinate gods, which accounts were held ſacred by the people. It was hence he was accuſed of impiety.

VER. 237. *What's Fame,*] It is the fate of many philoſophical reflections, that, in the ſame proportion with which they diminiſh

Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead:
Alike or when, or where, they ſhone, or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
An honeſt Man's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As Juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t'oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One

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and deſtroy vicious paſſions and purſuits, they alſo diminiſh and deſtroy ſuch as are virtuous and reaſonable, and by degrees render the mind callous, indifferent, and inactive: Juſt as when Fontenelle ſays, that the true ſyſtem of aſtronomy ought to extinguiſh ambition; "for what a poor thing is the conqueſt of the whole globe in compariſon of the infinite extent of Nature?" Such a reflection would extinguiſh patriotiſm as well as ambition. Perhaps our Author, in theſe fine lines, has carried the matter too far, as Mr. Wollaſton has certainly done: "The man is not known ever the more to poſterity, becauſe his name is tranſmitted to them. He doth not live becauſe his name does. Since Pompey is as little known as Cæſar, all that is ſaid of their conqueſts amounts to this, Somebody conquered ſomebody." The reader may be highly gratified if he will peruſe a very fine ſpeech on this ſubject, in a poem too much neglected, the Paradiſe Regained of Milton, book iii. v. 45. Is expoſing and depreciating the paſſion for fame conſiſtent with the doctrine before advanced, that

"Not a vanity is giv'n in vain?"

Ver. 248. *An honeſt Man's*] Plato ſays, Πάντων ἱερώτατον ἐστιν ἄνθρωπος ὁ ἀγαθός.

One ſelf-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a ſenate at his heels.

In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for You can) what is it to be wiſe?

'Tis

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VER. 257. *Marcellus exil'd*] "Brutus," ſaid he, "periſhed untimely, and Cæſar did no more.—'Twas thus, as I remember, not long ſince, you were expreſſing yourſelf: And yet, ſuppoſe their fortunes to have been exactly parallel, which would you have preferred? Would you have been Cæſar or Brutus?"

"Brutus," replied I, "beyond all controverſy." He aſked me, "Why? where was the difference, when their fortunes, as we now ſuppoſed them, were conſidered as the ſame?"

"There ſeems," ſaid I, "abſtract from their fortunes, ſomething, I know not what, intrinſically preferable in the life and character of Brutus." "If that," ſaid he, "be true, then muſt we derive it, not from the ſucceſs of his endeavours, but from their truth and rectitude. He had the comfort to be conſcious that his cauſe was a juſt one. 'Twas impoſſible the other ſhould have any ſuch feeling." "I believe," ſaid I, "you have explained it." Harris's Diſcourſe on Happineſs, v. 1.

Cicero's fine oration to Cæſar on behalf of Marcellus, is ſufficiently known. Middleton has given an elegant account of his enmity to Cæſar, and of his being ſtabbed by Magius, and his funeral rites at Athens, vol. ii. 286. By Marcellus, Pope was ſaid to mean the Duke of Ormond.

VER. 259. *In Parts ſuperior*] To a perſon that was praiſing Dr. Balguy's admirable Diſcourſes on the Vanity and Vexation of our Purſuits after Knowledge, he replied, "I borrowed the whole from ten lines of the Eſſay on Man, at ver. 259.; and I only enlarged and commented upon what the Poet had expreſſed with ſuch marvellous conciſeneſs, penetration, and preciſion." He particularly admired verſe 266. "Men value themſelves," ſays Fontenelle, "for having wit, and genius, and talents, more than for the gifts of fortune, riches, and birth, as not depending on hazard.

'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in buſineſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.

Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account:
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they mount;
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſqu'd, and always eaſe:
Think, and if ſtill the things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.

Is

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But how unjuſt and ill-grounded is this? Does not genius conſiſt in a certain conformation of the brain? and is the hazard leſs to be born with a brain ſo well diſpoſed, than to be born the ſon of a king? There is therefore no more perſonal merit to be born witty than to be born rich. Let this mortify our pride."

Ver. 266. *All fear, none aid you,*] "A perſecuted man of genius," ſays a certain celebrated wit, "is like a flying-fiſh; if he riſes above the ſurface of the water, the birds ſeize and devour him; if he plunges down, the fiſhes eat him."

Ver. 277. *To ſigh for ribbands*] Why laugh at a modern peer, for his ſolicitude to obtain two or three yards of ribband, green or blue, more than at an antient champion for his laborious efforts to gain a chaplet of parſley, or crown of oak-leaves?

Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting fame!

If

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VER. 279. *Is yellow dirt*] A depreciating idle term, like the conciſum argentum in titulos of Juvenal.

VER. 281. *How Bacon*] Can we believe the mortifying account of this great philoſopher's vices, given by Sir S. Dewes in Hearne's Richard II.?

VER. 281, 283. *If Parts allure thee,—*
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,]
Theſe two inſtances are choſen with great judgment. The world, perhaps, doth not afford two ſuch other.

BACON diſcovered and laid down thoſe true principles of ſcience, by whoſe aſſiſtance Newton was enabled to unfold the whole law of Nature. He was no leſs eminent for the creative power of his imagination, the brightneſs of his conceptions, and the force of his expreſſion: Yet being convicted on his own confeſſion for bribery and corruption in the adminiſtration of juſtice, while he preſided in the ſupreme Court of Equity, he endeavoured to repair his ruined fortunes by the moſt profligate flattery to the Court: Which, indeed, from his very firſt entrance into it, he had accuſtomed himſelf to practiſe with a proſtitution that diſgraceth the very profeſſion of letters, or of ſcience.

CROMWELL ſeemeth to be diſtinguiſhed in the moſt eminent manner, with regard to his abilities, from all other great and wicked men, who have overturned the Liberties of their Country. The times in which others have ſucceeded in this attempt, were ſuch as ſaw the ſpirit of Liberty ſuppreſſed and ſtifled by a general luxury and venality: But Cromwell ſubdued his country, when this ſpirit was in its height, by a ſucceſsful ſtruggle againſt court-oppreſſion; and while it was conducted and ſupported by a ſet of the greateſt Geniuſes for Government the world ever ſaw embarked together in one common cauſe. W.

If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of happineſs complete!
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy! thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe;

In

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Ver. 283. *Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,*] And even this fantaſtic glory ſometimes ſuffers a terrible reverſe.—*Sacheverel*, in his *Voyage to Icolumb-kill*, deſcribing the Church there, tells us, that "in one corner is a peculiar incloſure, in which were the monuments of the kings of many different nations, as Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and the *Iſle of Man*. This (ſaid the perſon who ſhewed me the place, pointing to a plain ſtone) was the monument of the Great Teague, king of Ireland. I had never heard of him, and could not but reflect of how little value is *Greatneſs*, that has barely left a *name* ſcandalous to a nation, and a grave which the meaneſt of mankind would never envy." W.

From Cowley in his imitation of Virgil;

"Charm'd with the fooliſh whiſtlings of a name."

He frequently borrows expreſſions from Cowley; as did Gray.

Ver. 285. *Thy ambition call,*] Candide meets at ſupper, in an inn at Venice, ſix dethroned and unfortunate kings. Their number, of late, might be augmented.

Ver. 292. *From dirt and ſea-weed*] There is ſomething ſtriking in the origin of this extraordinary ſtate:

"No one can reproach the Venetians with having acquired their liberty by revolt," ſays Voltaire; "no one could ſay, I have enfranchiſed you; here is the charter of your manumiſſion.

"They did not uſurp the territory as the Cæſars uſurped the empire; as ſo many biſhops, to begin with him of Rome, have uſurped the regal ſceptre. They are lords of Venice, (if one may uſe ſuch a preſumptuous compariſon,) as the Supreme Being is Lord of the earth, becauſe they founded it. Attila, who never took

In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

Or

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took the title of the Scourge of God, carried his ravages over Italy. He had undoubtedly as much right as Charlemagne, Arnold the Baſtard, Guy duke of Spoleto, Berenger marquis of Frioul, and the Biſhops who aſpired at ſovereignty afterwards.

" In thoſe days of military and eccleſiaſtical depredations, Attila came on like a vulture; and the Venetians, like Halcyons, ſaved themſelves in the waves. They had no protector but themſelves; they built their neſts in the middle of the waters; they enlarged, they peopled, they defended, they enriched it. I would aſk if it be poſſible that there ſhould be a juſter title to poſſeſſion?

" I have read Squittinio della Liberta di Venezio, and am highly offended with it.

" What! then, was not Venice originally free, becauſe the fooliſh, barbarous, fanatic Emperors of Greece ſaid, This new city was built on our ancient territory; and becauſe the Germans, having the title of Emperors of the Weſt, ſaid, This, being a weſtern city, muſt belong to us?

" I here think I ſee a poor flying-fiſh purſued at the ſame time by a falcon above, and a ſhark below, and eſcaping from both.

" Sannazarius, on comparing Rome to Venice, has very well expreſſed himſelf:

' Illam homines dicas, hanc poſuiſſe deos.'

" Rome, at the end of five hundred years, loſt by Cæſar the liberty ſhe had acquired by Brutus. Venice has preſerved her's eleven centuries, and I flatter myſelf that ſhe will preſerve it ſtill."

VER. 297. *Or ſunk in eaſe,*] In the MSS. it was thus:

———or ſunk in years,
Loſt in unmeaning, unrepenting tears.

Meaning the great Duke of Marlborough, who ſunk in the latter

Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day?
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A Tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!
Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)
"Virtue alone is Happineſs below."

The

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part of his life into a ſtate of perfect childhood and dotage; as did Lord Somers. Our Author always ſpoke of the Duke with a wonderful degree of acrimony; nay, he once turned into ridicule his ſorrow on the death of his only ſon, the Marquis of Blandford. The Duke having a very effeminate voice, Pope, in ſome bitter verſes which he ſuppreſſed, made him lament his loſs

"In accents of a whining ghoſt!"

Marlborough among his friends, in ſome of their familiar letters, uſed to be called—Silly; as, "Silly ſays ſo," &c. This took its riſe from an habit he had of crying out, in a ſhrill and effeminate voice, "Silly, Silly," when he objected to any thing. "Shall the Allies make an attempt upon Liſle?"—"Silly." "Upon Arras then?"—"Silly, Silly." The great Generals, Œtius and Belliſarius, as well as Marlborough and Monk, were governed by their imperious wives. See Ver. 302. The wife of Monk was Anne Clargeſs, a blackſmith's daughter, who had been Monk's ſempſtreſs when he was a priſoner in the Tower. She was very inſtrumental in bringing about the Reſtoration.

Ver. 299. *Oh wealth ill-fated!*] In the journal written to his Stella, Swift ſpeaks in very handſome terms of the Duke of Marlborough, and this too at a time when the Miniſtry was about to be changed, 1710. And Bolingbroke always mentioned him with reſpect.

The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, though e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;

And

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After Ver. 316. in the MS.

Ev'n while it ſeems unequal to diſpoſe,
And chequers all the good Man's joys with woes,
'Tis but to teach him to ſupport each ſtate,
With patience this, with moderation that;
And raiſe his baſe on that one ſolid joy,
Which conſcience gives, and nothing can deſtroy.

Theſe lines are extremely finiſhed. In which there is ſuch a ſoothing ſweetneſs in the melancholy harmony of the verſification, as if the Poet was then in that tender office in which he was moſt officious, and in which all his ſoul came out, the condoling with ſome good man in affliction. W.

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VER. 319. *The broadeſt mirth*] It is ſingular that this uncommon expreſſion, broad mirth, ſhould be in Origen. Not that we are to imagine that Pope had read it in this Greek father. There are many ſuch coincidences, which muſt not be attributed to copying or borrowing. The words in Origen are, γιλωῖα πλατυ οφλησομαι.

And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.

See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God;
Purſues that Chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no Being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns from this union of the riſing Whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in Love of God, and Love of Man.

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;

Till

NOTES.

Ver. 327. *See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!*] Having proved that happineſs is placed in *Virtue;* he proves next (from Ver. 326 to 329.) that it is *rightly* placed there; for that then, and then only, all may partake of it, and all be capable of reliſhing it. W.

Ver. 332. *But looks through Nature,*] Verbatim from Bolingbroke's Letters to Pope.

Ver. 341. *For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal, &c.*] Plato, in his firſt book of a Republic, hath a remarkable paſſage to this purpoſe: "He whoſe conſcience does not reproach him, has chearful *Hope* for his companion, and the ſupport and comfort of his old age, according to Pindar. For this great Poet, O Socrates, very elegantly ſays, That he who leads a juſt and holy life has

Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find;)
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.

Self-love

NOTES.

has always amiable *Hope* for his companion, which fills his heart with joy, and is the ſupport and comfort of his old age. *Hope*, the moſt powerful of the Divinities, in governing the ever-changing and inconſtant temper of mortal men." Τῳ δὲ μηδὲν ἑαυτῷ ἄδικον ξυνειδότι ἡδεῖα ἐλπὶς αἰὶ παρεστι, καὶ ἀγαθὴ γηροβόρος, ὡς καὶ Πίνδαρος λέγει. Χαριέντως γάρ τοι, ὦ Σώκρατες, τοῦτ' ἐκεῖνος εἶπεν, ὅτι ὃς ἂν δικαίας καὶ ὁσίως τὸν βίον διαγάγῃ γλυκεῖά οἱ καρδίαν ἀμάλλεσα γηροτρόφος συναορεῖ ἐλπὶς, ἃ μάλιστα θνατῶν πολύτροφον γνώμαν κυβερνᾷ. In the ſame manner Euripides ſpeaks in his *Hercules furens*,

Οὗτος δ' ἀνὴρ ἄριστος ὅστις ἐλπίσιν
Πέποιθεν αἰεί, τὸ δ' ἀπορεῖν, ἀνδρὸς κακοῦ. Ver. 105.

"He is the good man in whoſe *breaſt Hope ſprings eternally*: But to be *without Hope in the world*, is the portion of the wicked." W.——To this we may add, he hopes, indeed, for another life, but he does not from hence infer the abſolute neceſſity of it, in order to vindicate the juſtice and goodneſs of God.

VER. 346. *Faith in bliſs unknown:*] Voltaire, having mentioned the arguments urged by Lucretius againſt the Immortality of the Soul, adds the following words, which we muſt wiſh he had never contradicted in any other of his writings: "Mais l'inſtinct, la raiſon, le beſoin d'etre conſolé, le bien de la ſocieté, prevalurent; et les hommes ont toujours eu l'eſperance d'une vie à venir: eſperance, à là verité ſouvent accompagnée de doute. La Revelation detruit le doute, et met la certitude à la place." tom. ii. p. 382.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
In one close system of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.

God loves from Whole to Parts: But human soul
Must rise from Individual to the Whole.

Self-love

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Ver. 360. *But height of Charity.*] "To prove that the dispensations of Providence in the present state are not unequal, is certainly very desirable; but there is reason to fear, that those who blame divines for admitting an inequality, have not succeeded in the attempt. The philosophers, both antient and modern, who have endeavoured to justify the ways of God to Man, by proving that happiness does not consist in externals, in order to shew that his dispensations are equal, have yet placed happiness in virtue chiefly as a principle of active benevolence.

"Happier as kinder, in each due degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity."

Now there seems to be an inconsistency between these two principles, of which they are not aware.

It may reasonably be asked, what virtue, as a principle of active benevolence, has to bestow? Can it bestow upon others any thing more than externals? If not, it either has not the power of communicating happiness, or happiness is to be communicated in externals. If it has not the power of communicating happiness, it is indeed a mere name; the subject receives nothing; the agent gives nothing. The bliss of charity is founded on a delusion; on the false supposition of a benefit communicated by externals, which externals cannot communicate. If happiness can be communicated by externals, and consequently is dependent upon them, and these externals are unequally distributed, how is the dispensation of Providence with respect to happiness in the present state equal?" Hawksworth on Swift's Works.

Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtraight ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide, and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!

And

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VER. 373. *Come then, my Friend!* &c.] In the MS. thus,

And now tranſported o'er ſo vaſt a Plain,
While the wing'd courſer flies with all her rein,
While heav'n-ward now her mounting wing ſhe feels,
Now ſcatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
Wilt thou, my ST. JOHN! keep her courſe in ſight,
Confine her fury, and aſſiſt her flight?

NOTES.

VER. 364. *As the ſmall pebble*] It is obſervable that this ſimilitude, which is to be found in Silius Italicus, l. xiii. v. 24. and alſo in Du Bartas, and in Shakſpeare's Henry VI. and alſo in Feltham's Reſolves, hath been uſed twice more in the writings of our Poet; in the Temple of Fame, in the four hundred and thirty-ſixth line, and in the Dunciad, at the four hundred and fifth. This Eſſay is not decorated with many compariſons; two, however, ought to be mentioned, on account of their aptneſs and propriety. The firſt is, where he compares man to the vine, that gains its ſtrength from the embrace it gives: The ſecond is conceived with peculiar felicity; all Nature does not perhaps afford ſo fit and cloſe an application. It is obſerved above, in ver. 313. from whence it is borrowed.

On

And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends, 376
Teach

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On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the ſun:
So two conſiſtent motions act the ſoul;
And one regards itſelf, and one the whole.

This ſimile bears a cloſe reſemblance to that in the firſt act of the tragedy of Cato.

Ver. 373. *Come then, my Friend! &c.*] This noble apoſtrophe, by which the Poet concludes the Eſſay in an addreſs to his friend, will furniſh a critic with examples of every one of thoſe five Species of elocution, from which, as from its ſources, Longinus deduceth the Sublime *.

1. The firſt and chief is *a grandeur and ſublimity of conception:*

" Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh Maſter of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, and now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends"——

2. The *ſecond*, that *pathetic enthuſiaſm*, which, at the ſame time, melts and inflames:

" Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe."

3. *A certain elegant formation and ordonance of figures:*

" Oh! while along the ſtream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?"

4. *A*

*—πέντε φυσικαί τινες εἰσιν τ' ὑψηγορίας. 1. Πρῶτον μὲν καὶ κράτιστον τὸ περὶ τὰς νοήσεις ἀδρεπήβολον. 2. Δεύτερον δὲ τὸ σφοδρὸν καὶ ἐνθουσιαστικὸν πάθος. 3. Ποιὰ τῶν σχημάτων πλάσις. 4. Ἡ γενναία φράσις. 5. Πέμπτη δὲ μεγέθους αἰτία, καὶ συγκλείουσα τὰ πρὸ ἑαυτῆς ἅπαντα, ἡ ἐν ἀξιώματι καὶ διάρσει συνθέσις.

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, elegant with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?

When

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4. *A ſplendid diction:*

" When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;"

5. And fifthly, which includes in itſelf all the reſt, *a weight and dignity in the compoſition:*

" Shew'd erring Pride, Whatever is, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great AIM;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the ſame;
That VIRTUE only makes our BLISS below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW." W.

I find by a memorandum, written at the time, that it was on the 20th of January 1767, that Lord Bathurſt informed me of the fact above mentioned; that he had read the outline of the Eſſay on Man, the ſcheme and tenour of its doctrines, in the hand-writing of Bolingbroke, which ſketch he greatly commended.

VER. 383. *Oh! while along*] From the Silvæ of Statius, c. v. v. 120.

——" immenſæ veluti connexa Carinæ
Cymba minor, cum ſævit hyems——
——et eodem volvitur Auſtro."

When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great aim;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the ſame;
That VIRTUE only makes our Bliſs below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 307. *That Virtue only, &c.*] In the MS. thus,
That juſt to find a God is all we can,
And all the ſtudy of Mankind is Man.

NOTES.

VER. 391. *I turn'd the tuneful art*] Ought the lovers of true genuine poetry to be obliged to his friend, for being inſtrumental in making Pope forſake works of imagination for the didactic! Which of the two ſpecies of compoſition may be the more uſeful and inſtructive, is entirely beſide the queſtion; but, in point of poetic genius, the Rape of the Lock, and The Eloiſa, as far excel the Eſſay on Man, and the Moral Epiſtles, as the Gieruſalemme, ſo unjuſtly depreciated by Boileau, does all his Satires and his Art of Poetry; and as the ſecond and fourth books of Virgil excel the Georgics. To be able to reaſon well in verſe is not the firſt nor the moſt eſſential talent of a poet, great as its merit may be.

VER. 398. OURSELVES TO KNOW.] How unfortunate has our learned commentator been, in all the five examples he has produced, of the five ſpecies of elocution mentioned by Longinus?

In the firſt example there is little grandeur and ſublimity of conception.

In the ſecond, not one ſtroke of the pathetic.

In

In the third, not that formation and uſe of figures which, in the 16th ſection, Longinus inſiſts upon.

In the fourth example, nothing that can be called τροπικὴ καὶ πεποιημένη λέξις; dictio tropis plena atque facta; i. e. artificio quodam elaborata.

In the fifth and laſt, the bare enumeration of the ſubjects treated of in theſe four epiſtles cannot be juſtly given as an example of weight and dignity of compoſition, which Longinus calls ἡ ἐν ἀξιώματι καὶ διάρσει σύνθεσις; magnifica elataque compoſitio.

After all, why would the commentator produce theſe five examples of the ſources of the ſublime, when, in another work, his Doctrine of Grace, he has laboured exceedingly to prove, that there is no ſuch thing as ſublimity, conſidered in itſelf; that ſublimity is only the application of ſuch images as arbitrary and caſual connexions, rather than their own native grandeur, have dignified and ennobled; thus ſtripping, what ages have admired as elegant and great, of its imaginary value, and reſolving it into chance, caprice, and faſhion. This paradox, and the Defence of it, have been completely confuted by the learned and ingenious Dr. Leland, in a Diſſertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence. So truly is Warburton characterized by a nervous writer, who ſays, "he had an eager propenſity to ſtart aſide from the regular and common orbit of opinion, upon every plain, every abſtruſe, every trifling, and every important ſubject." The ſame writer, with a ſpirit of impartiality that does him credit, adds, "The Biſhop of Glouceſter, amidſt all his fooleries in criticiſm, and all his outrages in controverſy, certainly united a moſt vigorous and comprehenſive intellect, with an open and a generous heart." I will juſt add, that the antiparadiſical ſtate mentioned by this prelate in the additional book of the Div. Legation, publiſhed by the Biſhop of Worceſter, has diſpleaſed many ſerious and able judges.

If, after all, the Divine Legation is a work, as Dr. Hurd aſſures us it is, "of the moſt tranſcendent merit, whether we conſider the invention or execution; a work ſo embelliſhed by a lively fancy, and illuſtrated from all quarters by exquiſite learning and the moſt ingenious diſquiſition, that, in the whole compaſs of modern or ancient theology, there is nothing equal or ſimilar to this extraordinary performance;" if, to the authority of Hooker, the acuteneſs of Chillingworth, and the perſpicuity of Locke, he added more than all their learning; if theſe rare and admirable qualifications ſhone out in him with greater luſtre

than in any other ornament of our church, Stillingfleet, and Barrow, and Taylor himſelf not excepted; if, I ſay, this high encomium of Dr. Hurd, on his all-accompliſhed friend, be juſt and well-founded, it ſurely is of ſmall conſequence to an author of ſuch exalted and extraordinary merits to ſay, that his notes on Shakeſpeare and Pope are conceited, futile, and frivolous.

In the very laſt edition of Biſhop Law's excellent tranſlation of the Origin of Evil, is the following remarkable paſſage: "I had now the ſatisfaction of ſeeing, that thoſe very principles which had been maintained by Archbiſhop King, were adopted by Mr. Pope in his Eſſay on Man: this I uſed to recollect, and ſometimes to relate, with pleaſure, conceiving that ſuch an account did no leſs honour to the poet than to our philoſopher; but was ſoon made to underſtand, that any thing of that kind was taken highly amiſs by one (i. e. Dr. Warburton), who had once held the doctrine of that ſame Eſſay to be rank atheiſm, but afterwards turned a warm advocate for it, and thought proper to deny the account above mentioned, with heavy menaces againſt thoſe who preſumed to inſinuate that Pope borrowed any thing from any man whatſoever.

Marmontel, in his Poetique, has given the following judgment on the Eſſay on Man: "Pope, dans les Epitres qui compoſent ſon Eſſai ſur l'Homme, a fait voir combien la poeſie pouvoit s'élever ſur les ailes de la philoſophie. C'eſt dommage que ce Poete n'ait pas eu autant de methode que de profondeur. Mais il avoit pris un ſyſteme; il failloit le ſoutenir. Ce ſyſteme lui offroit des difficultés épouvantables; il falloit ou les vaincre, ou les eviter: le dernier parti etoit le plus ſur et le plus commode; auſſi pour repondre aux plaintes de l'homme ſur les malheurs de ſon etat, lui donne-t-il le plus ſouvent des images pour des preuves, et des injures pour des raiſons."

Still more contemptuous and degrading, than the opinion of this French critic, are the terms in which Dr. Johnſon has ſpoken of this Eſſay, in which are ſo many ſplendid and highly-finiſhed paſſages. "The ſubject," he ſays, "is perhaps not very proper for poetry; and the poet was not ſufficiently maſter of his ſubject: metaphyſical morality was a new ſtudy; and he was proud of his acquiſitions; and, ſuppoſing himſelf maſter of great ſecrets, was in haſte to teach what he had not learned. When theſe wonder-working ſounds ſink into ſenſe, and the doctrine of the Eſſay, diſrobed of its ornaments, is left to the powers of its naked excellence, what ſhall we diſcover? that we are, in compariſon with our

our Creator, very weak and ignorant; that we do not uphold the chain of exiſtence; and that we could not make one another with more ſkill than we are made. We may learn yet more; that the arts of human life were copied from the inſtinctive operations of other animals; that if the world be made for man, it may be ſaid that man was made for geeſe."

This ſort of burleſque abſtract, which may be ſo eaſily but ſo unjuſtly made of any compoſition whatever, is exactly ſimilar to the imperfect and unfair repreſentation which the ſame critic has given of the beautiful imagery in Il Penſeroſo of Milton. Very different was the opinion of the ingenious and acute Dr. Balguy on the Eſſay on Man; who, in various paſſages of his excellent treatiſe, intitled, "Divine Benevolence," has manifeſtly copied many of its doctrines and reaſonings; who has written two ſermons on the vanity of our purſuits after knowledge, which contain, as hath been already obſerved, little more than is comprehended in ten lines of this Eſſay; and who has even done Pope the honour of prefixing to his admirable ſermons, as a motto, the following ſentence from the preface to this Eſſay: "If I could flatter myſelf that theſe Eſſays have any merit, it is in ſteering between the extremes of doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite; in paſſing over terms utterly unintelligible; and in forming a temperate, yet not inconſiſtent ſyſtem."

our Creator, very weak and ignorant; that we do not uphold the chain of existence; and that we could not make one another with more skill than we are made. We may learn yet more; that the arts of human life were copied from the instinctive operations of other animals; that if the world be made for man, it may be said that man was made for geese."

This sort of burlesque abstract, which may be so easily but so unjustly made of any composition whatever, is exactly similar to the imperfect and unfair representation which the [illegible] of the beautiful imagery in II Penseroso [illegible] Very different was the opinion of the ingenious and [illegible] on the Essay on Man; who, in various passages [illegible] intitled, "Divine Benevolence," has [illegible] its doctrines and reasonings; who has [illegible] vanity of our pursuits after knowledge, [illegible] been already observed, little more than is [illegible] lines of this Essay; and who has even done [illegible] prefixing to his admirable sermons, as a motto, the following sentence from the preface to this Essay: "If I could flatter myself that these Essays have any merit, it is in steering between the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite; in passing over terms utterly unintelligible; and in forming a temperate, yet not [illegible] sistent system."

THE
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.
DEO OPT. MAX.

THE

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou

NOTES.

VER. 1. FATHER *of All!*] For cloſeneſs and comprehenſion of thought, and for brevity and energy of expreſſion, few pieces of poetry in our language can be compared with this Prayer. I am ſurpriſed Johnſon ſhould not make any mention of it. When it was firſt publiſhed, many orthodox perſons were, I remember, offended at it, and called it, The Deiſt's Prayer. It were to be wiſhed the Deiſts would make uſe of ſo good an one.

VER. 4. *Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!*] "It is of very little conſequence," ſays Seneca, De Beneficiis, "by what name you call the firſt Nature, and the divine Reaſon, that preſides over the univerſe, and fills all the parts of it. He is ſtill the ſame God. You may give Him as many names as you pleaſe, provided you allow but one Sole Principle every where preſent."

"Notwithſtanding all the extravagancies and miſcarriages of the Poets," ſays Cudworth, chap. 4. "we ſhall now make it plainly appear, that they really aſſerted, not a multitude of ſelf-exiſtent and independent Deities, but one, only, unmade Deity; and all the other, generated or created gods. This hath been al-

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my Senſe confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Eſtate,
To ſee the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

What

NOTES.

ready proved concerning Orpheus, from ſuch fragments of the Orphic Poems as have been owned and atteſted by Pagan writers." Cudworth proceeds to confirm this opinion by many ſtrong and unconteſted paſſages from Homer, Heſiod, Pindar, Sophocles, and eſpecially Euripides, Book i. chap. iv. ſect. 19.; and Ariſtophanes, in the firſt line of Plutus, diſtinguiſhes betwixt Jupiter and the gods: Ω Ζεῦ κ᾽ θεοι.

VER. 6. *My Senſe confin'd*] It ought to be confinedſt, or didſt confine; and afterwards, gaveſt, or didſt give, in the ſecond perſon. See Lowth's Grammar.

VER. 9. *Yet gave me,*] Originally Pope had written another ſtanza, immediately after this;

Can ſins of moments claim the rod
Of everlaſting fires?
And that offend great Nature's God
Which Nature's ſelf inſpires?

The licentious ſentiment it contains, evidently borrowed from a well-known paſſage of Guarini in the Paſtor Fido, induced him to ſtrike it out. And perhaps alſo the abſurd metaphor of a rod of fires, on examination, diſpleaſed him.

VER. 12. *Left free*] An abſurd and impoſſible exemption, exclaims the Fataliſt; "comparing together the moral and the natural world, every thing is as much the reſult of eſtabliſhed laws in the one as in the other. There is nothing in the whole univerſe

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to ſhun,
That, more than Heav'n purſue.

What Bleſſings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet

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that can properly be called contingent: nothing looſe or fluctuating in any part of Nature; but every motion in the natural, and every determination and action in the moral world, are directed by immutable laws; ſo that, whilſt theſe laws remain in their force, not the ſmalleſt link of the univerſal chain of cauſes and effects can be broken, nor any one thing be otherwiſe than it is." All the moſt ſubtile and refined arguments that can be urged in a diſpute on Fate and Free-will, are introduced, in a converſation on this ſubject, betwixt the angels Gabriel and Raphael, and Adam, in the fourth act of Dryden's State of Innocence, and ſtated with a wonderful preciſion and perſpicuity. Reaſoning, in verſe, was one of Dryden's moſt ſingular and predominant excellencies: notwithſtanding which, he muſt rank as a poet for his Muſic-ode, not for his Religio Laici.

VER. 12. *The Human Will.*] The reſult of what Locke advances on this, the moſt difficult of all ſubjects, is, that we have a power of doing what we will. "Il ſerait plaiſant," ſays a noted wit, "qu'une partie de ce monde fut arrangée, et que l'autre ne le fut point; qu'une partie de ce qui arrive ne dût pas arriver. Quand on y regarde de pres, on voit que la doctrine contraire à celle du deſtin eſt abſurde; mais il y a beaucoup de gens deſtinés à raiſonner mal, d'autres à ne point raiſonner du tout, d'autres à perſecuter ceux qui raiſonnent." Let us acquieſce in a better philoſophy, which teaches us, "that if Free-will be the origin of evil, it is alſo the origin of good. If it be the occaſion of diſorder,

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodneſs let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If

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der, it is the cauſe of order; of all the moral order that appears in the world. Had Liberty been excluded, Virtue had been excluded with it. And if this had been the caſe, the world could have had no charms, no beauties, ſufficient to recommend it to Him who made it. In ſhort, all other powers and perfections would have been very defective without this, which is truly the life and ſpirit of the whole creation."

VER. 25. *This weak, unknowing hand*] Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another: expreſſing neither ſurpriſe nor averſion at perſons who hold opinions different from our own, either in religion or politics; knowing that this difference of opinion is as pardonable as it is unavoidable; and convinced that Laud and Milton, Hickes and Burnet, Atterbury and Hoadley, Waterland and Clarke, were all equally ſincere in their ſeveral tenets.

The great Biſhop Butler uſed to ſay, that if Lord Shafteſbury had lived to ſee the candour, moderation, and gentleneſs of the preſent times in diſcuſſing religious ſubjects, he would have been a good Chriſtian.

VER. 27. *Deal damnation*] He cenſures the narrow and illiberal doctrine of popery and bigotry, "the impoſſibility of being ſaved out of the pale of the Church." It is very remarkable, that Mahomet, in the Koran, Surat 2. ſeverely reprehends the Jews and the Chriſtians for condemning each other; and ſays, "that, on the day of reſurrection, God will judge the merits of their cauſe." So that there are Chriſtians leſs tolerant than Mahomet.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent,
At aught thy Wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I ſee;
That Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy Breath;
Oh lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Through this day's Life or Death.

This

NOTES.

VER. 39. *That Mercy*] It has been ſaid that our Poet, in this Prayer, choſe the Lord's Prayer for his model; but there is no reſemblance but in this paſſage, and in the laſt ſtanza but one.

M. Le Franc de Pompignan, a celebrated avocat at Montauban, author of Dido a tragedy, was ſeverely cenſured in France for tranſlating this Univerſal Prayer, as a piece of Deiſm; which, having been printed in London, in 4to. by Vaillant, was conveyed to the Chancellor Agueſſau, who immediately ſent a ſtrong reprimand to M. Le Franc, and he vindicated his orthodoxy in a laboured letter to that learned Chancellor. Voltaire reproached Le Franc with making this tranſlation. His brother, Biſhop of Puy au Velei, has called Locke an atheiſt.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All elſe beneath the Sun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let Thy Will be done.

To thee, whoſe Temple is all Space,
Whoſe Altar Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's Incenſe riſe!

MORAL ESSAYS,

IN FOUR EPISTLES

TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſis onerantibus aures:
Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas conſultò. HOR.

EPISTLE I.

TO

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Knowledge *and* Characters *of* Men.

THAT it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the Abstract: Books *will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own* Experience *singly*, Ver. 1. *General maxims, unless they be formed upon* both, *will be but notional*, Ver. 10. *Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself*, Ver. 15. *Difficulties arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties*, &c. Ver. 31. *The shortness of Life, to observe in, and the uncertainty of the* Principles of Action *in men, to observe by*, Ver. 37, &c. *Our* own *Principle of action often hid from ourselves*, Ver. 41. *Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent*, Ver. 51. *The same man utterly different in different places and seasons*, Ver. 71. *Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest*, Ver. 77, &c. *Nothing constant and certain but* God *and* Nature, Ver. 95. *No judging of the* Motives *from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the same Motives influencing contrary actions*, Ver. 100. II. *Yet to form* Characters, *we can only take the* strongest actions *of a man's life, and try to make them* agree: *The utter uncer-*

tainty

tainty of this, from Nature *itself, and from* Policy, Ver. 120. Characters *given according to the* rank *of men of the world,* Ver. 135. *And some reason for it,* Ver. 141. Education *alters the* Nature, *or at least the* Character, *of many,* Ver. 149. Actions, Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, *or* Principles, *all subject to change. No judging by* Nature, *from* Ver. 158 *to* 174. III. *It only remains to find (if we can) his* RULING PASSION: *That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions,* Ver. 175. *Instanced in the extraordinary character of* Clodio, Ver. 179. *A caution against mistaking* second qualities *for* first, *which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind,* Ver. 210. *Examples of the strength of the* Ruling Passion, *and its continuation to the last breath,* Ver. 222, &c.

EPISTLE I.

Of the Knowledge *and* Characters *of* Men.

YES, you deſpiſe the man to Books confin'd,
Who from his ſtudy rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he ſpeaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.

The

NOTES.

Epiſtle I. *Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.*] Whoever compares this with the former editions of the Epiſtle, will obſerve, that the order and diſpoſition of the ſeveral parts are entirely changed and reverſed; though with hardly the alteration of a ſingle word. When the Editor, at the Author's deſire, firſt examined this epiſtle, he was ſurpriſed to find it contain a number of exquiſite obſervations, without order, connection, or dependence: but much more ſo, when, on an attentive review, he ſaw, that if the epiſtle were put into a different form, on an idea he then conceived, it would have all the clearneſs of method and force of connected reaſoning. The Author appeared as much ſtruck with the thing as the Editor, and agreed to put the poem into the preſent order; which has given it all the juſtneſs of a true compoſition. The introduction to the epiſtle on Riches was in the ſame condition, and underwent the ſame reform. W. But this reform is not happily made.

Moral Eſſays.] The Essay on Man was intended to be compriſed in four books:

The *Firſt* of which, the Author has given us under that title, in four epiſtles.

The *Second* was to have conſiſted of the ſame number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human reaſon. 2. Of thoſe arts and ſciences, and the parts of them which are uſeful, and therefore attainable; together with thoſe which are unuſeful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, uſe, and application of the

The coxcomb bird, ſo talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Tho'

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different capacities of men. 4. Of the uſe of learning; of the ſcience of the world; and of wit; concluding with a ſatire againſt the miſapplication of them; illuſtrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

The *Third* book regarded civil regimen, or the ſcience of politics; in which the ſeveral forms of a Republic were to be examined and explained; together with the ſeveral modes of religious worſhip, ſo far forth as they affect Society; between which the Author always ſuppoſed there was the cloſeſt connection and the moſt intereſting relation. So that this part would have treated of Civil and Religious Society in their full extent.

The *Fourth* and laſt book concerned private ethics, or practical morality; conſidered in all the circumſtances, orders, profeſſions, and ſtations of human life.

The ſcheme of all this had been maturely digeſted, and *communicated* to L. Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more; and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through diſcouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other conſiderations, interrupted, poſtponed, and, laſtly, in a manner laid aſide.

But as this was the Author's favourite Work, which more exactly reflected the image of his own ſtrong and capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *dijecta membra Poetæ*, which now remain, it may not be amiſs to be a little more particular concerning each of theſe projected books.

The First, as it treats of man in the abſtract, and conſiders him in general, under every one of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furniſhes out the ſubjects, of the *three* following; ſo that

The Second Book was to take up again the *firſt* and *ſecond* epiſtles of the firſt book; and to treat of man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a ſmall part of the concluſion (which, as we ſaid, was to have contained

Tho' many a paſſenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philoſopher at all.

And

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tained a ſatire againſt the miſapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the *fourth* book of the *Dunciad;* and up and down, occaſionally, in the other *three.*

The THIRD BOOK, in like manner, was to reaſſume the ſubject of the *third* epiſtle of the *firſt*, which treats of Man in his ſocial, political, and religious capacity. But this part the Poet afterwards conceived might be beſt executed in an EPIC POEM, as the Action would make it more animated, and the Fable leſs invidious; in which all the great principles of true and falſe Governments and Religions ſhould be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

The FOURTH and laſt book was to purſue the ſubject of the *fourth* epiſtle of the *firſt*, and to treat of *Ethics*, or practical morality; and would have conſiſted of many members, of which, the four following epiſtles are detached portions; the *two firſt*, on the *Characters of Men and Women*, being the *introductory* part of this concluding book. W.

VER. 1. *Yes, you deſpiſe*] The patrons and admirers of French literature uſually extol thoſe authors of that nation who have treated of life and manners; and five of them, particularly, are eſteemed to be unrivalled, namely, Montagne, Charron, La Rochefoucault, Boileau, La Bruyere, and Paſcal. Theſe are ſuppoſed to have deeply penetrated into the moſt ſecret receſſes of the human heart, and to have diſcovered the various vices and vanities that lurk in it. I know not why the Engliſh ſhould in this reſpect yield to their polite neighbours more than in any other. Bacon in his Eſſays and Advancement of Learning, Hobbes and Hume in their treatiſes, Prior in his elegant and witty Alma, Richardſon in his Clariſſa, and Fielding in his Tom Jones, (comic writers are not here included,) have ſhewn a profound knowledge of man; and many portraits of Addiſon may be compared with the moſt finiſhed touches of La Bruyere. But the Epiſtles we are now entering upon will place the matter beyond a diſpute; for the French can boaſt of no author who has ſo much exhauſted the ſcience of morals as Pope has in his five Epiſtles. They indeed contain all that is ſolid and valuable in the above-mentioned French

And yet the fate of all extremes is ſuch,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much.
To obſervations which ourſelves we make,
We grow more partial for th' Obſerver's ſake;
To written Wiſdom, as another's leſs:
Maxims are drawn from Notions, thoſe from Gueſs.
There's ſome Peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or ſome varying vein:
Shall only Man be taken in the groſs?
Grant but as many ſorts of Mind as Moſs.

That

NOTES.

writers, of whom our Author was remarkably fond. But whatever obſervations he has borrowed from them he has made his own by the dexterity of his application.

Ver. 10. *Men may be read,*] "Say what they will of the great Book of the World, we muſt read others to know how to read that." M. De Sevigne to R. Rabutin.

Ver. 15. *There's ſome Peculiar, &c.*] The Poet enters on the firſt diviſion of his ſubject, *the difficulties of coming at the Knowledge and true Characters of Men.* The firſt cauſe of this difficulty, which he proſecutes (from Ver. 14 to 19.) is the great *diverſity of characters;* of which, to abate our wonder, and not diſcourage our inquiry, he only deſires we would grant him

"—but as many ſorts of Mind as Moſs."

Hereby artfully inſinuating, that if Nature hath varied the moſt worthleſs vegetable into above three hundred ſpecies, we need not wonder at a greater diverſity in her higheſt work, the human mind: And if the variety in that vegetable has been thought of importance enough to employ the leiſure of a ſerious inquirer, much more will the ſame circumſtance in this maſter-piece of the ſublunary world deſerve our ſtudy and attention.

"Shall only Man be taken in the groſs?" W.

Ver. 18. *As many ſorts of Mind*] It is related in Mr. Harris's Manuſcripts, that "Newton, hearing Handel play on the harpſichord, could find nothing worthy to remark but the elaſticity of his

That each from other differs, firſt confeſs;
Next, that he varies from himſelf no leſs:
Add Nature's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's ſtrife,
And all Opinion's colours caſt on life.

Our

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his fingers. At another time, having aſſerted that Terence's plays had no plot, and Bentley (in this knowledge his ſuperior beyond all controverſy) having copiouſly endeavoured to ſhew the contrary, he concluded as he began, that Terence's plays had no plot. At another time, being aſked his opinion of poetry, he quoted a ſentiment of Barrow, that it was ingenious nonſenſe.

"Thus will it neceſſarily happen, when men, even the greateſt, are (according to the common ſaying) got out of their element. No genius, perhaps ever exiſting, more acute than his in diſcovering true from falſe, in the ſubjects of colour, quantity, and motion. No one had an abler intellect to diſcern what exiſted from that which exiſted not. But among the number of things exiſting, what were fair, beautiful, graceful, elegant, and what the contrary, of this, by theſe ſtories, one would imagine he had no conception."

VER. 19. *That each from other differs, &c.*] A ſecond cauſe of this difficulty (from Ver. 18 to 21.) is *man's inconſtancy;* for not only one man differs from another, but the ſame man from himſelf.

VER. 20. *Next, that he varies*] A ſenſible French writer ſays, that the faults and follies of men chiefly ariſe from this circumſtance, qu'ils n'ont pas l'eſprit, en equilibre, pour ainſi dire, avec leur charactere: Ciceron, par exemple, etoit un grand eſprit et une ame foible; c'eſt pour cela, qu'il fut grand orateur et homme d'etat mediocre.

VER. 21. *Add Nature's, &c.*] A third cauſe (from Ver. 20 to 23.) is that *obſcurity* thrown over the characters of men, through the ſtrife and conteſt between *nature* and *cuſtom*, between *reaſon* and *appetite*, between *truth* and *opinion*. And as moſt men, either through *education*, *temperature*, or *profeſſion*, have their characters warp'd by *cuſtom*, *appetites* and *opinion*, the obſcurity ariſing from thence is almoſt univerſal. W.

Our depths who fathoms, or our ſhallows finds,
Quick whirls, and ſhifting eddies, of our minds?
On human Actions reaſon tho' you can,
It may be Reaſon, but it is not Man:
His Principle of action once explore,
That inſtant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you diſſect,
You loſe it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics ſeeing, as the objects ſeen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come diſcolour'd through our Paſſions ſhown.

Or

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Ver. 23. *Our depths who fathoms, &c.*] A fourth cauſe (from Ver. 22 to 25.) is deep *diſſimulation*, and reſtleſs *caprice*; whereby the ſhallows of the mind are as difficult to be *found*, as the depths of it are to be *fathomed*. W.

"A meſure qu'on a plus d'eſprit," ſays the profound Paſcal, "on trouve qu'il y a plus d'hommes originaux."

Ver. 25. *On human Actions, &c.*] A fifth cauſe (from Ver. 24 to 31.) is the ſudden change of his *principle of action*; either on the point of its being laid open and detected, or when it is reaſoned upon, and attempted to be explored. W.

Ver. 31. *Yet more; the diff'rence, &c.*] Hitherto the Poet hath ſpoken of the cauſes of difficulty ariſing from the *obſcurity of the object*; he now comes to thoſe which proceed from *defects in the obſerver*. The firſt of which, and a ſixth cauſe of difficulty, he ſhews (from Ver. 30 to 37.) is the perverſe *manners*, *affections*, and *imaginations* of the obſerver; whereby the characters of others are rarely ſeen either in their true *light*, *complexion*, or *proportion*. W.

Ver. 33. *All Manners take*] A deep knowledge of Human Nature is diſplayed in theſe four lines. So alſo in Ver. 42.

Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thouſand dies.
Nor will Life's ſtream for Obſervation ſtay,
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way:
In vain ſedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take.
Oft, in the Paſſions' wide rotation toſt,
Our ſpring of action to ourſelves is loſt:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yield,
And what comes then is maſter of the field.

As

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VER. 37. *Nor will Life's ſtream for Obſervation, &c.*] The ſeventh cauſe of difficulty, and the ſecond ariſing from defects in the Obſerver, (from Ver. 36 to 41.) is the *ſhortneſs of human life;* which will not ſuffer him to ſelect and weigh out his knowledge, but juſt to ſnatch it, as it rolls ſwiftly by him down the rapid current of Time. W.

VER. 41. *Oft, in the Paſſions', &c.*] We come now to the eighth and laſt cauſe, which very properly concludes the account; as, in a ſort, it ſums up all the difficulties in one, (from Ver. 40 to 51.) namely, that very often the *man himſelf is ignorant of his own motive of action;* the cauſe of which ignorance our Author has admirably explained: When the mind (ſays he) is now tired out by the long conflict of oppoſite motives, it withdraws its attention, and ſuffers the *will* to be ſeized upon by the firſt that afterwards obtrudes itſelf, without taking much notice what that motive is. This is finely illuſtrated by what he ſuppoſes to be the natural cauſe of dreams; where the fancy, juſt let looſe, poſſeſſes itſelf of the *laſt image* which it meets with, on the confines between ſleep and waking, and on that erects all its ideal ſcenery; yet this ſeiſure is, with great difficulty, recollected; and never, but when by ſome accident we happen to have our firſt ſlumbers ſuddenly interrupted. Then (which proves the truth of the hypotheſis) we are ſometimes able to trace the workings of the Fancy backwards, from idea to idea, in a chain, till we come to that from whence they all aroſe. W.

As the laſt image of that troubled heap,
When Senſe ſubſides, and Fancy ſports in ſleep,
(Tho' paſt the recollection of the thought,)
Becomes the ſtuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cauſe of moſt we do.

True ſome are open, and to all men known;
Others ſo very cloſe they're hid from none;
(So Darkneſs ſtrikes the ſenſe no leſs than Light;)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at ſight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his ſoul
Still ſits at ſquat, and peeps not from its hole.

At

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Ver. 48. *Becomes the ſtuff of which our dream is wrought:*] Giraldus Cambrenſis, ſpeaking of a *divine viſion* with which he was favoured, ſeems yet to think that it might be *made out of the ſtuff of his waking thoughts.* His words are theſe: "Cum igitur ſuper univerſis quæ nobis acciderant, mecum non mediocriter anxius extiterim—ſuſpirioſæ mihi multoties cogitationes in animum aſcenderint, nocte quadam in ſomnis EX RELIQUIIS FERTE COGITATIONEM Viſionem vidi," &c. *De rebus a ſe geſtis, L.* II. *C.* 12. By which we ſee, and it is worth remarking, that to philoſophiſe on our Superſtitions is ſo far from eraſing them, that it engraves them but the more deeply in the mind. The reaſon is plain; it turns the *objection* to them to a *ſolution* in their credit. W.

Ver. 56. *Still ſits at ſquat,*] No two characters have been painted with more life and truth, and more circumſtances nicely diſcriminated, than thoſe of the artful Blifield and the open Tom Jones, in Fielding's incomparable Comic Epopée, an original and unrivalled work.

Ver. 56. *Peeps not from its hole.*] Which ſhews (ſays Scriblerus, idly) that this grave perſon was content with his preſent ſituation, as finding but ſmall ſatisfaction in what a famous Poet reckons one of the advantages of old age;

"The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made."

Scribl.

At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When univerſal homage Umbra pays,
All ſee 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen,
While one there is who charms us with his Spleen.

But theſe plain characters we rarely find;
Tho' ſtrong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole;
Or Affectations quite reverſe the ſoul.
The Dull, flat Falſhood ſerves for policy;
And in the Cunning, Truth itſelf's a lie:

Un-

NOTES.

Ver. 57. *At half mankind*] The character alluded to is the principal one in the Plain Dealer of Wycherly, a comedy taken from the Miſanthrope of Moliere, but much inferior to the original. Alceſtes has not that bitterneſs of ſpirit, and has much more humanity and honour than Manly. Writers transfuſe their own characters into their works: Wycherly was a vain and profligate libertine; Moliere was beloved for his candour, ſweetneſs of temper, and integrity. It is remarkable that the French did not reliſh this incomparable comedy on the three firſt repreſentations. The ſtrokes of ſatire were too ſubtle and delicate to be felt by the generality of the audience, who expected only the groſs diverſion of laughing; ſo that, at the fourth time of its being acted, the author was forced to add to it one of his coarſeſt farces; but Boileau in the mean time affirmed that it was the capital work of their ſtage, and that the people would one time be induced to think ſo.

Ver. 61. *Hate it in a Queen,*] Meaning Queen Caroline, whom he was fond of cenſuring; as was Bolingbroke. See vol. i. p. 123. of his Works, for a bitter ridicule on her affectation of ſcience.

Ver. 62. *Who charms us with his Spleen.*] Cloſely copied from Boileau;

"Un eſprit né chagrin plaît par ſon chagrin même."

It is a compliment to Swift.

Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wife;
The Fool lies hid in inconſiſtencies. 70

See

NOTES.

Ver. 69. *Unthought-of Frailties*] For who could have thought that Xenophon, during his famous retreat, performed many acts of the moſt vulgar ſuperſtition; that Auguſtus was alarmed and diſpirited if he put on a ſlipper on his right leg which ſhould have been on his left; that Newton once ſtudied aſtrology; and that Thuanus, Dryden, and the Chancellor Shafteſbury, calculated nativities; that Roger Aſcham and Dr. Whitby were devoted lovers of cock-fighting, as was Bayle of mountebanks; that Biſhop Hoadley was often rallied by Dr. Clarke for his dread of thunder; that Henry IV. of France was terrified at the jolting of his coach; that Ben Johnſon and Addiſon were hard drinkers, and our Author himſelf an epicure. The night before the battle of Blenheim, after a council of war had been held in the Duke of Marlborough's tent, at which Prince Louis of Baden and Prince Eugene had aſſiſted, the latter, after the council had broke up, ſtept back to the tent to communicate ſomething he had forgot to the Duke, whom he found giving orders to his aid-de-camp Colonel Selwyn (who related this fact) at the table, on which there was now only a ſingle taper burning, all the others being extinguiſhed the moment the council was over. "What a man is this," ſaid Prince Eugene, "who at ſuch a time can think of ſaving the ends of candles." Elizabeth was a coquette, and Bacon received a bribe. Dr. Buſby had a violent paſſion for the ſtage: it was excited in him by the applauſes he received in acting the Royal Slave before the king at Chriſt-church; and he declared, that, if the rebellion had not broke out, he had certainly engaged himſelf as an actor. Luther was ſo immoderately paſſionate, that he ſometimes boxed Melancthon's ears; and Melancthon himſelf was a believer in judicial aſtrology, and an interpreter of dreams. Richelieu and Mazarin were ſo ſuperſtitious as to employ and penſion Morin, a pretender to aſtrology, who caſt the nativities of thoſe two able politicians. Nor was Tacitus himſelf, who generally appears ſuperior to ſuperſtition, untainted with this folly, as may appear from the twenty-ſecond chapter of the ſixth book of his Annals. Men of great genius have been ſomewhere compared to the pillar of fire that conducted the Iſraelites, which frequently turned a cloudy ſide towards the ſpectator.

See the ſame man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at Bus'neſs, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chaſe, wiſe at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithleſs at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save

NOTES.

VER. 71. *See the ſame man, &c.*] Of four *cauſes* he here gives EXAMPLES: 1. Of the *vivacity of the imagination* (from Ver. 70 to 77.)—2. Of the *contrariety of Appetites* (from Ver. 76 to 81.)—3. Of *Affectations* (from Ver. 80 to 87.)—and 4. Of the *Inequalities of the human mind* (from Ver. 86 to 95.) W.

VER. 72. *Alone, in company;*] The unexpected inequalities of our minds and tempers is a ſubject that has been exhauſted by Montagne in the 1ſt chap. of the 2d book of his Eſſays, which, it is evident, Pope had been reading. Nothing can be finer than the picture which Tully has given, in his oration for Cælius, of the inconſiſtencies and varieties of Catiline's conduct; ending with, "Quis clarioribus viris quodam tempore jucundior? Quis turpioribus conjunctior? Quis civis meliorum partium aliquando? Quis tetrior hoſtis huic civitati? Quis in voluptatibus inquinatior? Quis in laboribus patientior? Quis in rapacitate avarior? Quis in largitione effuſior?" The learned Markland, in defending Euripides from a well-known objection made to the inconſiſtency of the character of Iphigenia, is of opinion, that the Poet's deſign, through the whole tragedy, was, in general, to ſhew the inequality and inconſiſtency of the human character; and gives inſtances of this inconſiſtency in the behaviour of Agamemnon, Menelaus, Achilles, the Chorus, and all the perſons introduced, except Clytemneſtra; intending to diſplay humani animi levitatem et inconſtantiam in conſiliis ſuis, et nos omnes æquè eſſe homines." Eurip. Iphig. Ant. p. 191.

VER. 77. *Ever grave,*] I here add a ſenſible reflection of Rochefoucault, that the reader may compare it with one of the great Confucius on the ſame ſubject: "Gravity," ſays the former,

Save juſt at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Ven'ſon to a Saint without.
Who would not praiſe Patritio's high deſert,
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head! all int'reſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in Picquette,
New-market fame, and judgment at a Bett.
What made (ſay Montagne, or more ſage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?

A per-

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After Ver. 86. in the former Editions,

Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread;
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now ſave a people, and now ſave a groat.

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mer, "is a myſterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind."—"Gravity," ſays the latter, "is indeed only the rind, or bark, of wiſdom; but it preſerves it."

Ver. 81. *Patritio's high deſert,*] Meaning Lord Godolphin, of whom, ſays Prior, in an original letter that I have ſeen, "as the wiſe Earl of Godolphin told me when he turned me out for having ſerved him;—Things change, times change, and men change." Though he was a great gameſter, yet he was an able and honeſt miniſter.

Ver. 87. *What made*] One of the reaſons that makes Montagne ſo agreeable a writer is, that he gives ſo ſtrong a picture of the way of life of a country gentleman in the reign of Henry III. The deſcriptions of his caſtle, of his library, of his travels, of his entertainments, of his diet and dreſs, are particularly pleaſing. Malebranche and Paſcal have ſeverely and juſtly cenſured his ſcepticiſm. Peter Charron contracted a very ſtrict friendſhip with him,

A perjur'd Prince, a leaden Saint revere,
A godleſs Regent tremble at a Star? 90

The

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him, inſomuch that Montagne permitted him by his will to bear his arms. In his Book of Wiſdom, which was publiſhed at Bourdeaux in the year 1601, he has inſerted a great number of Montagne's ſentiments. This treatiſe has been loudly blamed for its freedom by many writers of France, and particularly Garaſſe the Jeſuit. Bayle has remarked, in oppoſition to theſe cenſurers, that, of a hundred thouſand readers, there are hardly three to be found in any age who are well qualified to judge of a book, wherein the ideas of an exact and metaphyſical reaſoning are ſet in oppoſition to the moſt common opinions. Pope has borrowed many ſenſible remarks from Charron, of whom Bolingbroke was particularly fond.

Who would imagine, from the boldneſs of Hobbes's ſentiments, that he was naturally a great coward.

VER. 89. *A perjur'd Prince,*] Louis XI. of France wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which, when he ſwore by, he feared to break his oath. P.

VER. 90. *A godleſs Regent tremble at a Star?*] Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent in the minority of Louis XV. ſuperſtitious in judicial aſtrology, though an unbeliever in all religion. P.

The ſame has been obſerved of many other *politicians*. The Italians, in general, are not more noted for their refined politics, than for their attachment to the dotages of *Aſtrology*, under the influence of *Atheiſm*. It may be worth while to inquire into the cauſe of ſo ſingular a phenomenon, as it may probably do honour to Religion. Theſe men obſerving (and none have equal opportunities of ſo doing) how perpetually public events fall out beſides their expectation, and contrary to the beſt laid ſchemes of worldly policy, cannot but confeſs that human affairs are ordered by ſome power extrinſical. To acknowledge a God and his Providence, would be next to introducing a morality deſtructive of that civil ſyſtem which they think neceſſary for the government of the world. They have recourſe therefore to that abſurd ſcheme of power which rules by no other law than *Fate* or *Deſtiny*. W.

The Duke of Orleans, here pointed at, was an infidel and a libertine, and at the ſame time, as well as Bouranvilliers and Cardan, who calculated the nativity of Jeſus Chriſt, was a bigotted believer

The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
Faithleſs through Piety, and dup'd through Wit?
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,
And juſt her wiſeſt monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the ſame:
In Man, the judgment ſhoots at flying game;
A bird of paſſage! gone as ſoon as found;
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.

II.

In vain the Sage, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and ſhew,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! if Fortune or a Miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in bus'neſs, others ſhave their crowns:
To eaſe the Soul of one oppreſſive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
The

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believer in judicial aſtrology; he was ſaid to be the author, which however has been doubted, of many of thoſe flimſy ſongs, nugæ canoræ, to which the language and manners of France ſeem to be peculiarly adapted. He knew mankind. "Quiconque eſt ſans honneur et ſans humeur, eſt un courtiſan parfaite," was one of his favourite ſayings.

Ver. 91. *The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,*] Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for Religion, reſumed it to gratify his Queen; and Victor Amadeus II. King of Sardinia, who reſigned the Crown, and trying to re-aſſume it, was impriſoned till his death. P.

Ver. 93. *Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,*
And juſt her wiſeſt monarch made a fool?]

The Czarina, the King of France, the Pope, and the above-mentioned King of Sardinia. W.

Ver. 95. God *and* Nature] It is not very clear what is preciſely meant by Nature in this paſſage.

The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.
Not always Actions ſhew the man: we find
Who does a kindneſs, is not therefore kind;
Perhaps Proſperity becalm'd his breaſt;
Perhaps the Wind, juſt ſhifted from the eaſt:
Not therefore humble he who ſeeks retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the Great:
Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave;
Who reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe,
His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting lies.
But grant that Actions beſt diſcover man;
Take the moſt ſtrong, and ſort them as you can.
The few that glare each character muſt mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them, or miſcall them Policy?
Muſt then at once (the character to ſave)
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
Alas!

NOTES.

VER. 107. *The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.*]

Philip II. was of an atrabilaire complexion. He derived it from his father Charles V. whoſe health, the hiſtorians of his life tell us, was frequently diſordered by bilious fevers. But what was moſt extraordinary, the ſame complexion not only drove them variouſly, but made each act contrary to his character; Charles, who was an active man when he retired into a Convent; Philip, who was a man of the cloſet when he gave the battle of St. Quintin. W.

All that wants to be known of this Emperor's character may be learned from Robertſon's admirable Hiſtory.

Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.

Aſk

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Ver. 127. *Alas! in truth*] "For the deſtruction of a kingdom," ſaid a man of wit, "nothing more is ſometimes requiſite than a bad digeſtion of the prime miniſter." The Grand Seignior offered to aſſiſt Henry IV. againſt his rebellious ſubjects, not for any deep political reaſon, but only becauſe he hated the word League. It is a fault in Davila, as well as Tacitus, never to aſcribe great events to whim, caprice, private paſſions, and petty cauſes. The Treaty of Utrecht was occaſioned, it is ſaid, by a quarrel betwixt the Ducheſs of Marlborough and Queen Anne about a pair of gloves. The expedition to the iſland of Ré was undertaken to gratify a fooliſh and romantic paſſion of the Duke of Buckingham. The coquetry of the daughter of Count Julien introduced the Saracens into Spain. It is for the honour of many great events, as of many great families, that their origins ſhould be concealed. Bayle, in his Thoughts on the Comet, tome ii. p. 214. has collected a number of entertaining inſtances to confirm this truth, "that mighty rivers, which deſolate or fertilize great tracts of land, iſſue ſometimes from a ſmall and dirty fountain."

Hear the ſentiments of one who was well acquainted with life and buſineſs. "I have been frequently aſſured," ſays Swift, "that politics were nothing but common ſenſe; which, as it was the only true thing they ſpoke, ſo it was the only thing they could have wiſhed I ſhould not believe. I have been aſſured, by men long practiſed in buſineſs, that the ſecrets of a court are much fewer than we generally ſuppoſe; and I hold it for the greateſt ſecret of a court that they are ſo. I could produce innumerable inſtances, from my own memory and obſervation, of events imputed to the profound ſkill and addreſs of the miniſter, which in reality were either the mere effect of negligence, weakneſs, humour, paſſion, or pride; or, at beſt, but the natural courſe of things left to themſelves." Free Thoughts on the State of Affairs, 1714.

What was the cauſe of the Reformation in England,

"When Love could teach a monarch to be wiſe,
And Goſpel-truth firſt dawn'd from Bullen's eyes?"

But Burnet gravely labours to prove, that the king had a ſcruple of

Aſk why from Britain Cæſar would retreat?
Cæſar himſelf might whiſper he was beat. 130
Why

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Ver. 129. in the former Editions,

Aſk why from Britain Cæſar made retreat?
Cæſar himſelf would tell you he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Altered as above, becauſe Cæſar wrote his Commentaries of this war, and does *not* tell you he was beat. And as Cæſar afforded an inſtance of both caſes, it was thought better to make him the ſingle example.

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of conſcience for having married his brother's widow. It has been ſaid, that the firſt diſguſt Cæſar gave to the Romans was his not riſing from his ſeat to receive a deputation from the Senate, which at the moment he could not venture to do, being taken with a dyſentery, and which they interpreted as a mark of haughtineſs, and an air of tyranny, which ultimately occaſioned his aſſaſſination.

VER. 129. *Aſk why from*] In former Editions, the third and fourth lines were,

The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

But it was altered as above; and altered for the worſe. It is ſtrange that Pope, or his learned friends, ſhould not have known that drunkenneſs was not one of Cæſar's vices. Suetonius ſays, "Vini parciſſimum ne inimici quidem negaverunt." Verbum M. Catonis eſt, "Unum ex omnibus Cæſarem ad evertendam rempublicam ſobrium acceſſiſſe." Vit. D. Julius Cæſar, ſection 53. Aaron Hill, in his Letters, ſaid, he had in his poſſeſſion ſome authentic documents that would redound to the honour of the Czar, for making this match with Catherine, and would place this part of his conduct, which the malice of ſome great courts in Europe had taken pains to miſrepreſent, in another and very honourable point of view.

VER. 130. *Cæſar himſelf might whiſper he was beat.*] Cæſar wrote his *Commentaries*, in imitation of the Greek Generals, for

Why riſk the world's great empire for a Punk?
Cæſar perhaps might anſwer he was drunk.
But, ſage hiſtorians! 'tis your taſk to prove
One action conduct; one, heroic Love.
'Tis from high Life, high characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is juſt, a Chanc'lor juſter ſtill;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Biſhop, what you will;
Wiſe, if a Miniſter; but, if a King,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more ev'ry thing.
Court-

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the entertainment of the world: But had his friend aſked him, in his ear, the reaſon of his ſudden retreat from Britain, after ſo many pretended victories, we have cauſe to ſuſpect, even from his own public relation of that matter, that he would have *whiſper'd he was beat.* W.

Ver. 131. *Why riſk the world's great empire for a Punk?*] After the battle of Pharſalia, Cæſar purſued his enemy to Alexandria, where he became infatuated with the charms of Cleopatra, and inſtead of puſhing his advantages, and diſperſing the relics of the Pharſalian quarrel, brought upon himſelf (after narrowly eſcaping the violence of an enraged populace) an unneceſſary war, at a time his arms were moſt wanted elſewhere. W.

Ver. 133. *But, ſage hiſtorians!*] "Si on pouvait," ſays a ſhrewd wit, "confronter Suetone avec les valets de chambre des douze Ceſars, penſe-t-on qu'ils ſeraient toujours d'accord avec lui?—Mallebranche, à cet egard, avait raiſon de dire, qu'il ne feſait pas plus de cas de l'Hiſtoire, que des nouvelles de ſon quartier."

Ver. 135. *'Tis from high Life,*] Copied from Boileau, v. 203. Sat. 8.

Ver. 137. *A Judge is juſt, a Chanc'lor juſter ſtill;*
A Gownman, learn'd; a Biſhop, what you will;

Each profeſſion is here equally turned into ridicule; but not with equal juſtice. The *Lawyer at the Bar* pleads indifferently for right and

Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the higheſt rate.
Born where Heav'n's influence ſcarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the ſoil the Virtues like,
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike.
Tho' the ſame ſun with all-diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the Roſe, and in the Di'mond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger effort of his pow'r,
And juſtly ſet the Gem above the Flow'r.

'Tis Education forms the common mind,
Juſt as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt ſon is a 'Squire;
The next a Tradeſman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom

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and wrong. On the *Bench* he is the moſt zealous Patron and Inveſtigator of Truth. The *Divine*, on the contrary, while in a private ſtation, conſults only the honour of his Religion; but when advanced to a public, he is only anxious that *the Miniſtry be not blamed*. Whence comes this difference? Not from their own diſpoſitions, but from that of the times: in which, *Juſtice* is ſuppoſed to be neceſſary to civil Society; and *Religion*, of no ſuch uſe. Therefore the Lawyer, when advanced into the Magiſtracy, is invariably attached to the Right; and the Churchman in Authority, muſt give no offence. W.

VER. 141. *Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, &c.*] This whole reflection, and the ſimilitude brought to ſupport it, have great delicacy of ridicule, together with all the charms of Wit and Poetry. W.

VER. 151. *Boaſtful and rough,*] How much knowledge of life, of manners, and characters, is contained in the eleven ſucceeding lines! We are not to aſcribe ſo much to the powerful influence of educatian alone, as does Helvetius in his fanciful Treatiſe de L'Eſprit, who imagines and aſſerts that all men are born with equal talents, and that it is education alone that cauſes any difference or ſuperiority in different men. It is the common mind that is formed by education; which has not the ſame effect on

Tom ſtruts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will ſneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
A Quaker? ſly: a Preſbyterian? ſour:
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.

Aſk men's Opinions: Scoto now ſhall tell
How trade increaſes, and the world goes well;
Strike off his Penſion, by the ſetting ſun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a ſtupid ſilent dunce?
Some God, or Spirit he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a Miniſter that frown'd.

Judge

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Ver. 165. Or chanc'd to meet Sir Robert when he frown'd.

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minds, on which nature and conſtitution have imprinted deep and ſtrong marks of original genius. It is impoſſible not to lament that Gray did not finiſh the deſign he ſketched out, of an Eſſay on the Alliance of Education and Government, which, from the ſpecimens we find in his life, (page 193.) would doubtleſs have been a maſter-piece of didactic poetry.

Ver. 156. *A Preſbyterian? ſour:*] If it be aſked, why *Preſbyterian* Divines, of the puritan ſtamp, took more ſatisfaction, in their ſermons and diſcourſes, to quote the *Old Teſtament* than the *New*; it may be ſaid, that their gloomy *four* temper found moſt ſolace in the terrors of the God of Iſrael; and their pride was moſt indulged in having, like the Jews, a God to themſelves. W.—— This is not applicable to the preſent mode of preaching uſed by the diſſenting miniſters.

Ver. 164, 165. *Some God, or Spirit he has lately found;*
Or chanc'd to meet a Miniſter that frown'd.]

Diſaſters the moſt unlooked-for, as they were what the Free-thinker's *ſpeculations* and *practice* were principally directed to avoid.

—The

Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'reſt o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By Actions? thoſe Uncertainty divides:
By Paſſions? theſe Diſſimulation hides:
Opinions? they ſtill take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners

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—The Poet here alludes to the antient claſſical opinion, that the ſudden viſion of a God was wont to ſtrike the irreverent obſerver ſpeechleſs. He has only a little extended the conceit, and ſuppoſed, that the terrors of a *Court-Deity* might have the like effect on one of theſe devoted worſhippers. SCRIBL.

VER. 166. *Judge we by Nature?*] We find here, in the compaſs of eight lines, an anatomy of human nature; more ſenſe and obſervation cannot well be compreſſed and concluded in a narrower ſpace. This paſſage might be drawn out into a voluminous commentary, and be worked up into a ſyſtem concerning the knowledge of the world. There ſeems to be an inaccuracy in the uſe of the laſt verb; the natural temperament is by no means ſuddenly changed, or turned, with a change of climate, though undoubtedly the humours are originally formed by it. "Influenced by," would be a more proper expreſſion than "turn with," if the metre would admit it.

I have ſeen a collection of all the paſſages, in Horace and Pope, that relate to men and manners, placed together and compared with each other. The ſuperiority was given to Pope, for a deeper knowledge of human nature than could be found in Horace.

We may juſtly apply to Pope what Cicero ſays ſo finely of Thucydides: "Omnes dicendi artificio, meâ ſententiâ facilè vicit, ut verborum prope numerum, ſententiarum numero conſequatur; ità porro verbis aptus et preſſus, ut neſcias utrum res oratione, an verba ſententiis illuſtrentur."

VER. 171. *In what you cannot change.*] "Combien diverſement jugeons nous de choſes?" ſays honeſt Montaigne. "Combien de fois changeons nous nos fantaſies? Ce que je tien aujourdhuy, ce que je croy, je le tien et le croy, de toute ma creance; mais ne m'eſt-il pas advenu, non une fois mais cent; mais mille et tous les jours, d'avoir

Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.

III.

Search then the Ruling Passion: There, alone,
The Wild are conſtant, and the Cunning known;
The

NOTES.

d'avoir embraſſé quelque autre choſe?" Montaigne furniſhed many hints for this Epiſtle.

Ver. 172. *Manners with Fortunes,*] Are there any two lines in Horace or Boileau ſo replete with ſtrong ſenſe, and ſo condenſed and crowded with matter, as theſe two of our Author? I have often amuſed myſelf by thinking what ſort of magiſtrates Dante and Montaigne made, when the former was mayor of Florence and the latter of Bourdeaux. Did their manners change with their ſtations?

Ver. 174. *The* Ruling Passion:] Two eminent writers have attacked our Author's notion of a Ruling Paſſion, Mr. Harris and Dr. Johnſon: The former ſays, "One talks of an univerſal paſſion; as if all paſſions were not univerſal. Another talks of a Ruling Paſſion; and means, without knowing it, certain ruling opinions. Thus, when ſpecious falſehood aſſumes the lyre, we are charmed with the muſic, and worſhip her as truth."

"Of any paſſion," ſays Johnſon, "thus innate and irreſiſtible, the exiſtence may reaſonably be doubted. Human characters are by no means conſtant; men change, by change of place, of fortune, of acquaintance; he who is at one time a lover of pleaſure, is at another a lover of money. Thoſe, indeed, who attain any excellence, commonly ſpend life in one purſuit; for excellence is not often gained upon eaſier terms. But to the particular ſpecies of excellence men are directed, not by an aſcendant planet or predominating humour, but by the firſt book which they read, ſome early converſation which they heard, or ſome accident which excited ardour and emulation.

"It muſt be at leaſt allowed, that this ruling paſſion, antecedent to reaſon and obſervation, muſt have an object independent on human contrivance; for there can be no natural deſire of artificial good. No man, therefore, can be born, in the ſtricteſt acceptation,

The Fool conſiſtent, and the Falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, Princes, Women, no Diſſemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the reſt,
The proſpect clears, and WHARTON ſtands confeſt.
Wharton, the ſcorn and wonder of our days,
Whoſe Ruling Paſſion was the Luſt of Praiſe:

Born

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tion, a lover of money; for he may be born where money does not exiſt: nor can he be born, in a moral ſenſe, as a lover of his country; for ſociety, politically regulated, is a ſtate contradiſtinguiſhed from a ſtate of nature; and any attention to that coalition of intereſts which makes the happineſs of a country, is poſſible only to thoſe whom inquiry and reflection have enabled to comprehend it.

"This doctrine is in itſelf pernicious as well as falſe: its tendency is to produce the belief of a kind of moral predeſtination or over-ruling principle which cannot be reſiſted; he that admits it is prepared to comply with every deſire that caprice or opportunity ſhall excite, and to flatter himſelf that he ſubmits only to the lawful dominion of nature, in obeying the reſiſtleſs authority of his Ruling Paſſion.

"Pope has formed his theory with ſo little ſkill, that, in the examples by which he illuſtrates and confirms it, he has confounded paſſions, appetites, and habits."

I ſhall add, that the expreſſion, Ruling Paſſion, was firſt uſed by Roſcommon. See how much is attributed to the effects of a Ruling Paſſion. Eſſay on Man, Epiſtle ii. v. 132.

VER. 177. *Prieſts, Princes, Women, no* DISSEMBLERS *here.*] Inſinuating that one common principle, *the purſuit of Power*, gives a conformity of conduct to the moſt diſtant and different characters. W.

VER. 181. *The Luſt of Praiſe:*] This very well expreſſes the *groſſneſs* of his appetite for it; where the ſtrength of the paſſion had deſtroyed all the delicacy of the ſenſation. W.

Born with whate'er could win it from the Wife,
Women and Fools muſt like him, or he dies;
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he ſpoke,
The Club muſt hail him maſter of the joke.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fryer.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one Vice exempt;
And moſt contemptible to ſhun contempt;
His Paſſion ſtill, to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His Life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant Bounty which no friend has made;
An angel Tongue, which no man can perſuade!
A Fool,

NOTES.

Ver. 187. John Wilmot, Earl of Rocheſter, famous for his wit and extravagancies in the time of Charles the Second. W.

Ver. 189. *With the ſame* ſpirit] *Spirit* for *principle*, not *paſſion*. W.

Ver. 190. *Enough, if all around him but admire, &c.*] What an able French writer obſerves of *Alcibiades* may be juſtly applied to this nobleman. "Ce n'étoit pas un *ambitieux*, mais un homme *vain*, qui vouloit fair du bruit, et occuper les Atheniens. Il avoit l'*eſprit* d'un grand homme; mais ſon *ame*, dont les reſſorts amollis étoient devenus incapables d'une application conſtante, ne pouvoit s'élever au grand, que par boutade. J'ai bien de la peine à croire, qu'un homme aſſez ſouple, pour être à Sparte auſſi dur et auſſi ſévère, qu'un Spartiate; dans l'Ionie auſſi recherché dans ſes plaiſirs, qu'un Ionien, &c. fût propre à faire un grand homme." W.

A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A Tyrant to the Wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, ſad out-caſt of each church and ſtate,
And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.
Aſk you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves ſhould call him Fool.

Nature

NOTES.

VER. 200. *A* Fool, *with more of* Wit.] *Folly*, joined with much *wit*, produces that behaviour which we call *abſurdity*; and this abſurdity the Poet has here admirably deſcribed in the words,

"Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd:"

by which we are given to underſtand, that the perſon deſcribed, indulged his fancy when he ſhould have uſed his judgment; and purſued his ſpeculations when he ſhould have truſted to his experience. W.

VER. 205. *And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.*] To arrive at what the world calls GREATNESS, a wicked man muſt either hide and conceal his vices, or he muſt openly and ſteadily practiſe them in the purſuit and attainment of one important end. This unhappy nobleman did neither. W.

VER. 206. *Aſk you why Wharton*] "This celebrated peer," ſays Lord Orford, "like Buckingham and Rocheſter, comforted all the grave and dull by throwing away the brighteſt profuſion of parts on witty fooleries, debaucheries, and ſcrapes, which may mix graces with a great character, but never can compoſe one. If Julius Cæſar had only rioted with Cataline, he had never been emperor of the world. Indeed the Duke of Wharton was not made for conqueſt; he was not equally formed for a Round-houſe and Pharſalia. In one of his ballads he has bantered his own want of heroiſm; it was in a ſong he made on being ſeized by the guard in St. James's Park, for ſinging the Jacobite air, 'The king ſhall have his own again:'

"The duke he drew out half his ſword,
——The guard drew out the reſt."

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and WHARTON plain.
Yet,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 208. In the former Editions,

Nature well known, no *Miracles* remain.

Altered as above, for very obvious reasons.

NOTES.

His levities, wit, and want of principles, his eloquence and adventures, are too well known to be recapitulated. With attachment to no party, though with talents to govern any party, this lively man changed the free air of Westminster for the gloom of the Escurial, the prospect of King George's garter for the Pretender's; and, with indifference to all religion, the frolic lord, who had writ the ballad on the Archbishop of Canterbury, died in the habit of a capuchin.

It is difficult to give an account of the works of so mercurial a man, whose library was a tavern, and women of pleasure his muses. A thousand sallies of his imagination may have been lost: he no more wrote for fame than he acted for it. There are two volumes in octavo, called his Life and Writings, but containing of the latter nothing but "seventy four numbers of a periodical paper, called the True Briton," and his celebrated "Speech in the House of Lords on the third reading of the bill to inflict pains and penalties on Francis Lord Bishop of Rochester, May 15, 1723." It is a remarkable anecdote relating to this speech, that his Grace, then in opposition to the Court, went to Chelsea the day before the last debate on that prelate's affair, where acting contrition, he professed being determined to work out his pardon at Court, by speaking against the bishop, in order to which he begged some hints. The minister was deceived, and went through the whole cause with him, pointing out where the strength of the argument lay, and where its weakness. The duke was very thankful, returned to town, passed the night in drinking, and, without going to bed, went to the House of Lords, where he spoke for the bishop, recapitulating, in the most masterly manner, and answering all that had been urged against him. His speech against the Ministry, two years before, on the affair of the South-Sea Company, had a fatal effect, Earl Stanhope answering it with so much warmth that he broke a blood-vessel and died.

Yet, in this ſearch, the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond qualities for firſt they take.
When Catiline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore;
When Cæſar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the Luſt, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.
That

NOTES.

VER. 207. *'Twas all for fear, &c.*] To underſtand this, we muſt obſerve, that the *luſt of general praiſe* made the perſon, whoſe character is here ſo admirably drawn, both *extravagant* and *flagitious;* his *madneſs* was to pleaſe the Fools,

"*Women* and *Fools* muſt like him, or he dies."

And his *crimes*, to avoid the cenſure of the Knaves,

"'Twas all for fear the *Knaves* ſhould call him fool."

Prudence and *Honeſty* being the two qualities, in which fools and knaves are moſt intereſted, and conſequently moſt induſtrious, to miſrepreſent. W.

VER. 213. *When Cæſar made*] This was Servilia, the ſiſter of Cato, and the mother of Brutus. "How great," ſays St. Real, finely, "muſt have been her affliction at the death of Cæſar her ſon's lover, maſſacred by the hand of her own ſon! who perhaps hoped to efface this ſuſpicion of his baſtardy by this very action! Hiſtorians have neglected to inform us of the fate of this moſt unhappy miſtreſs and mother. Nothing could have been more intereſting than the hiſtory of Servilia after this event. Next to Cleopatra, ſhe was the moſt beloved of all Cæſar's miſtreſſes; and Suetonius ſays, Cæſar bought for her a ſingle jewel at the price of 50,000 l.

VER. 214. *In this the Luſt,*] The ſame paſſion excited Richelieu to throw up the dyke at Rochelle, and to diſpute the prize of poetry with Corneille; whom to traduce was the ſureſt method of gaining the affection of this ambitious miniſter; nay, who formed a deſign to be canonized as a Saint. A perfect contraſt to the character of Cardinal Fleury, who ſhewed that it was poſſible to govern a great ſtate with moderate abilities and a mild temper. His miniſtry is impartially repreſented by Voltaire in the age of Louis XIV.

That very Cæsar born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chastity at praise.
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one Passion man can strength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old

NOTES.

Ver. 215. *Ambition was the vice.*] *Pride*, *Vanity*, and *Ambition* are such bordering and neighbouring vices, and hold so much in common, that we generally find them going together; and therefore, as generally mistake them for one another. This does not a little contribute to our confounding characters; for they are, in reality, very different and distinct; so much so, that it is remarkable, the three greatest men in Rome, and cotemporaries, possessed each of these passions separately, with very little mixture of the other two: The men I mean were Cæsar, Cato, and Cicero: for Cæsar had *ambition* without either vanity or pride; Cato had *pride* without ambition or vanity; and Cicero had *vanity* without pride or ambition. The aim of these passions too, are very different. Vanity leads men, as it did Cicero, to seek homage from others: Pride, as it did Cato, to seek homage from one's self: And Ambition, as in the case of Cæsar, to dispense with it from all, for the sake of solid interest. W.

Ver. 225. *It sticks to our last sand, &c.*] "M. de Lagny mourut le 12 Avril 1734. Dans les derniers momens, ou il ne connoissoit plus aucun de ceux qui etoient autour de son lit, quelqu'un, pour faire une experience philosophique, s'avisa de lui demander quel étoit le quarré de douze: Il repondit dans l'instant, et apparement sans savoir qu'il repondit, cent quarante quatre." *Fontenelle, Eloge de M. de Lagny.*

Old Politicians chew on wiſdom paſt,
And totter on in buſ'neſs to the laſt;
As weak, as earneſt; and as gravely out,
As ſober Laneſb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold

NOTES.

VER. 228. *Old Politicians*] The ſtrength and continuance of what our Author calls the Ruling Paſſion, concerning which ſee ver. 174. and the notes, is ſtrongly exemplified in theſe eight characters, namely, the Politician, the Debauchee, the Glutton, the Economiſt, the Coquet, the Courtier, the Miſer, and the Patriot. Of theſe characters, the moſt lively, becauſe the moſt dramatic, are the fifth and ſeventh. There is true humour alſo in the circumſtance of the frugal Crone, who blows out one of the conſecrated tapers in order to prevent its waſting.—Shall I venture to inſert another example or two?—An old uſurer, lying in his laſt agonies, was preſented by the prieſt with the crucifix. He opened his eyes a moment before he expired, attentively gazed on it, and cried out, "Theſe jewels are counterfeit; I cannot lend more than ten piſtoles upon ſo wretched a pledge." To reform the language of his country was the ruling paſſion of Malherbe. The prieſt, who attended him in his laſt moments, aſked him if he was not affected with the deſcription he gave him of the joys of heaven? "By no means," anſwered the incorrigible bard; "I deſire to hear no more of them, if you cannot deſcribe them in a purer ſtyle." Both theſe ſtories would have ſhone under the hands of Pope.

This doctrine of our Author may be farther illuſtrated by the following paſſage of Bacon: "It is no leſs worthy to obſerve how little alteration, in good ſpirits, the approaches of death make, for they appear to be the ſame men till the laſt inſtant. Auguſtus Cæſar died in a compliment; Livia, conjugii noſtri memor, vive et vale. Tiberius, in diſſimulation; as Tacitus ſaith of him, Jam Tiberium vires et corpus, non diſſimulatio deſerebant. Veſpaſian, in a jeſt; Ut puto Deus fio. Galba, with a ſentence; Feri, ſi ex re ſit populi Romani; holding forth his neck. Septimus Severus, in a diſpatch; Adeſte, ſi quid mihi reſtat agendum."

This Epiſtle concludes with a ſtroke of art worthy admiration. The Poet ſuddenly ſtops the vein of ridicule with which he was flowing, and addreſſes his friend in a moſt delicate compliment, concealed under the appearance of ſatire.

Behold a rev'rend ſire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſon, that paſſes by unbleſs'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry ſparrow that he ſees.

A ſalmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my ſoul!
"Is there no hope?——Alas!——then bring the
"jowl."

The frugal Crone, whom praying prieſts attend,
Still tries to ſave the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects

NOTES.

Ver. 231. *Laneſb'row*] An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were diſabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to adviſe her to preſerve her health and diſpel her grief by *dancing*. P.

Ver. 241. *Then bring the jowl.*] It is remarkable that a ſimilar ſtory may be found in the eighth book of Athenæus, concerning the poet Philoxenus, a writer of dithyrambics, who grew ſick by eating a whole polypus, except the head; and who, when his phyſician told him he would never recover from his ſurfeit, called out, "Bring me then the head of the polypus." It is not here inſinuated that Pope was a reader of Athenæus; but he evidently copied this ludicrous inſtance of gluttony from La Fontaine:

"Puis qu'il faut que je meure
Sans faire tant de façon,
Qu'on m'apporte tout à l'heure
Le reſte de mon poiſſon."

Ver. 242. *The frugal Crone, &c.*] A fact told him, by Lady Bolingbroke of an old Counteſs at Paris.

Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
" Odious! in woollen! 'twould a Saint provoke,"
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke,)
" No, let a charming Chintz and Brussels lace
" Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;
" One would not, sure, be frightful when one's
" dead—
" And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red."
The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could
stir,
" If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir?"
" I give and I devise" (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) " my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, Sir? " My money, Sir, what all?
" Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."
The

NOTES.

Ver. 245. *Expires.*] He repeated these four lines to Mr. J. Richardson many years before they were here inserted.

Ver. 247. *The last words that poor Narcissa spoke*] This story, as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the author had the goodness not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated Actress, who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath. P.

The Betty here mentioned was Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Oldfield's friend and confidante; a good actress in parts of decayed widows and old maids.

The Manor, Sir?—"The Manor! hold," he cry'd,
"Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.
And you! brave COBHAM, to the lateſt breath,
Shall feel your Ruling Paſſion ſtrong in death:
Such in thoſe moments as in all the paſt;
"Oh, ſave my Country, Heav'n," ſhall be your laſt.

NOTES.

VER. 261. *And dy'd.*] Sir William Bateman uſed theſe very words on his death-bed. No comic nor ſatyric writer has ever carried their deſcriptions of avarice or gluttony ſo far as what has happened in real life. Other vices have been exaggerated; theſe two never have been.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

Of the CHARACTERS *of* WOMEN.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
"Most Women have no Characters at all."
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
How

NOTES.

Of the Characters of WOMEN.] There is nothing in Mr. Pope's Works more highly finished, or written with greater spirit, than this Epistle: Yet its success was in no proportion to the pains he took in composing it, or the effort of genius displayed in adorning it. Something he chanced to drop in a short advertisement prefixed to it, on its first publication, may perhaps account for the small attention the Public gave to it. He said, that *no one Character in it was drawn from the Life.* They believed him on his word; and expressed little curiosity about a satire in which there was nothing personal. W.

VER. 1. *Nothing so true*] Bolingbroke, a judge of the subject, thought this Epistle the master-piece of Pope. But the bitterness of the satire is not always concealed in a laugh. The characters are lively, though uncommon. I scarcely remember one of them in our comic writers of the best order. The ridiculous is heightened by many strokes of humour, carried even to the borders of extravagance, as much as the two last lines of Boileau, quoted in the next page. The female foibles have been the subject of perhaps more wit, in every language, than any other topic that can be named. The sixth satire of Juvenal, though detestable for its

How many pictures of one Nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.

Here

NOTES.

obscenity, is undoubtedly the most witty of all his sixteen, and is curious for the picture it exhibits of the private lives of the Roman ladies. If this Epistle yields, in any respect, to the tenth satire of Boileau on the same subject, it is in the delicacy and variety of the transitions by which the French writer passes from one character to another, always connecting each with the foregoing. It was a common saying of Boileau, speaking of La Bruyere, that one of the most difficult parts of composition was the art of transition. That we may see how happily Pope has caught the manner of Boileau, let us survey one of his portraits: it shall be that of his learned lady:

" Qui s'offrira d'abord? c'est cette Scavante,
Qu'estime Roberval, et que Sauveur frequente.
D'où vient qu'elle a l'œil trouble, et le teint si terni?
C'est que sur le calcal, dit-on, de Cassini,
Un Astrolabe en main, elle a dans sa goûtiere
Il suivre Jupiter passé le nuit entiere:
Gardons de la troubler. Sa science, se croy,
Aura par s'occuper ce jour plus d'un employ.
D'un nouveau microscope ou doit en sa présence
Tantot chez Dalancé faire l'experience;
Puis d'une femme morte avec son embryon,
Il faut chez Du Vernay voir la dissection."

None of Pope's female characters excel the Doris of Congreve in delicate touches of raillery and ridicule.

Ver. 5. *How many pictures*] The Poet's purpose here is to shew, that the characters of Women are generally inconsistent with themselves: and this he illustrates by so happy a similitude, that we see the folly, described in it, arises from that very principle which gives birth to this inconsistency of character. W.

Ver. 7, 8, 10, &c. *Arcadia's Countess,—Pastora by a fountain,—Leda with a Swan,—Magdalen,—Cecilia*—] Attitudes in which several

Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a Swan.
Let then the Fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's looſe hair and lifted eye,
Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
With ſimp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
Whether the Charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
If Folly grow romantic, I muſt paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
Chuſe a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa,

NOTES.

ſeveral ladies affected to be drawn, and ſometimes one lady in them all.—The Poet's politeneſs and complaiſance to the ſex is obſervable in this inſtance, amongſt others, that whereas in the *Characters of Men* he has ſometimes made uſe of real names, in the *Characters of Women* always fictitious. P.

But notwithſtanding all the Poet's caution and complaiſance, this general ſatire, or rather moral analyſis of human nature, as it appears in the two ſexes, will be always received very differently by them. The Men bear a general ſatire moſt heroically; the Women with the utmoſt impatience. This is not from any ſtronger conſciouſneſs of guilt, for I believe the ſum of Virtue in the female world does (from many accidental cauſes) far exceed the ſum of Virtue in the male; but from the fear that ſuch repreſentations may hurt the ſex in the opinion of the men: whereas the men are not at all apprehenſive that their follies or vices would prejudice them in the opinion of the women. W.

Ver. 20. *Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.*] Alluding in the expreſſion to the precept of *Freſnoy*,

——" formæ veneres captando fugaces." W.

" Like a dove's neck ſhe ſhifts her tranſient charms."
Young, Sat. 5.

Rufa, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa ſtudying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty ſmock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greaſy taſk,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning Maſk:
So

NOTES.

Ver. 21. Inſtances of contrarieties, given even from ſuch characters as are moſt ſtrongly marked, and ſeemingly therefore moſt conſiſtent: As, I. In the *Affected*, Ver. 21, &c. P.

Ver. 21. *Rufa, whoſe eye*] This character of Rufa, and the ſucceeding ones of Silia, Papillia, Narciſſa, and Flavia, are preciſely and entirely in the ſtyle and manner of the portraits Young has given us in his Fifth Satire on Women. The pictures of Young are ſketched with a lighter and more ſportive pencil; thoſe of our Author with a firmer hand and a chaſter manner. Pope put forth all his ſtrength to excel his witty rival in this the beſt part of the Univerſal Paſſion; and he has ſucceeded accordingly. Both Pope and Boileau (ſee his tenth ſatire) have been cenſured for their ſeverity on the fair ſex. They have been reckoned as bad as Euripides; but ſurely they have not been quite ſo naughty as an old comic poet, Eubultus, in a fragment preſerved in that moſt entertaining book, the Excerpta ex Trag. et Comœd. of Grotius; 4to, p. 659. who, after mentioning Medæa, Clytemneſtra, and Phædra, ſuddenly ſtops, and wickedly pretends that his memory fails him in enabling him to mention any one good character among women. The ladies of France revenged themſelves on Boileau, by ſaying he was made incapable of love and marriage, by an accident that befel him in his early youth.

Ver. 23. *Agrees as ill*] This thought is expreſſed with great humour in the following ſtanza, ſaid to mean Q. Caroline:

"Tho' Artemeſia talks, by fits,
Of councils, claſſics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in ſome things, methinks, ſhe fails,
'Twere well, if ſhe would pair her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock."

So morning Inſects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the ſetting ſun.
How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
To her, Caliſta prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius aſks of her advice.
Sudden, ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
All eyes may ſee ——a pimple on her noſe.
Papillia, wedded to her am'rous ſpark,
Sighs for the ſhades!—"How charming is a Park!"
A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious Trees!"
Ladies, like variegated Tulips, ſhow;
'Tis to their Changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypſo once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her eyes;
Leſs Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wiſe.
Strange graces ſtill, and ſtranger flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;
Yet ne'er ſo ſure our paſſion to create,
As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narciſſa's

NOTES.

VER. 29 and 37. II. Contrarieties in the *Soft-natured.* P.

VER. 45. III. Contrarieties in the *Cunning* and *Artful.* P.

VER. 52. *As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.*] Her charms conſiſted in the ſingular turn of her vivacity; conſequently the

Narciſſa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a waſh, would hardly ſtew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r,
And paid a Tradeſman once to make him ſtare;
Gave alms at Eaſter, in a Chriſtian trim,
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare Good-nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be born?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleaſure, yet a ſlave to Fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now Conſcience chills her, and now Paſſion burns:
And Atheiſm and Religion take their turns;

A very

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the ſtronger ſhe exerted this vivacity, the more forcible was her attraction. But when her vivacity aroſe to that height in which it was moſt attractive, it was upon the *brink* of Exceſs; the point where the delicacy of ſenſuality diſappears, and all the coarſeneſs of it ſtands expoſed. W.

Ver. 53. IV. In the *Whimſical.* P.

Ver. 54. *Would hardly ſtew a child;*] This hyperbolical ridicule is carried to a great height, but in an image too diſguſting. Juvenal, in his ſixth ſatire, ſpeaking of a great female talker, uſes a pleaſant hyperbole;

"Una laboranti poterit ſuccurrere lunæ."

Ver. 57. *In a Chriſtian trim,*] This is finely expreſſed; implying that her very charity was as much an exterior of Religion, as the ceremonies of the ſeaſon. It was not even in a *Chriſtian humour*, it was only *in a Chriſtian trim:* not ſo much as *habit*, only *faſhion.* W.

Ver. 58. *And made a Widow happy,*] There are ſome female characters ſketched with exquiſite delicacy and deep knowledge of nature, in a book where one would not expect to find them, Law's Chriſtian Perfection.

A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad, good Chriſtian at her heart.
See Sin in State, majeſtically drunk;
Proud as a Peereſs, prouder as a Punk;
Chaſte to her Huſband, frank to all beſide,
A teeming Miſtreſs, but a barren Bride.
What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
Her Head's untouch'd, that noble ſeat of thought;
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She ſins with Poets through pure Love of Wit.
What has not fir'd her boſom or her brain?
Cæſar and Tall-boy, Charles and Carlema'ne.

As

VARIATIONS.

VER. 77. *What has not fir'd, &c.*] In the MS.

In whoſe mad brain the mixt ideas roll
Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæſar's ſoul.

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Now Conſcience chills her,*] Madame de Monteſpan, during her criminal intercourſe with Louis XIV. kept her Lents ſo ſtrictly, that ſhe uſed to have her bread weighed out to her.

VER. 68. *Yet ſtill a ſad,*] I have been informed, on good authority, that this character was deſigned for the then Ducheſs of Hamilton.

VER. 69. V. In the *Lewd* and *Vicious.* P.

VER. 70. *Proud as a Peereſs,*] Deſigned for the Ducheſs of Marlborough, who ſo much admired Congreve; and after his death cauſed a figure in wax-work to be made of him, and placed frequently at her table. This connexion is particularly hinted at in ver. 76.

She ſins with Poets——

Our Author's declaration, therefore, that no particular character was aimed at, is not true.

As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feaſt,
The Noſe of Hautgout and the Tip of Taſte,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain Pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind,
On the ſoft Paſſion, and the Taſte refin'd,
Th' Addreſs, the Delicacy—ſtoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.

Flavia's a Wit, has too much ſenſe to pray;
To toaſt our wants and wiſhes, is her way;
Nor aſks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty bleſſing, "While we live, to live."
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, Roſamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouſe too kind.
Wiſe Wretch! with pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe;
With too much Spirit to be e'er at eaſe:
With too much Quickneſs ever to be taught;
With too much Thinking to have common Thought:
You purchaſe Pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a Rage to live.

Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
No Aſs ſo meek, no Aſs ſo obſtinate.
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Becauſe ſhe's honeſt, and the beſt of Friends.
Or her, whoſe life the Church and Scandal ſhare,
For ever in a Paſſion or a Pray'r.

Or

NOTES.

Ver. 87. VI. Contrarieties in the *Witty* and *Refined*. P.

Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming if there's no ſuch place!"
Or who in ſweet viſſicitude appears,
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears,
The daily Anodine, and nightly Draught,
To kill thoſe foes to fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are too hard things to hit;
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.

But what are theſe to great Atoſſa's mind?
Scarce once herſelf, by turns all Womankind!
Who, with herſelf, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines in expoſing Knaves, and painting Fools,
Yet is, whate'er ſhe hates and ridicules.

No

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Ver. 107. *Or her, who laughs at Hell,*]

"Shall pleaſures of a ſhort duration chain
A Lady's ſoul in everlaſting pain?
Will the Great Author us poor worms deſtroy
For now and then a ſip of tranſient joy?
No; He's for ever in a ſmiling mood;
He's like themſelves; or how could he be good?

From Young, Sat. 5. The perſon Pope intended to ridicule was the Ducheſs of Montague.

Ver. 115. *Great Atoſſa's mind?* Atoſſa is a name mentioned in Herodotus, and ſaid to be a follower of Sappho. She was daughter of Cyrus and ſiſter of Cambyſes, and married Darius. She is alſo named in the Perſæ of Æſchylus. She is ſaid to be the firſt that wrote Epiſtles. See Benſley on Phalaris, p. 385. and Dodwell againſt Bentley.

Ver. 120. *Yet is, whate'er ſhe hates*] Theſe ſpirited lines, that paint a ſingular character, are deſigned for the famous Ducheſs of Marlborough, whom Swift had alſo ſeverely ſatirized in the Examiner. Her beauty, her abilities, her political intrigues, are ſufficiently

No thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
Whiſks is about, and down it goes again.

Full

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 122. in the MS.

Oppreſs'd with wealth and wit, abundance ſad!
One makes her poor, the other makes her mad,

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ficiently known. The violence of her temper frequently broke out into wonderful and ridiculous indecencies. In the laſt illneſs of the great Duke her huſband, when Dr. Mead left his chamber, the Ducheſs, diſliking his advice, followed him down ſtairs, ſwore at him bitterly, and was going to tear off his periwig. Her friend Dr. Hoadley, Biſhop of Wincheſter, was preſent at this ſcene. Theſe lines were ſhewn to her Grace as if they were intended for the portrait of the Ducheſs of Buckingham; but ſhe ſoon ſtopped the perſon who was reading them to her, as the Ducheſs of Portland informed me, and called out aloud, "I cannot be ſo impoſed upon: I ſee plainly enough for whom they are deſigned:" and abuſed Pope moſt plentifully on the ſubject, though ſhe was afterwards reconciled to him, and courted him, and gave him a thouſand pounds to ſuppreſs this portrait, which he accepted, it is ſaid, by the perſuaſion of Mrs. M. Blount; and, after the Ducheſs's death, it was printed in a folio ſheet, 1746, and afterwards here inſerted with thoſe of Philomedé and Cloe. This is the greateſt blemiſh in our Poet's moral character. Theſe three portraits are all animated with the moſt poignant wit. That of Cloe is particularly juſt and happy, who is repreſented as content merely and only to dwell in decencies, and ſatisfied to avoid giving offence; and is one of thoſe many inſignificant and uſeleſs beings,

"Who want, as thro' blank life they dream along,
Senſe to be right, and paſſion to be wrong."

As ſays the ingenious author of the Univerſal Paſſion; a work that abounds in wit, obſervation on life, pleaſantry, delicacy, urbanity, and the moſt well-bred raillery, without a ſingle mark of ſpleen and ill-nature. Theſe were the firſt characteriſtical ſatires in our language, and are written with an eaſe and familiarity of ſtyle very different from this author's other works. The four firſt were publiſhed in folio, in the year 1725; and the fifth and ſixth, 1727.

Full ſixty years the World has been her Trade,
The wiſeſt Fool much Time has ever made.
From loveleſs Youth to unreſpected Age,
No Paſſion gratify'd, except her Rage.
So much the Fury ſtill out-ran the Wit,
The Pleaſure miſs'd her, and the Scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with Violence purſu'd,
No more a ſtorm her Hate than Gratitude:
To that each Paſſion turns, or ſoon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, muſt make her hate:
Superiors? death! and Equals? what a curſe!
But an Inferior not dependant? worſe.
Offend her, and ſhe knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and ſhe'll hate you while you live:
But die, and ſhe'll adore you—Then the Buſt
And Temple riſe— then fall again to duſt.
Laſt

NOTES.

Ver. 139. *But die, and ſhe'll adore you*—] "It is ſeldom," ſays Mr. Walpole, "the public receives information on princes and favourites from the fountain-head. Flattery or invective is apt to pervert the relation of others. It is from their pens alone, whenever they are ſo gracious, like the lady in queſtion, as to have a paſſion for fame and approbation, that we learn exactly how trifling, and fooliſh, and ridiculous their views and actions were, and how often the miſchief they did proceeded from the moſt inadequate cauſes. We happen to know indeed, though he was no author, that the Duke of Buckingham's repulſes, in very impertinent amours, involved King James and King Charles in national quarrels with Spain and France. From her Grace of Marlborough we may collect, that Queen Anne was driven to change her miniſtry, and, in conſequence, the fate of Europe, becauſe ſhe dared

to

Laſt night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by warmth of Friends,
By Wealth of follow'rs! without one diſtreſs
Sick of herſelf through very ſelfiſhneſs!
Atoſſa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childleſs with all her Children, wants an Heir.

To

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 148. in the MS.

This Death decides, nor lets the bleſſing fall
On any one ſhe hates, but on them all.
Curs'd chance! this only could afflict her more,
If any part ſhould wander to the poor.

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to affect one bed-chamber woman as ſhe had done another. The Ducheſs could not comprehend how the couſins, Sarah Jennings and Abigail Hill, could ever enter into competition, though the one did but kneel to gather up the clue of favour which the other had haughtily toſſed away, and which ſhe could not recover by putting the Whole Duty of Man into the Queen's hands to teach her friendſhip. This favourite Ducheſs, who, like the proud Duke of Eſpernon, lived to brave the ſucceſſors in a court where ſhe had domineered, wound up her capricious life, where it ſeems ſhe had begun it, with an apology for her conduct. The piece, though weakened by the prudence of thoſe who were to correct it, though maimed by her Grace's own corrections, and though great part of it is rather the annals of a wardrobe than of a reign, yet has ſtill curious anecdotes, and a few of thoſe ſallies of wit which fourſcore years of arrogance could not fail to produce in ſo fantaſtic an underſtanding: And yet, by altering her memoirs as often as her will, ſhe diſappointed the public as much as her own family. However, the chief objects remain; and one ſees exactly how Europe and the back-ſtairs took their places in her imagination and in her narrative. The Revolution left no impreſſion on her mind, but of Queen Mary turning up bed-clothes; and the Proteſtant

Hero,

To Heirs unknown, descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the Poor.
Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how could equal Colours do the knack?
Cameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Cloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
"Say, what can Cloe want?"—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous Thought.
Virtue

NOTES.

Hero, but of a selfish glutton who devoured a dish of peas from his sister-in-law. Little circumstances indeed convey the most characteristical ideas; but the choice of them may as often paint the genius of the writer as of the person represented. Mrs. Abigail Hill is not the only person transmitted to posterity with marks of the Duchess's resentment. Lord Oxford, "honest Jack Hill, the ragged boy, the Quebec General," and others, make the same figure in her history that they did in her mind:—Sallies of passion not to be wondered at in one who has sacrificed even the private letters of her mistress and benefactress. The Queen gave her a picture in enamel, set with diamonds. The Duchess took off the diamonds, and gave the picture to a Mrs. Higgins to be sold."

Ver. 151. *Pictures like these,*] A lady of wit and literature observed to me, that such an Epistle as this should be written every five years, so many new and unimaginable female characters (I am afraid she said foibles and follies) daily arise.

Ver. 159. *With ev'ry pleasing,*] "These two lines," Lord Huntingdon one day said to me, "exactly paint the character of my old friend, Fontenelle." Tacitus says, that Galba was rather without vices than really virtuous.

Virtue ſhe finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
So very reaſonable, ſo unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her Lover pants upon her breaſt,
Can mark the figures on an Indian cheſt:
And when ſhe ſees her Friend in deep deſpair,
Obſerves how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.
Forbid it, Heav'n, a Favour or a Debt
She e'er ſhould cancel!—but ſhe may forget.
Safe is your Secret ſtill in Cloe's ear;
But none of Cloe's ſhall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears ſhe never ſlander'd one,
But cares not if a thouſand are undone.
Would Cloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her Footman put it in her head.
Cloe is prudent—Would you too be wiſe?
Then never break your heart when Cloe dies.

One certain Portrait may (I grant) be ſeen,
Which Heav'n has varniſh'd out, and made a *Queen*:
THE SAME FOR EVER! and deſcrib'd by all
With Truth and Goodneſs, as with Crown and Ball.
Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
And ſhew their zeal, and hide their want of ſkill.

'Tis

NOTES.

VER. 180. *When Cloe dies.*] This highly-finiſhed portrait was intended for Lady Suffolk, with whom, at the time he wrote it, he lived in a ſtate of intimacy. At ver. 178. he alludes to a particular circumſtance: Pope, being at dinner with her, heard her order her footman to put her in mind to ſend to know how Mrs. Blount, who was ill, had paſſed the night.

'Tis well—but, Artiſts! who can paint or write,
To draw the Naked is your true delight.
That Robe of Quality ſo ſtruts and ſwells,
None ſee what Parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exacteſt traits of Body or of Mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If QUEENSBERRY to ſtrip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a Handmaid we muſt take a Helen.
From Peer or Biſhop 'tis no eaſy thing
To draw the Man who loves his God, or King:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honeſt Mah'met, or plain Parſon Hale.

But grant, in Public, Men ſometimes are ſhown,
A Woman's ſeen in Private Life alone:

Our

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 198. in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia ſpy the tender Wife;
I cannot prove it on her, for my life:
And, for a noble pride, I bluſh no leſs,
Inſtead of Berenice to think on Beſs.
Thus while immortal Cibber only ſings
(As * and H**y preach) for queens and kings,
The nymph, that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
May, if ſhe love, and merit verſe, have mine.

NOTES.

VER. 190. *Conceals:*] A bad rhyme to ſwells. Such blemiſhes ſhould be noted.

VER. 198. *Mah'met*, ſervant to the late King, ſaid to be the ſon of a Turkiſh Baſſa, whom he took at the ſiege of Buda, and conſtantly kept about his perſon. P.

VER. 198. Dr. *Stephen Hale;* not more eſtimable for his uſeful diſcoveries as a natural Philoſopher, than for his exemplary life and paſtoral charity as a pariſh prieſt. W.

VER. 199. *But grant, in Public, &c.*] In the former Editions, between this and the foregoing lines, a want of Connexion might be

Our bolder Talents in full light diſplay'd;
Your Virtues open faireſt in the ſhade.
Bred to diſguiſe, in Public 'tis you hide;
There, none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
Weak-

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be perceived, occaſioned by the omiſſion of certain *Examples* and *Illuſtrations* to the Maxims laid down; and though ſome of theſe have ſince been found, viz. the Characters of *Philomedé*, *Atoſſa*, *Cloe*, and ſome verſes following, others are ſtill wanting, nor can we anſwer that theſe are exactly inſerted. P.

Ver. 201. *Light diſplay'd;*] That is, are diſplayed.

Ver. 202. *Your Virtues open*] To balance the many ſevere things our Author has ſaid of Women in this Epiſtle, I cannot forbear adding a paſſage from a writer who has been uſually thought by no means a friend to the fair ſex. And it may occaſion ſurpriſe to find ſuch a paſſage from Dean Swift. "The degeneracy of converſation, with the pernicious conſequences thereof upon our humours and diſpoſitions, hath been owing, among other cauſes, to the cuſtom ariſen, for ſome time paſt, of excluding women from any ſhare in our ſociety, further than in parties at play, or dancing, or in the purſuit of an amour. I take the higheſt period of politeneſs in *England* (and it is of the ſame date in *France*) to have been the peaceable part of King *Charles* the Firſt's reign; and from what we read of thoſe times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from ſome who lived in that court, the methods then uſed for raiſing and cultivating converſation were altogether different from ours; ſeveral ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had aſſemblies at their houſes, where perſons of the beſt underſtanding, and of both ſexes, met to paſs the evenings in diſcourſing upon whatever agreeable ſubjects were occaſionally ſtarted; and although we are apt to ridicule the ſublime platonic notions they had, or perſonated, in love and friendſhip, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reaſon, and that a little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to preſerve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into every thing that is ſordid, vicious, and low. If there were no other uſe in the converſation of ladies, it is ſufficient that it would lay a reſtraint upon thoſe odious topics of immodeſty and indecencies into which the rudeneſs of our northern genius is ſo apt to fall."

Weakneſs or Delicacy; all ſo nice,
That each may ſeem a Virtue, or a Vice.
In Men, we various Ruling Paſſions find;
In Women, two almoſt divide the Kind;
Thoſe, only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The Love of Pleaſure, and the Love of Sway.
That, Nature gives; and where the leſſon taught
Is but to pleaſe, can Pleaſure ſeem a fault?
Experience, this; by Man's oppreſſion curſt,
They ſeek the ſecond not to loſe the firſt.

Men,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. in the firſt Edition,

In ſev'ral Men, we ſev'ral Paſſions find;
In Women, two almoſt divide the Kind.

NOTES.

VER. 203. *Bred to diſguiſe, in Public 'tis you hide;*] There is ſomething apparently exceptionable in the turn of this aſſertion, which makes their *diſguiſing in public* the natural effect of their being *bred to diſguiſe:* but if we conſider that female education is the art of teaching, not to *be* but to *appear*, we ſhall have no reaſon to find fault with the exactneſs of the expreſſion. W.

VER. 207. The former part having ſhewn, that the *particular Characters* of Women are more various than thoſe of Men, it is nevertheleſs obſerved, that the *general* Characteriſtic of the ſex, as to the *ruling Paſſion*, is more uniform. P.

VER. 208. *In Women, two*] I cannot think our Author would ſuffer by a minute compariſon of this Epiſtle with the moſt ſhining and applauded morſels of the tenth ſatire of Boileau, which undoubtedly are his portraits of the affected female Pedant, ver. 439. The Gameſter, ver. 215. His Jealous Lady, ver. 378. The Haughty Lady of Family, ver. 470. And above all, what Boileau himſelf valued moſt, the Devout Lady and her Director, ver. 558. Boileau was ſeverely attacked for this epiſtle by Perrault; but was powerfully defended by the great Arnauld, a rigid moraliſt, and alſo by La Bruyere.

VER. 211. This is occaſioned partly by their *Nature*, partly by their *Education*, and in ſome degree by *Neceſſity*. P.

Men, ſome to Bus'neſs, ſome to Pleaſure take;
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:
Men, ſome to Quiet, ſome to public Strife;
But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole ſex of Queens!
Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means:
In Youth they conquer, with ſo wild a rage,
As leaves them ſcarce a ſubject in their Age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happineſs at home.
But Wiſdom's triumph, is well-tim'd Retreat,
As hard a ſcience to the Fair as Great!
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendleſs grown,
Yet hate repoſe, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one ſigh behind them when they die.

Pleaſures the ſex, as children Birds, purſue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;

Sure,

NOTES.

Ver. 216. *But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:*] This line has given offence: but in behalf of the Poet we may obſerve, that what he ſays amounts only to this, "Some men take to buſineſs, ſome to pleaſure; but every woman would willingly make *pleaſure her buſineſs;*" which being the proper periphraſis of a *Rake*, he uſes that word, but of courſe includes in it no more of the Rake's ill qualities than is implied in this definition, of *one who makes pleaſure his buſineſs.* W.

Ver. 219. What are the *Aims* and the *Fate* of this ſex.—I. As to power. P.

Ver. 229. *Worn out in public,*] Copied from Young, Satire 5. written eight years before this Epiſtle appeared;

"Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarniſh to the fated ſight."

Ver. 231.——II. As to *Pleaſure.* P.

Sure, if they catch, to ſpoil the Toy at moſt,
To covet flying, and regret when loſt:
At laſt, to follies Youth could ſcarce defend,
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
Aſham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As Hags hold Sabbaths leſs for joy than ſpight,
So theſe their merry, miſerable Night;
Still round and round the Ghoſts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolics, an old Age of Cards;

Fair

NOTES.

VER. 234. *To covet flying,*] It is impoſſible not to recollect the witty ſimile of Young, Sat. 5.

"Pleaſures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleaſure, like quickſilver, is bright and coy;
We ſtrive to graſp it with our utmoſt ſkill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters ſtill;
If ſeiz'd at laſt, compute your mighty gains,
What is it, but rank poiſon in your veins?"

VER. 244. *A Youth of Frolics,*] The antitheſis, ſo remarkably ſtrong in theſe lines, was a very favourite figure with our Poet: he has indeed uſed it but in too many parts of his Works; nay, even in his tranſlation of the Iliad, where it ought to have been admitted, and which Dryden has but rarely uſed in his Virgil. Our Author ſeldom writes many words together without an antitheſis. It muſt be allowed ſometimes, to add ſtrength to a ſentiment by an oppoſition of images: but, too frequently repeated, it becomes tireſome and diſguſting. Rhyme has almoſt a natural tendency to betray a writer into it: but the pureſt authors have deſpiſed it, as an ornament pert and puerile, and epigrammatic. Seneca, Pliny, Tacitus, and later authors, abound in it. Quintilian has ſometimes uſed it with much ſucceſs, as when he ſpeaks of ſtyle; "magna, non nimia; ſublimis, non abrupta; ſevera, non triſtis;

Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!
Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the Vain deſign;
To raiſe the Thought, and touch the Heart, be thine!
That Charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
All mild aſcends the Moon's more ſober light,
Serene

NOTES.

læta, non luxurioſa; plena, non tumida." And ſometimes Tully; as, "vicit pudorem libido, timorem audacia, rationem amentia." But theſe writers fall into this mode of ſpeaking but ſeldom, and do make it their conſtant and general manner. Thoſe moderns, who have not acquired a true taſte for the ſimplicity of the beſt antients, have generally run into a frequent uſe of point, oppoſition, and contraſt. They who begin to ſtudy painting, are ſtruck at firſt with the pieces of the moſt vivid colouring; they are almoſt aſhamed to own that they do not reliſh and feel the modeſt and reſerved beauties of Raphael. The exact proportion of St. Peter's at Rome occaſions it not to appear ſo great as it really is. It is the ſame in writing; but by degrees we find that Lucan, Martial, Juvenal, Q. Curtius, and Florus, and others of that ſtamp, who abound in figures that contribute to the falſe florid, in luxuriant metaphors, in pointed conceits, in lively antitheſes, unexpectedly darting forth, are contemptible for the very cauſes which once excited our admiration. It is then we reliſh Terence, Cæſar, and Xenophon.

Ver. 249. Advice for their true Intereſt. P.

Ver. 253. *So when the Sun's*] There are not perhaps, in the whole compaſs of the Engliſh language, four lines more exquiſitely finiſhed; not a ſyllable can be altered for the better; every

Serene in Virgin Modeſty ſhe ſhines,
And unobſerv'd the glaring Orb declines.

Oh! bleſt with Temper, whoſe unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day;
She, who can love a Siſter's charms, or hear
Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear;
She, who ne'er anſwers till her Huſband cools,
Or, if ſhe rules him, never ſhows ſhe rules;
Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt, when ſhe obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Diſdains all loſs of Tickets, or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Miſtreſs of herſelf, though China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at beſt a Contradiction ſtill.

Heav'n,

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word ſeems to be the only proper one that could have been uſed. So pure and pellucid is the ſtyle,

"Ut pura nocturno renidet
Luna mari!"

Ver. 268. *Though China fall.*] Addiſon has touched this ſubject with his uſual exquiſite humour, in the Lover, No. 10. p. 291. of his Works, 4to. quoting Epictetus to comfort a lady that labours under this heavy calamity.

Ver. 269. The picture of an eſtimable woman, with the beſt kind of contrarieties created out of the Poet's imagination: who therefore feigned thoſe circumſtances of a huſband, a daughter, and *love for a ſiſter*, to prevent her being miſtaken for any of his acquaintance. And having thus made his *Woman*, he did, as the antient Poets were wont, when they had made their *Muſe*, invoke, and addreſs his poem to her. W.

Ver. 270. *A Contradiction ſtill.*] So alſo has he ſhewn Man to be in the Eſſay.

Heav'n, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can
Its laſt beſt work, but forms a ſofter Man;
Picks from each ſex, to make the Fav'rite bleſt,
Your love of Pleaſure, our deſire of Reſt:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your Taſte of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools:
Reſerve with Frankneſs, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softneſs, Modeſty with Pride;
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces——You.

Be this a Woman's Fame: with this unbleſt,
Toaſts live a ſcorn, and Queens may die a jeſt.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When thoſe blue eyes firſt open'd on the ſphere;
Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your Parents' ſimple Pray'r;
And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf
That buys your Sex a Tyrant o'er itſelf.
The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
Kept Droſs for Ducheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave Senſe, Good-humour, and a Poet.

NOTES.

Ver. 280. *And produces—You.*] The turn of theſe lines is exactly the ſame with thoſe of Mrs. Biddy Floyd; Swift's Miſcellanies, vol. iv. p. 142.

" Jove mix'd up all, and his beſt clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy compoſition—Floyd."

Mrs. Patty Blount was always, at firſt, ſuppoſed to be the lady here addreſſed—" produces You."

Ver. 291. *The world ſhall know it,*] This is an unmeaning expreſſion, and a poor expletive, into which our Poet was unfortunately forced by the rhyme.

" Maudit

" Maudit ſoit le premier, dont la verve inſenſée,
Dans les bornes d'un vers renferma ſa penſée,
Et donnant à ſes mots une étroite priſon,
Voulut avec la rime enchaîner la raiſon."

Boileau, Sat. ii. v. 53.

Rhyme alſo could alone be the occaſion of the following faulty expreſſions; taken, too, from ſome of his moſt finiſhed pieces:

" Not Cæſar's empreſs would I *deign to prove*"——
" If Queenſberry to ſtrip *there's no compelling*"——
" Rapt into future times the *bard begun*"——
" Know all the noiſe the buſy *world can keep*"——
" If true, a woful likeneſs, and *if lyes*"——
" Nothing ſo true as what you once *let fall*"——
" For Virtue's ſelf may too much *zeal be had*"——
——" can no *wants endure*"——
" Nay half in Heav'n *except what's mighty odd*"——
——" can have no *flaw*"——
——" on ſuch a world *we fall*"——
——" take ſcandal *at a ſpark*"——
——" do *the knack*, and—do *the feat*"——

And more inſtances might be added, if it were not diſagreeable to obſerve theſe ſtraws in amber. But if rhyme occaſions ſuch inconveniencies and improprieties in ſo exact a writer as our Author, what can be expected from inferior verſifiers? It is not my intention to enter into a trite and tedious diſcuſſion of the ſeveral merits of rhyme and blank verſe. Perhaps rhyme may be propereſt for ſhorter pieces; for lyric, elegiac, and ſatiric poems; for pieces where cloſeneſs of expreſſion and ſmartneſs of ſtyle are expected; but for ſubjects of a higher order, where any enthuſiaſm or emotion is to be expreſſed, or for poems of a greater length, blank verſe is undoubtedly preferable. An epic poem in rhyme appears to be ſuch a ſort of thing as the Æneid would have been if it had been written, like Ovid's Faſti, in hexameter and pentameter verſes; and the reading it would have been as tedious as the travelling through the one long, ſtrait avenue of firs that leads from Moſcow to Peterſburgh. I will give the reader Mr. Pope's own opinion on this ſubject, and in his own words, as delivered to Mr. Spence: " I have nothing to ſay for rhyme; but that I doubt if a poem can ſupport itſelf without it in our language, unleſs it be ſtiffened with ſuch ſtrange words as are likely to deſtroy our language itſelf. The high ſtyle that is affected ſo much in blank

verſe would not have been ſupported even in Milton, had not his ſubject turned ſo much on ſuch ſtrange and out-of-the-world things as it does." May we not, however, venture to obſerve, that more of that true harmony, which will beſt ſupport a poem, will reſult from a variety of pauſes, and from an intermixture of thoſe different feet (iambic and trochaïc particularly) into which our language naturally falls, than from the uniformity of ſimilar terminations. "There can be no muſic," ſays Cowley, "with only one note." See Mr. Webb's excellent Obſervations on Rhyme and Blank Verſe, in his Beauties of Poetry.

Dr. Adam Smith, as well as Fontenelle, thought that much of the pleaſure we receive from the imitative arts aroſe from the difficulty of imitation. Voltaire alſo, in the preface to his Œdipus, talks of the pleaſure ariſing from the difficulté ſurmontée with reſpect to rhyme. But Smith, with whom I lived many years in a ſtate of intimacy, was always a lover of French poetry, as was his friend David Hume. After all, we cannot ſubſcribe to the authoritative deciſion of a certain noted critic, "that our epic compoſitions are found moſt pleaſing when clothed in rhyme: And that the generality of readers, if left to themſelves, and were not prejudiced by their admiration of the Greek and Latin languages, would be more delighted with Milton, if, beſides his various pauſe and meaſured quantity, he had enriched his numbers with rhyme." This may remind us of the opinion of another learned prelate, who ſays, "that Paradiſe Loſt was much admired, though the author affected to write it in blank verſe." Burnet's Hiſt. vol. i.

EPISTLE III.

TO

ALLEN LORD BATHURST.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Uſe *of* RICHES.

THAT it is known to few, moſt falling into one of the extremes Avarice *or* Profuſion, Ver. 1, &c. *The Point diſcuſſed, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious, or pernicious to Mankind,* Ver. 21 to 77. *That Riches either to the* Avaricious *or the* Prodigal, *cannot afford Happineſs, ſcarcely neceſſaries,* Ver. 89 to 160. *That Avarice is an abſolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpoſe,* Ver. 113, &c. 152. *Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious Men,* Ver. 121 to 153. *That the conduct of Men, with reſpect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the* ORDER OF PROVIDENCE, *which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions,* Ver. 161 to 178. *How a* Miſer *acts upon Principles which appear to him reaſonable,* Ver. 179. *How a* Prodigal *does the ſame,* Ver. 199. *The due Medium, and true Uſe of Riches,* Ver. 219. *The* Man *of* Roſs, Ver. 250. *The fate of the* Profuſe *and the* Covetous, *in two examples; both miſerable in Life and in Death,* Ver. 300, &c. *The Story of Sir* Balaam, Ver. 339 to the End.

EPISTLE III.

TO

ALLEN LORD BATHURST.

EPISTLE III.

P. WHO ſhall decide, when Doctors diſagree,
And ſoundeſt Caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the ſtanding jeſt of Heav'n;
And Gold but ſent to keep the fools in play,
For ſome to heap, and ſome to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And ſurely, Heav'n and I are of a mind,)
Opine,

VARIATIONS.

EPISTLE III.] This epiſtle was written after a violent outcry againſt our Author, on ſuſpicion that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taſte. He juſtified himſelf upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are theſe words: "I have learnt that there are ſome who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be ſafer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet poſſeſſion of their idols, their groves, and their high places, and change my ſubject from their pride to their meanneſs, from their vanities to their miſeries; and as the only certain way to avoid miſconſtructions, to leſſen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make uſe of real names inſtead of fictitious ones." P.

VER. 2. *Like you and me?*] A moſt unaccountable piece of falſe Engliſh—me for I. It is not for the ſake of making petty objections that it is thought neceſſary to hint at theſe inaccuracies in ſo correct a writer, but merely to prevent their becoming authorities for errors. "In the Epiſtles to Lords Bathurſt and Burlington," ſays Johnſon, "Warburton has endeavoured to find a train of thought which was never in the writer's head; and, to ſupport his hypotheſis, has printed that firſt which was publiſhed laſt.

Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground:
But when by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to its Sire, the Sun,
Then careful Heav'n ſupply'd two ſorts of Men,
To ſquander Theſe, and Thoſe to hide agen.

Like Doctors thus, when much diſpute has paſt,
We find our tenets juſt the ſame at laſt.
Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n, or token of th' Elect;
Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.

B. What

NOTES.

Ver. 20. John Ward of Hackney, Eſq. Member of Parliament, being proſecuted by the Ducheſs of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſtood on the pillory on the 17th of March, 1727. He was ſuſpected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to ſecrete fifty thouſand pounds of that Director's eſtate, forfeited to the South-Sea Company by Act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thouſand pounds againſt Ward; but he ſet up prior conveyances of his real eſtate to his brother and ſon, and concealed all his perſonal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thouſand pounds. Theſe conveyances being alſo ſet aſide by a bill in Chancery, Ward was impriſoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects till the laſt day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amuſement was to give poiſon to dogs and cats, and ſee them expire by ſlower or quicker torments. To ſum up the *worth* of this gentleman, at the ſeveral æras of his life: At his ſtanding in the Pillory, he was *worth above two hundred thouſand pounds;* at his commitment to Priſon, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thouſand;* but has been ſince ſo far diminiſhed in his reputation, as to be thought a *worſe man* by *fifty or ſixty thouſand.* P.

Fr. Chartres, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an enſign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment

B. What Nature wants, commodious Gold beſtows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows.

P. But

NOTES.

ment for a cheat; he was next baniſhed Bruſſels, and drummed out of Ghent, on the ſame account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant intereſt and on great penalties, accumulating premium, intereſt, and capital into a new capital, and ſeizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a conſtant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immenſe fortune. His houſe was a perpetual bawdy-houſe. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the laſt time not without impriſonment in Newgate, and large confiſcations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raiſed a great riot, almoſt tore the body out of the coffin, and caſt dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his character very juſtly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot:

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life
PERSISTED,
In ſpite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the Practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE,
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His inſatiable AVARICE exempted him from the firſt,
His matchleſs IMPUDENCE from the ſecond.
Nor was he more ſingular
in the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
Than ſucceſsful
in *Accumulating* WEALTH;
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only Perſon of his Time,
Who could CHEAT without the Maſk of HONESTY,
Retain his Primeval MEANNESS

When

P. But how unequal it beſtows, obſerve,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who ſow it, ſtarve:
What

NOTES.

When poſſeſſed of Ten Thousand a Year,
And having daily deſerved the Gibbet for what he *did*,
Was at laſt condemned to it for what he *could* not *do*.
Oh indignant Reader!
Think not his Life uſeleſs to Mankind!
Providence connived at his execrable Deſigns,
To give to After-ages
A conſpicuous Proof and Example,
Of how ſmall Eſtimation is Exorbitant Wealth
In the Sight of GOD,
By his beſtowing it on the moſt unworthy of all Mortals.

This fine reflection has been much admired; it is alſo found in La Bruyere; but he evidently borrowed it from Seneca: "Non ſunt divitiæ bonum; nullo modo magis poteſt Deus concupita traducere, quam ſi ille ad perpiſſimos defert, ab optimis abigit." Cur Bonis Viris mala fiunt, cap. v.

This paſſage was pointed out to me by an amiable friend, equally ſkilled in all parts of uſeful and ornamental learning in matters both of taſte and philoſophy, Dr. Heberden.

The figure of Chartres is introduced by Hogarth in the firſt plate of his Rake's Progreſs, and behind him ſtands a man whom he always had about him, and was his pimp.

This Gentleman, it was ſaid, was *worth ſeven thouſand pounds a year* eſtate in Land, and about *one hundred thouſand* in Money.

Mr. Waters, the third of theſe worthies, was a man no way reſembling the former in his military, but extremely ſo in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been raiſed by the like diligent attendance on the neceſſities of others. But this gentleman's hiſtory muſt be deferred till his death, when his *worth* may be known more certainly. P.

Ver. 20. *Chartres and the Devil.*] Alluding to the vulgar opinion, that all mines of metal and ſubterraneous treaſures are in the guard of the Devil: which ſeems to have taken its riſe from the pagan fable of Pluto the God of Riches. W.——No ſuch alluſion was intended!

What Nature wants (a phraſe I muſt diſtruſt)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Luſt:
Uſeful, I grant, it ſerves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Aſſaſſin hires.

B. Trade it may help, Society extend.

P. But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend.

B. It raiſes Armies in a Nation's aid.

P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.
In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave;
If ſecret Gold ſap on from knave to knave.
Once,

NOTES.

VER. 21. *What Nature wants*, commodious *Gold beſtows*,] The epithet *commodious* gives us the very proper idea of a *Bawd* or *Pander;* and this thought produced the two following lines, which were in all the former editions, but, for their bad reaſoning, omitted:

"And if we count amongſt the needs of life
Another's Toil, why not another's Wife?" W.

VER. 29. *Trade it may help*,] What is here put into the mouth of Bathurſt might be, with equal propriety, transferred to Pope; and ſo, indeed, may many other lines.

VER. 33. *And Patriots rave;*] The character of modern patriots was, in the opinion of our Poet, very equivocal; as the name was undiſtinguiſhingly beſtowed on every one who was in oppoſition to the court; of this he gives a hint in Ver. 139. of this Epiſtle. And agreeable to theſe ſentiments is the equivocal turn of his expreſſion here,

"In vain—may Patriots rave;"

which they may do either in earneſt or in jeſt; and, in the opinion of *Sempronius* in the Play, it is beſt done in jeſt. W.

VER. 34. *If ſecret Gold* ſap *on from knave to knave.*] The expreſſion is fine, and gives us the image of a Place inveſted; where the approaches are made by communications, which ſupport one another: juſt as the connexions amongſt knaves, after they have been taken in by a ſtate-engineer, ſerve to ſcreen and encourage each other's private corruptions. W.

Once, we confeſs, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea ſpoke,
And gingling down the back-ſtairs, told the crew,
" Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."
Bleſt paper-credit! laſt and beſt ſupply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold

NOTES.

Ver. 35. *Beneath the Patriot's cloak,*] This is a true ſtory, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unſuſpected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been cloſetted by the King, where he had received a large bag of Guineas, the burſting of the bag diſcovered his buſineſs there. P.

" Sir Chriſtopher Muſgrave, the wiſeſt man of the party (the Tories), died before the laſt Seſſion; and, by their conduct after his death, it appeared that they wanted his direction: He had been at the head of the oppoſition that was made in the laſt reign, from the beginning to the end; but he gave up many points of great importance in the critical minute; for which I have good reaſon to believe that he had twelve thouſand pounds from the late King, at different times." *Burnet under the year* 1705.

Ver. 39. *Bleſt paper-credit!*] " None of my Works," ſaid Pope to Mr. Spence, " was more laboured than my Epiſtle on the Uſe of Riches." It does indeed abound in knowledge of life, and in the juſteſt ſatire. The lines above quoted have alſo the additional merit of touching on a ſubject that never occurred to former ſatiriſts. And though it was difficult to ſay any thing new about avarice, " a vice that has been ſo pelted," ſays Cowley, " with good ſentences," yet has our Author done it ſo ſucceſsfully, that this Epiſtle, together with Lord Bacon's thirty-third Eſſay, contains almoſt all that can be ſaid on the uſe and abuſe of Riches, and the abſurd extremes of avarice and profuſion. But our Poet has enlivened his precepts with ſo many various characters, pictures, and images, as may entitle him to claim the preference over all that have treated on this tempting ſubject, down from the time of the Plutus of Ariſtophanes. That very lively and amiable old nobleman, the late Lord Bathurſt, told me, " that he was much ſurpriſed to ſee, what he had with repeated pleaſure ſo often read as an epiſtle addreſſed to himſelf, in this edition converted into a dialogue,

Gold imp'd by thee, can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;
A ſingle leaf ſhall waft an Army o'er,
Or ſhip off Senates to a diſtant ſhore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, ſcatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the winds ſhall blow:
Pregnant with thouſands flits the Scrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a King, or buys a Queen.

Oh!

NOTES.

logue, in which," ſaid he, "I perceive I make but a ſhabby and indifferent figure, and contribute very little to the ſpirit of the dialogue, if it muſt be a dialogue; and I hope I had generally more to ſay for myſelf in the many charming converſations I uſed to hold with Pope and Swift, and my old poetical friends." In truth we may make the ſame objection that Perrault is ſaid to have done to the tenth ſatire of Boileau; "l'auteur oublie quelquefois que c'eſt un dialogue qu'il compoſe." I cannot forbear adding, that Cicero gives to his friend Atticus a very ſmall ſhare in thoſe dialogues in which he himſelf is repreſented as a ſpeaker.

VER. 42. *Fetch or carry Kings;*] In our Author's time, many Princes had been ſent about the world, and great changes of Kings projected in Europe. The partition treaty had diſpoſed of Spain; France had ſet up a King for England, who was ſent to Scotland, and back again; King Staniſlaus was ſent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was ſent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy. P.

VER. 44. *Or ſhip off Senates to a diſtant Shore;*] Alludes to ſeveral Miniſters, Counſellors, and Patriots baniſhed in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS, baniſhed to Pontoiſe in the year 1720. P.

VER. 47. *Pregnant with thouſands flits the Scrap unſeen,*] The imagery is very ſublime, and alludes to the courſe of a deſtroying peſtilence. The Pſalmiſt, in his expreſſion of *the Peſtilence that walketh in darkneſs*, ſupplied him with the grandeur of his idea. W.

VER. 48. *Buys a Queen.*] A ſly ſtroke of ſatire on a character he frequently ſatirized; but not ſo ſeverely as Swift in Verſes on his own Death.

Oh! that ſuch bulky Bribes as all might ſee,
Still, as of old, incumber'd Villainy!
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies or with all their wines?
What could they more than Knights and Squires confound,
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
A Stateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil!
" Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oil;
" Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door;
" A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profuſion ſquander all in kind.
Aſtride his cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Whom with a wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor tradeſman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?

His

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 50. in the MS.

To break a truſt were Peter brib'd with wine,
Peter! 'twould poſe as wiſe a head as thine.

NOTES.

Ver. 62. Some Miſers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal mines, had entered at this time into an Aſſociation to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almoſt to ſtarve, till one of them, taking the advantage of underſelling the reſt, defeated the deſign. One of theſe Miſers was *worth ten thouſand*, another *ſeven thouſand* a year. P.

Ver. 65. *Colepepper,*] Sir William Colepepper, Bart. a Perſon of an antient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality

His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
With ſpurning heels and with a butting head.
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair Courſers, Vaſes, and alluring Dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
Bear home ſix Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of ſwine?
Oh filthy check on all induſtrious ſkill,
To ſpoil the nation's laſt great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on ſuch a world we fall,
What ſay you? B. Say? Why take it, Gold and all.
P. What Riches give us let us then enquire:
Meat, Fire, and Clothes. B. What more? P. Meat,
Clothes, and Fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 77. *Since then, &c.*] In the former Editions,
Well then, ſince with the world we ſtand or fall,
Come take it as we find it, Gold and all.

NOTES.

quality of a Gentleman, who, after ruining himſelf at the Gaming-table, paſt the reſt of his days in ſitting there to ſee the ruin of others; preferring to ſubſiſt upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refuſing a Poſt in the army which was offered him. P.

Ver. 65. *Had Colepepper's*] Thus in former Editions,
Had Hawley's fortune lay'n in hops and hogs,
Scarce Hawley's ſelf had ſent it to the dogs.

Ver. 82. *Turner*] One who, being poſſeſſed of three hundred thouſand pounds, laid down his coach, becauſe Intereſt was re-

Alas! 'tis more than (all his Viſions paſt)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at laſt!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs;
To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Noſe and Ears?
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle eaſe the throbs below:
Or heal, old Narſes, thy obſcener ail,
With all th' embroid'ry plaiſter'd at thy tail?

They

NOTES.

duced from five to four *per cent.* and then put ſeventy thouſand into the Charitable corporation for better Intereſt; which ſum having loſt, he took it ſo much to heart that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another conſiderable eſtate, which he daily expected, and that by this courſe of life he ſaved both clothes and all other expences. P.

Ver. 84. *Unhappy Wharton,*] A Nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his Character in the firſt Epiſtle. P.

Ver. 85. *Hopkins,*] A Citizen, whoſe rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins.* He lived worthleſs, but died *worth three hundred thouſand pounds,* which he would give to no perſon living, but left it ſo as not to be inherited till after the ſecond generation. His counſel repreſenting to him how many years it muſt be before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at intereſt all that time, he expreſſed great joy thereat, and ſaid, "They would then be as long in ſpending as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards ſet aſide the will, and gave it to the heir at law. P.

Ver. 86. *Japhet, Noſe and Ears?*] Japhet Crook, alias Sir *Peter Stranger,* was puniſhed with the loſs of thoſe parts, for having forged a conveyance of an eſtate to himſelf, upon which he took up ſeveral thouſand pounds. He was at the ſame time ſued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a Will, by which he poſſeſſed another conſiderable eſtate, in wrong of the brother of the deceaſed. By theſe means he was *worth* a great ſum, which (in reward for the ſmall loſs of his ears) he enjoyed in priſon till his death, and quietly left to his executor. P.

They might (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax ſelf the bleſſing of a friend;
Or find ſome Doctor that would ſave the life
Of wretched Shylock, ſpite of Shylock's Wife:
But thouſands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.
To ſome, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a Baſtard, or a Son they hate.
Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part?
Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart:
The

NOTES.

VER. 90. *With all*] An image inſufferably filthy, and unworthy of ſuch a writer! Boileau has no ſuch images.

VER. 96. *Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.*] A famous Ducheſs of *R.* in her laſt Will left conſiderable legacies and annuities to her Cats. P.

This benefactreſs was no other than La Belle Stuart of the Comte de Grammont; and her endowment was not a proper object of ſatire. The real truth was, that ſhe left annuities to certain female friends, with the burden of maintaining ſome of her cats; a delicate way of providing for poor, and probably, proud gentlewomen, without making them feel that they owed their livelihood to her mere liberality.

VER. 100. *Bond damns the Poor, &c.*] This Epiſtle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was eſtabliſhed to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation;* but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of ſuch numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of thoſe unhappy ſufferers; and three of the managers, who were members of the Houſe, were expelled. By the report of the Committee appointed to inquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the Poor, for whoſe uſe it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the Directors, replied, *Damn the Poor.* That

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (ſays Blunt, with tearleſs eyes)
"The wretch he ſtarves"—and piouſly denies:
But the good Biſhop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet, to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himſelf:
Damn'd

NOTES.

"God hates the poor," and, "That every man in want is either knave or fool," &c. were the genuine apothegms of ſome of the Perſons here mentioned. P.

Ver. 105. *But the good Biſhop, &c.*] In the place of this imaginary *Biſhop*, and in the firſt Dialogue of 1738, the Poet had named a very worthy Perſon of condition, who, for a courſe of many years, had ſhined in public ſtations much to the honour and advantage of his country. But being at once oppreſſed by popular prejudice and a public cenſure, it was no wonder the Poet, to whom he was perſonally a ſtranger, ſhould think hardly of him. I had the honour to be well known to that truly illuſtrious Perſon, and to be greatly obliged by him. From my intimate knowledge of his character, I was fully perſuaded of his innocence, and that he was unwarily drawn in by a pack of infamous Cheats, to his great loſs of fortune as well as reputation. At my requeſt and information, therefore, the Poet with much ſatisfaction retracted, and ſtruck out, in both places, his ill-grounded cenſure. I have ſince had the pleaſure to underſtand, from the beſt authority, that theſe favourable ſentiments of him have of late been fully juſtified in the courſe of ſome proceedings in the High Court of Chancery, the moſt unerring inveſtigator of Truth and Falſehood. W.—— This proceeding certainly does great honour to Dr. Warburton's gratitude and friendſhip. Sir R. gave him the living of Brandbroughton; and the letter he wrote in his vindication appears in p. 144. of his Life by Biſhop Hurd.

Ver. 105. *But the good Biſhop,*] Formerly thus;

But rev'rend Sutton, with a ſofter air
Admits and leaves them———

Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.
B. Who ſuffer thus, mere Charity ſhould own,
Muſt act on motives pow'rful, tho' unknown.
P. Some War, ſome Plague, or Famine they foreſee,
Some Revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cauſe is found,
He thinks a Loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
What made Directors cheat in South-ſea year?
To live on Ven'ſon when it ſold ſo dear.
Aſk you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a general Exciſe.
Why ſhe and Sappho raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas! they fear a man will coſt a plum.
Wiſe Peter ſees the World's reſpect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be ſold:
Glorious

NOTES.

VER. 109. *Damn'd to the Mines,*] This is plainly taken from the cauſes of the Decay of Chriſtian Piety. "It has always been held," ſays this excellent writer, "the ſevereſt treatment of ſlaves and malefactors, *damnare ad metalla*, to force them to dig in the mines: now this is the covetous man's lot, from which he is never to expect a releaſe."

VER. 118. *To live on Ven'ſon*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-ſea year, the price of a haunch of Veniſon was from three to five pounds. P.

VER. 120. *General Exciſe.*] Many people, about the year 1733, had a conceit that ſuch a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have ſome intimation. P.

VER. 123. *Wiſe Peter*] PETER WALTER, a perſon not only eminent in the wiſdom of his profeſſion, as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a ſafe, conveyancer; extremely reſpected by the Nobility of this land, though free from all man-

Glorious Ambition! Peter, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To juſt three millions ſtinted modeſt Gage.

But

NOTES.

ner of luxury and oſtentation: his Wealth was never ſeen, and his Bounty never heard of, except to his own ſon, for whom he procured an employment of conſiderable profit, of which he gave him as much as was *neceſſary*. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him. P.

Ver. 126. *Rome's great Didius*] A Roman Lawyer, ſo rich as to purchaſe the Empire when it was ſet to ſale upon the death of Pertinax. P.

Ver. 127. *The Crown of Poland, &c.*] The two perſons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the Miſſiſſippi deſpiſed to realize above *three hundred thouſand pounds;* the Gentleman with a view to the purchaſe of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a viſion of the like royal nature. They ſince retired into Spain, where they are ſtill in ſearch of gold in the mines of the Aſturies. P.

A country devoted to ruin by its ambitious and unjuſt neighbours; who deſerve the ſevereſt ſtrokes of ſuch a ſatiriſt as our Author.

Ver. 128. *Stinted modeſt Gage.*] "The names of theſe two perſons were Mr. Gage, and Lady Mary Herbert, daughter of William Marquis of Powis, who, dying October 1745, left in the hands of his executors and truſtees an annuity of 200 l. a year to be paid to the uſe of this daughter, not for the payment of her many debts which ſhe had contracted, but to keep her from wanting neceſſaries. William Marquis of Powis, ſon of the former, litigated the ſaid will, but died while the ſuit was pending in the Eccleſiaſtical Court, leaving the reſidue of the lands and profits of his eſtates, after his debts ſhould be paid, in the hands of truſtees for the uſe of the Right Honourable Henry Arthur, then Lord Herbert, afterwards Earl of Powis, with whom he had no relation, friendſhip, or acquaintance, which Arthur afterwards married Barbara Herbert, niece and heir at law of the latter Earl Powis. This man, by fair promiſes and threats, got the truſtees

of

But nobler ſcenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold.
Congenial ſouls! whoſe life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in the Aſturian Mines.

Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in theſe words our fate:

"At

NOTES.

of the firſt Earl to agree in obtaining adminiſtration with the will and codicil of the Marquis the father, annexed in May 1749, and then repented paying the annuity of 200 l. to Mary Herbert, daughter of the ſaid Marquis. As ſhe now reſided in France, ſhe had obtained a promiſe there of being made Dame of Honour to the Queen of France; which Lord Herbert hearing of, went out of England to diſſuade her from accepting it, as being a diſgrace to her and the family; and promiſed he would pay her all the arrears of the annuity of 200 l. due by her father's will, and would give her, over and above, 200 l. a year more. This he never performed, till after ſeveral ſuits of law the cauſe was brought to the Houſe of Lords, who decreed both her annuities to be paid, with all arrears due in the year 1766. Throughout a long life, ſo little difference has this lady found between dreams and realities."

From MSS. notes of Mr. Bowyer.

VER. 133. *Much injur'd Blunt!*] Sir JOHN BLUNT, originally a ſcrivener, was one of the firſt projectors of the South-ſea Company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous ſcheme in 1720. He was alſo one of thoſe who ſuffered moſt ſeverely by the bill of pains and penalties on the ſaid directors. He was a diſſenter of a moſt religious deportment, and profeſſed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was conſtantly in this very ſtyle he declaimed againſt the corruption and luxury of the Age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the miſery of Party-ſpirit. He was particularly eloquent againſt *Avarice* in great and noble perſons, of which he had indeed lived to ſee many miſerable examples. He died in the year 1732. P.

VER. 134. *A wizard told him*] Is there ſuch a thing as a calm and candid ſpectator of our preſent manners to be found, who will inform us, whether the direful prophecy of this wizard be founded on truth or not?

" At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
" (So long by watchful Miniſters withſtood,)
" Shall deluge all; and Avarice creeping on,
" Spread like a low-born miſt, and blot the Sun;
" Stateſman and Patriot ply alike the ſtocks,
" Peereſs and Butler ſhare alike the Box,
" And Judges job, and Biſhops bite the town,
" And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
" See Britain ſunk in lucre's ſordid charms,
" And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's
" arms!"
'Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee
Senates degen'rate, Patriots diſagree,
And nobly wiſhing Party-rage to ceaſe,
To buy both ſides, and give thy Country peace.
" All this is madneſs," cries a ſober ſage:
But who, my friend, has reaſon in his rage?
" The Ruling Paſſion, be it what it will,
" The Ruling Paſſion conquers Reaſon ſtill."

Leſs

NOTES.

Ver. 137.——*Av'rice* creeping *on*,
Spread like a low-born *miſt, and blot the* Sun;]

The ſimilitude is extremely appoſite, implying that this vice is of baſe and mean original; hatched and nurſed up among Scriveners and Stock-jobbers, and unknown, till of late, to the Nobles of this land: But now, in the fulneſs of time, ſhe rears her head, and aſpires to cover the moſt illuſtrious ſtations in her dark and peſtilential ſhade. The Sun, and other luminaries of Heaven, ſignifying, in the high eaſtern ſtyle, the Grandees and Nobles of the earth. Scribl.——A ſtrained interpretation.

Ver. 145. *Fir'd thy brain*,] A court-badge firing the brain, is ſurely an uncouth and improper expreſſion.

Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſey we can frame,
Than ev'n that Paſſion, if it has no Aim;
For though ſuch motives Folly you may call,
The Folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heav'n each Paſſion ſends,
"And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
"Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
"Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral uſe."
Aſk me what makes one keep, and one beſtow?
That Pow'r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,
Bids ſeed-time, harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon fly.
Who ſees pale Mammon pine amidſt his ſtore,
Sees but a backward ſteward for the Poor;
This year a Reſervoir, to keep and ſpare;
The next, a Fountain, ſpouting through his Heir,
In

NOTES.

VER. 154. *Conquers Reaſon ſtill.*] See what is ſaid before of the pernicious tenet of a Ruling Paſſion.

VER. 158. *The Folly's greater*] Verbatim from Rochefoucault.

VER. 162. *Extremes in Man*] See the fine paſſage quoted above, in Eſſay on Man, from Dr. Bulguy's Treatiſe on Divine Benevolence, p. 100.

VER. 173. *This year a Reſervoir,*] The ſame compariſon was before uſed by Young, Sat. vi. line 34. Pope collected gold from many a dunghill; for this alluſion is taken from Fuller's Church Hiſtory, p. 28.

In laviſh ſtreams to quench a Country's thirſt,
And men and dogs ſhall drink him till they burſt.
Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What though (the uſe of barb'rous ſpits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with creſſes ſtor'd,
With ſoups unbought and ſallads bleſs'd his board?
If

NOTES.

Ver. 181. *His court with nettles,*] The uſe, the force, and the excellence of language, certainly conſiſts in raiſing clear, complete, and circumſtantial images, and in turning readers into ſpectators. Here is an eminent example of this excellence, of all others the moſt eſſential in poetry. Every epithet here uſed paints its object, and paints it diſtinctly. After having paſſed over the moat full of creſſes, do you not actually find yourſelf in the middle court of this forlorn and ſolitary manſion, overgrown with docks and nettles? And do you not hear the dog that is going to aſſault you? Among the other fortunate circumſtances that attended Homer, it was not one of the leaſt that he wrote before general and abſtract terms were invented. Hence his muſe (like his own Helen ſtanding on the walls of Troy) points out every perſon and thing accurately and forcibly. All the views and proſpects he lays before us appear as fully and perfectly to the eye as that which engaged the attention of Neptune when he was ſitting (Iliad, b. xiii. v. 12.)

Ὑψοῦ ἐπ' ακροτατης κορυφης Σαμῳ ὑλιεσσης,
Θρηικης· ενθεν γαρ εφαινετο πασα μεν Ἰδη,
Φαινετο δε Πριαμοιο πολις, και νηες Αχαιων.

Thoſe who are fond of generalities may think the number of natural, little circumſtances, introduced in the beautiful narration of the expedition of Dolon and Diomed, (book the tenth,) too particular and trifling, and below the dignity of epic poetry. But every

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 182. *With ſoups unbought*]

" —dapibus menſas onerabat inemptis." Virg. P.

If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To

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every reader of a just taste will always admire the minute description of the helmet and crest, at verse 257; the clapping of the wings of the heron which they could not see; the squatting down among the dead bodies till Dolon had passed; Ulysses hissing to Diomed as a signal; the striking the horses with his bow, because he had forgotten to bring his whip with him; and the innumerable circumstances which make this narration so lively, so dramatic, and so interesting. Half the Iliad and the Odyssey might be quoted as examples of this way of writing: so different from the unfinished, half-formed figures presented to us by many modern writers. How much is the pathetic heightened by Sophocles, when, speaking of Dejanira determined to destroy herself, and taking leave of her palace, he adds, a circumstance that Voltaire would have disdained,

—— Κλαιε δ' οργανων οτε
Ψαυσειεν, ὁις εχρητο δελαια παρος.

Among the Roman poets, Lucretius will furnish many instances of this sort of strong painting. Witness his portrait of a jealous man, book iv. v. 1130.

"Aut quod in ambiguo verbum jaculata reliquit;
Aut nimium jactare oculos, aliumve pueri
Quod putat, in vultuque videt vestigia risûs."

Of Iphigenia going to be sacrificed, at the moment, when,

——"Mœstum ante aras astare parentum
Sensit, et hunc propter ferrum celare ministros."

Of fear, in book iii. v. 155.

"Sudorem itaque et pellorem existere toto
Corpore; et infringi linguam; vocemque aboriri;
Caligare oculos; sonere aures; succidere artus."

Without specifying the various strokes of nature with which Virgil has described the prognostics of the weather in his first Georgic, let us only consider with what energy he has enumerated and particularized the gestures and attitudes of his dying Dido. No five verses ever contained more images more distinctly expressed:

"Illa

To cram the Rich was prodigal expence, 185
And who would take the Poor from Providence?
Like

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" Illa graves oculos conata attolere, rursus
Deficit; infixum stridet sub pectore vulnus;
Ter revoluta toro est; oculisque errantibus, alto
Quæsivit cœlo lucem, ingemutique repertâ."

The words of Virgil have here painted the dying Dido as powerfully as the pencil of Reynolds has done when she is just dead. I once saw Mr. Garrick gesticulate every circumstance in this fine description. But none of the Roman writers has displayed a greater force and vigour of imagination than Tacitus, who was in truth a great poet. With what an assemblage of masterly strokes has he exhibited the distress of the Roman army under Cæcina, in the first book of the Annals! " Nox per diversa inquies; cum barbari festis epulis, læto cantu, aut truci sonore, subjecta vallium ac resultantes saltus, complerent. Apud Romanos, invalidi ignes, interruptæ voces, atque ipsi passim adjacerent vallo, oberrarent tentoriis, insomnes magis quam pervigiles, ducemque terruit dira quies." And what a spectre he then immediately calls up, in the style of Michael Angelo! " Nam Quintilium Varum, sanguine oblitum, et paludibus emersum, cernere et audire visus est, velut vocantem, non tamen obsecutos, et manum intendentis repulisse."

A celebrated foreigner, the Count Algarotti, has passed the following censure on our poetry, as deficient in this respect:

" La poesia dei populi settentrionali pare a me, che, generalménte parlando, consista più di pensieri, che d'immagini, si compiaccia delle riflessione equalmente che dei sentimenti: non sia così particolareggiata, e pittoresca come e la nostra. Virgilio a cagione d'esempio rappresentando Didone, quando esce alla caccia sa una tal descrizione del suo vestimento, che tutti i ritrattisti, leggendo quel passo, la vestirebbono a un modo:

' Tandem progreditur, magnâ stipante caterva,
' Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo;
' Cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum,
' Aurea purpuream subnectit fibuli vestum.'

Non così Miltono quando descrive la nuda bellezza di Eva:

' Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
' In every gesture, dignity and love.'

Like ſome lone Chartreux ſtands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and faſts within the wall;

No

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Con quella parole generale, e aſtratte idee di grazia, cielo, amore, e maeſtà non pare a lei che ognuno ſi formi in mente una Eva a poſta ſua?"

It muſt indeed be granted, that this paſſage gives no diſtinct and particular idea of the perſon of Eve; but in how many others has Milton drawn his figures, and expreſſed his images, with energy and diſtinctneſs?

"Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume ſprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for ſpeed ſuccinct, and held
Before his decent ſteps a ſilver wand."

"Dire was the toſſing, deep the groans; Deſpair
Tended the ſick, buſieſt from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to ſtrike."

"From his ſlack hand the garland, wreath'd for Eve,
Down dropt, and all the faded roſes ſhed;
Speechleſs he ſtood, and pale."

And Spencer, the maſter of Milton, ſo much abounds in portraits peculiarly marked, and ſtrongly created, that it is difficult to know which to ſelect from this copious magazine of the moſt lively painting. The ſame may be ſaid of Shakeſpeare, whoſe little touches of nature it is no wonder Voltaire could not reliſh, who affords no example of this beauty in his Henriade, and gives no proofs of a pictureſque fancy, in a work that abounds more in declamation, in moral and political reflections, than in poetic images, in which there is little character and leſs nature, and in which the author himſelf appears throughout the piece, and is himſelf the hero of his poem.

I have dwelt the longer on this ſubject, becauſe I think I can perceive many ſymptoms, even among writers of eminence, of departing from theſe true, and lively, and minute repreſentations of Nature, and of dwelling in generalities. To theſe I oppoſe the teſtimony of, perhaps, the moſt judicious and elegant critic among the antients: "Proculdubio qui dicit expugnatam eſſe civitatem, com-

No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor ſound,
No noon-tide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with ſighs the ſmoakleſs tow'rs ſurvey,
And turn th' unwilling ſteeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the foreſt o'er,
Curſe the ſav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt maſtiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not ſo his Son, he mark'd this overſight,
And then miſtook reverſe of wrong for right.
(For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow is a taſk indeed.)
Yet ſure, of qualities deſerving praiſe,
More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raiſe.

What

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complectitur omnia quæcunque talis fortuna recipit: ſed in affectus minus penetrat brevis hic velut nuntius. At ſi aperias hæc quæ verbo uno incluſa erant, apparebunt effuſa per domos ac templa flammæ, et ruentium tectorum fragor, et ex diverſis clamoribus unus quidam ſonus; aliorum fuga incerta; alii in extremo complexû ſuorum cohærentes, et infantium fæminarumque ploratus, et malè uſque in illum diem ſervati fato ſenes; tum illa profanorum ſacrorumque direptio, efferentium prædas, repetentiumque diſcurſus, et acti ante ſuum quiſque prædonem catenati, et conata retinere infantem ſuum mater, et ſicubi majus lucrum eſt, pugna inter victores. Licet enim hæc omnia, ut dixi, complectatur everſio, minus eſt tamen totum dicere quam omnia."

Ver. 200. Here I found two lines in the Poet's MS.

" Yet ſure, of qualities deſerving praiſe,
More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raiſe."

which, as they ſeemed to be neceſſary to do juſtice to the imaginary Character going to be deſcribed, I adviſed him to inſert in their place. W.——The expreſſion of " more qualities go," is ſurely faulty.

What ſlaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'Squire, and deep Divine!
Yet no mean motive this profuſion draws,
His oxen periſh in his country's cauſe;
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great Houſe which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The ſylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet:
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands;
Laſt, for his Country's Love, he ſells his Lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And ſhall not Britain now regard his toils,
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cauſe,
His thankleſs Country leaves him to her Laws.

The Senſe to value Riches, with the Art
T' enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiouſly purſu'd,
Not ſunk by ſloth, nor rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance Fortune by a juſt expence,
Join with Economy, Magnificence;
With

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 218. in the MS.

Where one lean herring furniſh'd Cotta's board,
And nettles grew, fit porridge for their Lord;
Where mad good-nature, bounty miſapply'd,
In laviſh Curio blaz'd a-while and dy'd;
There Providence once more ſhall ſhift the ſcene,
And ſhewing H—y, teach the golden mean.

With Splendor, Charity; with Plenty, Health;
Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unſpoil'd by wealth!
That ſecret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

B. To Worth or Want well weigh'd, be Bounty giv'n,
And eaſe, or emulate, the care of Heav'n;
(Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race;)
Mend Fortune's fault, and juſtify her grace.
Wealth in the groſs is death, but life diffus'd;
As Poiſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergriſe, a ſtink it lies,
But well diſpers'd, is Incenſe to the Skies.

P. Who ſtarves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that truſts them, and the Rogue that cheats.
Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a Fiddler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon?
Whoſe table, Wit, or modeſt Merit ſhare,
Un-elbow'd by a Gameſter, Pimp, or Play'r?
Who copies Yours, or Oxford's better part,
To eaſe th' oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where'er

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 226. in the MS.

That ſecret rare, with affluence hardly join'd,
Which W——n loſt, yet B—y ne'er could find;
Still miſs'd by Vice, and ſcarce by Virtue hit,
By G——'s goodneſs, or by S—'s wit.

NOTES.

Ver. 243. Oxford's *better part*,] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. The ſon of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl of

Where'er he ſhines, oh Fortune, gild the ſcene,
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
There, Engliſh Bounty yet a-while may ſtand,
And Honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe, honeſt Muſe! and ſing the MAN of Ross:
Pleas'd

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 250. in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's ſhore,
Who ſings not him, oh may he ſing no more!

NOTES.

Mortimer by Queen Anne. This Nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the moſt noble Libraries in Europe. P.

VER. 246. *And Angels guard him in the* GOLDEN MEAN!] This was a friendly hint, and not uſeleſs, as ill well known. The idea of this Guard was prettily imagined, being taken from the Supporters of his Lordſhips Arms. W.——Pope did not, could not, think of this prettineſs.

VER. 250. *Riſe, honeſt Muſe!*] Theſe lines, which are eminently beautiful, particularly 267, containing a fine proſopopœia, have conferred immortality on a plain, worthy, and uſeful citizen of Herefordſhire, Mr. John Kyrle, who ſpent his long life in advancing and contriving plans of public utility. The Howard of his time; who deſerves to be celebrated more than all the heroes of Pindar. The particular reaſon for which I mention them, is to obſerve the pleaſing effect that the uſe of common and familiar words and objects, judiciouſly managed, produce in poetry. Such as are here the words, *cauſeway*, *ſeats*, *ſpire*, *market-place*, *alms-houſe*, *apprentic'd*. A faſtidious delicacy, and a falſe refinement, in order to avoid meanneſs, have deterred our writers from the introduction of ſuch words; but Dryden often hazarded it, and gave by it a ſecret charm, and a natural air to his verſes, well knowing of what conſequence it was ſometimes to ſoften and ſubdue his hints, and not to paint and adorn every object he touched, with perpetual pomp and unremitted ſplendor. Mr. Kyrle was enabled to effect

Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring through the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe Cauſe-way parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe Seats the weary Traveller repoſe?
Who taught that Heav'n-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The MAN of Ross," each liſping babe replies.
Behold the Market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon Alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the MAN of Ross relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the Courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing Quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile Attornies, now an uſeleſs race.

B. Thrice

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many of his benevolent purpoſes by the aſſiſtance of liberal ſubſcriptions, which his character eaſily procured. This circumſtance was communicated by Mr. Victor.

VER. 267. *Orphans bleſt,*] The tenſes are here unluckily changed, contrary to grammatical propriety. Bleſt, is the time paſt; labour and reſt, in the next line, the time preſent.

B. Thrice happy man! enabl'd to purſue
What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
What mines, to ſwell that boundleſs charity?
P. Of Debts, and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
This man poſſeſt —— five hundred pounds a year.
Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little Stars! hide your diminiſh'd rays.
B. And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his Name:
Go, ſearch it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor, makes all the hiſtory;
Enough,

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Ver. 287. thus in the MS.

The Regiſter inrolls him with his Poor,
Tells he was born and dy'd, and tells no more.
Juſt as he ought, he fill'd the ſpace between;
Then ſtole to reſt, unheeded and unſeen.

NOTES.

Ver. 275. *Thrice happy man!*] At laſt Lord Bathurſt is allowed to interpoſe a few words: and aſk a queſtion.

Ver. 281. *Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze, &c.*] In this ſublime apoſtrophe, *proud Courts* are not bid to *bluſh* becauſe *outſtript* in virtue; for no ſuch contention is ſuppoſed: but for being *outſhined* in their own proper pretentions to Splendor and Magnificence. Scribl.

Ver. 286. *Will never mark*] As Voltaire did at Ferney, with this inſcription: "Deo erexit Voltaire."

Ver. 287. *Go, ſearch it there,*] The Pariſh regiſter.

Enough, that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's end:
Should'ring God's altar a vile image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's ſelf might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.
Behold what bleſſings Wealth to life can lend!
And ſee, what comfort it affords our end.

In the worſt inn's worſt room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim!
Gallant

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Ver. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.*] The Poet ridicules the wretched taſte of carving large perriwigs on buſtos, of which there are ſeveral vile examples in the tombs at Weſtminſter and elſewhere. P.

Ver. 305. *Great Villers lies*—] This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been poſſeſſed of about 50,000 l. a year, and paſſed through many of the higheſt poſts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkſhire, reduced to the utmoſt miſery. P.

"When this extraordinary man, with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the preſbyterian Fairfax, and the diſſolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed that witty king, and his ſolemn

Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewſbury and love;
Or juſt as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick Stateſmen, and their merry King. 310

No

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ſolemn chancellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of bad miniſters; or equally unprincipled ſupported its cauſe with bad patriots; one laments that ſuch parts ſhould have been devoid of every virtue. But when Alcibiades turns chymiſt; when he is a real bubble, and a viſionary miſer; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worſt deſigns are for the fooliſheſt ends; contempt extinguiſhes all reflections on his character. The portrait of this duke has been drawn by four maſterly hands: Burnet has hewn it with a rough chiſſel: Count Hamilton touched it with that ſlight delicacy that finiſhes while it ſeems to ſketch: Dryden catched the living likeneſs: Pope completed the hiſtorical reſemblance. Yet the abilities of this Lord appear in no inſtance more amazing, than that being expoſed by two of the greateſt Poets, he has expoſed one of them ten times more ſeverely. Zimri is an admirable portrait; but Bayes an original creation. Dryden ſatirized Buckingham; but Villers made Dryden ſatirize himſelf." Catalogue of Noble Authors, vol. ii. p. 77.

Ver. 307. *Cliveden*] A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the D. of Buckingham. P.

Ver. 308. *Shrewſbury*] The Counteſs of Shrewſbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her huſband was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been ſaid, that during the combat ſhe held the Duke's horſes in the habit of a page. P.

Ver. 308. *The bow'r*] This very infamous Counteſs of Shrewſbury was eldeſt daughter of Robert Brudenel Earl of Cardigan. Her huſband was killed March 16, 1667. She afterwards married George Rodney Bridges Eſq. ſecond ſon of Sir Thomas Bridges of Keynſham in Somerſetſhire, Knt. and died April 20, 1702. The noble houſe of Cliveden, ſo delightfully and ſuperbly ſituated on the banks of the Thames, which had been the reſidence of Frederick Prince of Wales, who lived in it for many years with a proper dignity and magnificence, attended by many

No Wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame; this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.
His Grace's fate ſage Cutler could foreſee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe,
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confeſs'd,
Ariſe, and tell me, was thy death more bleſs'd?
Cutler ſaw tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a ſtranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound.
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!

Cutler

NOTES.

of the firſt geniuſes of the age, was unfortunately burnt to the ground in May 1795, and nothing of its elegant furniture preſerved from the flames but the fine tapeſtry that repreſented the Duke of Marlborough's victories. The beautiful Maſk of Alfred was written and acted at Cliveden in 1744. In the duel mentioned above, the Duke of Buckingham had for his two ſeconds, captain Holmes and Mr. Jenkins. The Earl of Shrewſbury's ſeconds were Sir John Talbot of Laycock, and Mr. Bernard Howard. The Duke of Buckingham mortally wounded the Earl.

Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
" Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the ſkies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 337. in the former Editions,
That knotty point, my Lord, ſhall I diſcuſs,
Or tell a tale?—A Tale.—It follows thus.

NOTES.

VER. 333. Cutler *and* Brutus, *dying, both exclaim,*
" Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"]
There is a greater beauty in this compariſon than the common reader is aware of. *Brutus* was, in *morals*, at leaſt, a *Stoic*, like his uncle. And how much addicted to that ſect in general, appears from his profeſſing himſelf of the old Academy, and being a moſt paſſionate admirer of *Antiochus Aſcalonites*, an eſſential *Stoic*, if ever there was any. Now *Stoical virtue* was, as our author truly tells us, not *exerciſe*, but apathy, *Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt.* In a word, like Sir *J. Cutler's purſe*, nothing for uſe, but kept cloſe ſhut, and centered all within himſelf.—Now *virtue* and *wealth*, thus circumſtanced, are, indeed, no other than mere *names*. W.——A moſt tortured meaning!

VER. 339. *Where London's column,*] The Monument built in memory of the fire of London, with an inſcription importing that city to have been burnt by the Papiſts. P.

VER. 340. *Like a tall* bully, *lifts the head, and lies*;] It were to be wiſhed, the *City monument* had been compared to ſomething of more dignity: As, to the *Court-champion*, for inſtance, ſince, like him, it only ſpoke the ſenſe of the Government. SCRIBL.

VER. 341. *There dwelt a Citizen*] This tale of Sir Balaam, his progreſs and change of manners, from being a plodding, ſober, plain,

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
And adding pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
Constant at Church, and 'Change; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
The Dev'l was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir

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plain, and punctual citizen, to his becoming a debauched and dissolute courtier and senator, abounds in much knowledge of life, and many strokes of true humour, and will bear to be compared to the exquisite history of Eugenio and Corusodes in one of Swift's Intelligencers.

Ver. 351. *But Satan*] Sherlock is of opinion, that Moses would not mention Satan as an agent, in his History of the Temptation, least it should communicate or countenance the notion of two independent principles of good and evil. And yet afterwards, he asserts, that the Book of Job, in which Satan is openly named and introduced, is of an age prior to the writings of Moses. Disc. on Prophecy.

Ver. 355. *Cornish*] The Author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives: When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off: to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre the people: Nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities. P.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his Jokes:
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmoak'd upon the board.
Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the Knight, the Knight had wit,
So kept the Di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſixpence where I gave a groat;
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
"And am ſo clear too of all other vice."
The Tempter ſaw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and Subſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide,
Till all the Demon makes his full deſcent
In one abundant ſhow'r of Cent per Cent,
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs Director, and ſecures his ſoul.
Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit,
And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.

Things

NOTES.

Ver. 377. *What late he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit, &c.*] This is an admirable picture of human nature: In the entrance into life, all, but coxcombs-born, are modeſt; and eſteem the favours of their ſuperiors as marks of their benevolence: But if theſe favours happen to increaſe; then, inſtead of advancing in gratitude to our benefactors, we only improve in the good opinion of ourſelves; and the conſtant returns of ſuch favours make us conſider them no longer as accommodations to our wants, or the hire of our ſervice, but debts due to our merit: Yet, at the ſame time, to do juſtice to our common nature, we ſhould obſerve,

that

Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His Compting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn;
Seldom at Church ('twas such a busy life)
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the Dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First, for his Son a gay Commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His Daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and P—x for life.
In Britain's Senate he a seat obtains,
And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains.

My

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that this does not proceed so often from downright vice as is imagined, but frequently from mere infirmity; of which the reason is evident; for, having small knowledge, and yet an excessive opinion of ourselves, we estimate our merit by the passions and caprice of others; and this perhaps would not be so much amiss, were we not apt to take their favours for a declaration of their sense of our merits. How often, for instance, has it been seen, in the three learned professions, that a Man, who, had he continued in his primeval meanness, would have circumscribed his knowledge within the modest limits of Socrates; yet, being *pushed up*, as the phrase is, has felt himself growing into a *Hooker*, a *Hales*, or a *Sydenham*; while, in the rapidity of his course, he imagined he saw, at every new station, a new door of science opening to him, without so much as staying for a Flatterer to let him in?

" ——Beatus enim jam
Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia." W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 394. *And one more Pensioner St. Steven gains.*]

" ——atque unum civem donare *Sibyllæ*." Juv.

My Lady falls to play; ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The Houſe impeach him; Coningſby harangues;
The Court forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
The Devil and the King divide the Prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

Ver. 401. *The Devil and the King divide the Prize,*] This is to be underſtood in a very ſober and *decent* ſenſe; as a Satire only on ſuch Miniſters of State (which hiſtory informs us have been found) who aided the *Devil* in his *temptations*, in order to foment, if not to make, Plots for the ſake of confiſcations. So ſure always, and juſt, is our Author's ſatire, even in thoſe places where he ſeems moſt to have indulged himſelf only in an elegant *badinage*. But this Satire on the abuſe of the general laws of forfeiture for high-treaſon, which laws all well-policied communities have found neceſſary, is by no means to be underſtood as a reflection on the Laws themſelves; whoſe neceſſity, equity, and even lenity have been excellently well vindicated in that very learned and elegant Diſcourſe, intitled, *Some Conſiderations on the Law of Forfeiture for High Treaſon. Third Edition*, London, 1748. W.

Methinks it was better in the former Editions, becauſe ſhorter:

Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

Ver. 402. *Curſes God*] Alluding to the ſecond chapter of the Book of Job; on which paſſage Warburton made (Divine Legation, Book vi.) the following remarkable obſervation: "The wife of Job acts a ſmall part in this drama, but a very ſpirited one. Then ſaid his wife unto him, 'Doſt thou ſtill retain thy integrity? Curſe God and die.' Tender and pious! He might ſee by this prelude of his ſpouſe, what he was to expect from his friends. The Devil, indeed, aſſaulted Job, but he ſeems to have got poſſeſſion of his wife." p. 261.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Uſe *of* RICHES.

THE Vanity of Expence in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuſe of the Word Taſte, Ver. 13. *That the firſt Principle and foundation in this, as in every thing elſe, is* Good Senſe, Ver. 40. *The chief proof of it is to* follow Nature, *even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Inſtanced in* Architecture *and* Gardening, *where all muſt be adapted to the* Genius *and* Uſe *of the* Place, *and the Beauties not forced into it, but reſulting from it,* Ver. 50. *How men are diſappointed in their moſt expenſive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can pleaſe* long, *if at* all; *and the beſt* Examples *and* Rules *will be but perverted into ſomething* burdenſome *and* ridiculous, Ver. 65, &c. to 92. *A deſcription of the* falſe Taſte *of* Magnificence; *the firſt grand Error of which is to imagine that* Greatneſs *conſiſts in the* Size *and* Dimenſion, *inſtead of the* Proportion *and* Harmony *of the* whole, Ver. 97. *and the ſecond, either in joining together* Parts incoherent, *or too* minutely reſembling, *or in the* Repetition *of the* ſame *too frequently,* Ver. 105, &c. *A word or two of falſe Taſte in* Books, *in* Muſic, *in* Painting, *even in* Preaching *and* Prayer, *and laſtly*

laſtly in Entertainments, Ver. 133, &c. *Yet* PROVIDENCE *is juſtified in giving Wealth to be ſquandered in this manner, ſince it is diſperſed to the Poor and laborious part of mankind,* Ver. 169. [*recurring to what is laid down in the firſt book, Ep.* ii. *and in the Epiſtle preceding this,* Ver. 159. &c.] *What are the* proper Objects *of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expence of* Great *Men,* Ver. 177, &c. *and finally the Great and Public Works which become a* Prince, Ver. 191. to the end.

EPISTLE IV.

'Tis ſtrange, the Miſer ſhould his Cares employ
To gain thoſe Riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the Prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chuſe his Pictures, Muſic, Meats:
He buys for Topham, Drawings and Deſigns,
For Pembroke, Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;
Rare monkiſh Manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.
Think

NOTES.

VER. 1. *'Tis ſtrange,*] This Epiſtle was written and publiſhed before the preceding one; and the placing it after the third, has occaſioned ſome aukward anachroniſms and inconſiſtencies.

VER. 7. *Topham,*] A Gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings. P.

VER. 8. *For Pembroke, Statues,*] "The ſoul of Inigo Jones," ſays Mr. Walpole, "which had been patronized by the anceſtors of Henry Earl of Pembroke, ſeemed ſtill to hover over its favourite Wilton, and to have aſſiſted the Muſes of Arts in the education of this noble perſon. The towers, the chambers, the ſcenes which Holbein, Jones, and Vandyck had decorated, and which Earl Thomas had enriched with the ſpoils of the beſt ages, received the laſt touches of beauty from Earl Henry's hand.

VER. 10. *And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.*] Two eminent Phyſicians; the one had an excellent Library, the other the fineſt collection in Europe of natural curioſities; both men of great learning and humanity. P.

Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhow, how many Taſtes he wanted.
What brought Sir Viſto's ill-got wealth to waſte?
Some Demon whiſper'd, "Viſto! have a Taſte."
Heav'n viſits with a Taſte the wealthy fool,
And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.
See! ſportive fate, to puniſh awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a Guide:
A ſtanding ſermon, at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!

You

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 22. in the MS.

Muſt Biſhops, Lawyers, Stateſmen have the ſkill
To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgman explain the Goſpel, Gibbs the Law?

NOTES.

Ver. 11. *Think we all theſe*] The oſtentation of this man of falſe taſte is only here ridiculed; he has no enjoyment of either of the two objects of falſe magnificence here mentioned.

Ver. 17. *Heav'n* viſits *with a Taſte the wealthy fool*,] The preſent rage of *Taſte*, in this overflow of general Luxury, may be very properly repreſented by a *deſolating peſtilence*, alluded to in the word *viſit*. W.

Ver. 18. *Ripley*] This man was a carpenter, employed by a firſt Miniſter, who raiſed him to an Architect, without any genius in the art; and after ſome wretched proofs of his inſufficiency in public Buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of Works. P. ——But Mr. Walpole ſpeaks more favourably of this architect.

Ver. 19. *See! ſportive fate, to puniſh awkward pride*,] Pride is one of the greateſt miſchiefs, as well as higheſt abſurdities of our nature; and therefore, as appears both from profane and ſacred Hiſtory, has ever been the more peculiar object of divine ven-

geance.

You ſhow us, Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of Uſe.
Yet

NOTES.

geance. But *aukward Pride* intimates ſuch abilities in its owner, as eaſes us of the apprehenſion of much miſchief from it; ſo that the Poet ſuppoſes ſuch a one ſecure from the ſerious reſentment of Heaven, though it may permit *fate* or *fortune* to bring him into that public contempt and ridicule which his natural badneſs of heart ſo well deſerves. W.

Ver. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publiſhing the Deſigns of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio. P.

Ver. 23. *You ſhow us, Rome*] Thus our Author addreſſes the Earl of Burlington, who was then publiſhing the Deſigns of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio. "Never was protection and great wealth *," ſays an able judge of the ſubject, "more generouſly and judiciouſly diffuſed than by this great perſon, who had every quality of a genius and artiſt, except envy. Though his own deſigns were more chaſte and claſſic than Kent's, he entertained him in his houſe till his death, and was more ſtudious to extend his friend's fame than his own. As we have few ſamples of architecture more antique and impoſing than the colonnade within the court of his houſe in Piccadilly, I cannot help mentioning the effect it had on myſelf. I had not only never ſeen it, but had never heard of it, at leaſt with any attention, when, ſoon after my return from Italy, I was invited to a ball at Burlington-houſe. As I paſſed under the gate by night, it could not ſtrike me. At day-break, looking out of the window to ſee the ſun riſe, I was ſurpriſed with the viſion of the colonnade that fronted me. It ſeemed one of thoſe edifices in Fairy tales, that are raiſed by genii in a night's time." Pope having appeared an excellent moraliſt in the foregoing Epiſtles, in this appears to be as excellent a connoiſſeur, and has given not only ſome of our firſt, but our beſt rules and obſervations on architecture and gardening, but particularly on the latter of theſe uſeful and entertaining arts, on which he has dwelt more largely, and with rather more knowledge of the ſubject. The following is copied *verbatim* from a little paper which he gave to Mr. Spence: "Arts are taken from

* Mr. Walpole, p. 108. Anecdotes of Painting, vol. iv.

Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble rules,
Fill half the land with Imitating-Fools;
Who

NOTES.

nature; and, after a thouſand vain efforts for improvements, are beſt when they return to their firſt ſimplicity. A ſketch or analyſis of the firſt principles of each art, with their firſt conſequences, might be a thing of moſt excellent ſervice. Thus, for inſtance, all the rules of architecture might be reducible to three or four heads; the juſtneſs of the openings; bearings upon bearings; the regularity of the pillars, &c. That which is not juſt in buildings is diſagreeable to the eye, (as a greater upon a leſſer, &c.) and this may be called *the reaſoning of the eye*. In laying out a garden, the firſt and chief thing to be conſidered is the genius of the place. Thus at Riſkins, now called Piercy Lodge, Lord *** ſhould have raiſed two or three mounts, becauſe his ſituation is all a plain, and nothing can pleaſe without variety."

Mr. Walpole, in his elegant and entertaining Hiſtory of Modern Gardening, has clearly proved that Kent was the artiſt to whom the Engliſh nation was chiefly indebted for diffuſing a taſte in laying out grounds, of which the French and Italians have no idea. But he adds, much to the credit of our Author, that Pope undoubtedly contributed to form Kent's taſte. The deſign of the Prince of Wales's garden at Carlton Houſe was evidently borrowed from the Poet's at Twickenham. There was a little affected modeſty in the latter, when he ſaid, of all his Works he was moſt proud of his garden. And yet it was a ſingular effort of art and taſte to impreſs ſo much variety and ſcenery on a ſpot of five acres. The paſſing through the gloom from the grotto to the opening day, the retiring and again aſſembling ſhades, the duſky groves, the larger lawn, and the ſolemnity of the termination at the cypreſſes that lead up to his mother's tomb, are managed with exquiſite judgment; and though Lord Peterborough aſſiſted him

"To form his quincunx, and to rank his vines,"

thoſe were not the moſt pleaſing ingredients of his little perſpective. I do not know whether the diſpoſition of the garden at Rouſham, laid out by General Dormer, and, in my opinion, the moſt engaging of all Kent's works, was not planned on the model of Mr. Pope's, at leaſt in the opening and retiring "ſhades of Venus's Vale."

It

Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load

NOTES.

It ought to be obſerved, that many years before this Epiſtle was written, and before Kent was employed as an improver of grounds, even ſo early as the year 1713, Pope ſeems to have been the very firſt perſon that cenſured and ridiculed the formal French, Dutch, falſe and unnatural mode in gardening, by a paper in the Guardian, No. 173, levelled againſt capricious operations of art, and every ſpecies of verdant ſculpture and inverted nature; which paper abounds with wit as well as taſte, and ends with a ridiculous catalogue of various figures cut in evergreens. Neither do I think that theſe four lines in this Epiſtle,

Here Amphitrite ſails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs:
Unwater'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt on Nilus' duſty urn;

do at all excel the following paſſage in his Guardian:

"A citizen is no ſooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like thoſe of Guildhall. I know of an eminent cook who beautified his country-ſeat with a coronation dinner in greens, where you ſee the champion flouriſhing on horſeback at the end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other."

But it was the vigorous and creative imagination of Milton, ſuperior to the prejudices of his times, that exhibited in his Eden the firſt hints and outlines of what a beautiful garden ſhould be; for even his beloved Arioſto and Taſſo, in their luxuriant pictures of the gardens of Alcina and Armida, ſhewed they were not free from the unnatural and narrow taſte of their countrymen; and even his maſter, Spencer, has an artificial fountain in the midſt of his bowre of bliſs.

I cannot forbear taking occaſion to remark in this place, that in the ſacred drama, intitled L'Adamo, written and publiſhed at Milan, in the year 1617, by Gio Battiſta Andreini, a Florentine, which Milton certainly had read, (and of which Voltaire has given ſo falſe and ſo imperfect an account in his Eſſays on the Epic Poets,) the prints that are to repreſent Paradiſe are full of clipt hedges, ſquare parterres, ſtrait walks, trees uniformly lopt, regular knots and carpets of flowers, groves nodding at groves, marble

Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric ſtate,
Turn Arcs of Triumph to a Garden-gate; 30
Reverſe

NOTES.

fountains, and water-works. And yet theſe prints were deſigned by Carlo Antonio Proccachini, a celebrated landſcape painter of his time, and of the ſchool of the Carraches: many of thoſe works are ſtill admired at Milan. To every ſcene of this drama is prefixed a print of this artiſt's deſigning. The poem, though wild and incorrect, has many ſtrokes of genius. The author was an actor.

It hence appears, that this enchanting art of modern gardening, in which this kingdom claims a preference over every nation in Europe, chiefly owes its origin and its improvements to two great poets, Milton and Pope. May I be ſuffered to add, in behalf of a favourite author, and who would have been a firſt-rate poet, if his ſtyle had been equal to his conceptions, that the Seaſons of Thomſon have been very inſtrumental in diffuſing a general taſte for the beauties of nature and landſcape?

Ver. 28. *And of one beauty many blunders make;*] Becauſe the road to *Taſte*, like that to Truth, is but one; and thoſe to Error and Abſurdity a thouſand.

Ver. 29. *Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric ſtate,*] In which there is a complication of abſurdities, ariſing both from their different *natures* and *forms*: For the one being for *religious ſervice*, and the other only for *civil amuſement*, it is impoſſible that the profuſe and laſcivious ornaments of the latter ſhould become the modeſty and ſanctity of the other. Nor will any examples of this vanity of dreſs in the ſacred buildings of antiquity juſtify this imitation; for thoſe ornaments might be very ſuitable to a Temple of Bacchus, or Venus, which would ill become the ſobriety and purity of the Chriſtian Religion.

Beſides, it ſhould be conſidered, that the form of a Theatre would not permit the architectonic ornaments to be placed but on the outward face; whereas thoſe of a *Church* may be as commodiouſly, and are more properly put within; particularly in great and cloſe pent-up Cities, where the inceſſant driving of the ſmoke, in a little time, corrodes and deſtroys all outward ornaments of this kind; eſpecially if the members, as in the common taſte, be ſmall and little.

Our

Reverse your Ornaments; and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then

NOTES.

Our Gothic ancestors had juster and manlier notions of magnificence, on Greek and Roman ideas, than these Mimics of *Taste*, who profess to study only classic elegance. And because the thing does honour to the genius of those Barbarians, I shall endeavour to explain it. All our antient Churches are called, without distinction, *Gothic*; but erroneously. They are of two sorts; the one built in the *Saxon* times; the other in the *Norman*. Several *Cathedral* and *Collegiate* Churches of the first sort are yet remaining, either in whole or in part: of which, this was the Original: When the Saxon kings became Christian, their piety (which was the piety of the times) consisted in building Churches at home, and performing pilgrimages abroad, especially to the Holy Land: and these spiritual Exercises assisted and supported one another. For the most venerable as well as most elegant models of religious edifices were then in Palestine. From these, our Saxon Builders took the whole of their ideas, as may be seen by comparing the drawings which travellers have given us of the churches yet standing in that country, with the Saxon remains of what we find at home; and particularly in that sameness of style in the *later* religious edifices of the Knights Templars (professedly built upon the model of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem) with the earlier remains of our Saxon Edifices. Now the architecture of the Holy Land was Grecian, but greatly fallen from its antient elegance. Our Saxon performance was indeed a bad copy of it; and as much inferior to the works of St. Helene and Justinian, as theirs were to the Grecian models they had followed: Yet still the footsteps of antient art appeared in the circular arches, the entire columns, the division of the entablature, into a sort of Architrave, Frize, and Corniche, and a solidity equally diffused over the whole mass. This, by way of distinction, I would call the SAXON Architecture.

But our Norman works had a very different original. When the *Goths* had conquered Spain, and the genial warmth of the climate, and the religion of the old inhabitants, had ripened their wits, and inflamed their mistaken piety, (both kept in exercise by the neighbourhood of the Saracens, through emulation of their science and aversion to their superstition,) they struck out a new

Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a Front.
Shall

NOTES.

species of Architecture unknown to Greece and Rome; upon original principles and ideas much nobler than what had given birth even to classical magnificence: For this northern people having been accustomed, during the gloom of paganism, to worship the Deity in GROVES, (a practice common to all nations,) when their new religion required covered edifices, they ingeniously projected to make them resemble *Groves*, as nearly as the distance of Architecture would permit; at once indulging their old prejudices, and providing for their present conveniencies, by a cool receptacle in a sultry climate. And with what skill and success they executed the project by the assistance of Saracen Architects, whose exotic style of building very luckily suited their purpose, appears from hence, That no attentive observer ever viewed a regular Avenue of well-grown trees, intermixing their branches over head, but it presently put him in mind of the long Visto through a Gothic Cathedral; or ever entered one of the larger and more elegant Edifices of this kind, but it represented to his imagination an Avenue of trees. And this alone is what can be truly called the GOTHIC style of Building.

Under this idea, of so extraordinary a species of Architecture, all the irregular transgressions against art, all the monstrous offences against nature, disappear; every thing has its reason, every thing is in order, and an harmonious Whole arises from the studious application of means, proper and proportioned to the end. For could the *Arches* be otherwise than *pointed* when the Workman was to imitate that curve which branches of two opposite trees make by their intersection with one another? Or could the *Columns* be otherwise than split into distinct shafts, when they were to represent the Stems of a clump of Trees growing close together? On the same principles they formed the spreading ramification of the stone-work in the windows, and the stained glass in the interstices; the one to represent the branches, and the other the leaves, of an opening Grove; and both concurred to preserve that gloomy light which inspires religious reverence and dread. Lastly, we see the reason of their studied aversion to *apparent* solidity in these stupendous masses, deemed so absurd by men accustomed to the *apparent* as well as *real* strength of Grecian Architecture.
Had

Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conſcious

NOTES.

Had it been only a wanton exerciſe of the Artiſt's ſkill, to ſhew he could give real ſtrength without the appearance of any, we might indeed admire his ſuperior ſcience, but we muſt needs condemn his ill judgment. But when one conſiders, that this ſurpriſing lightneſs was neceſſary to complete the execution of his idea of a Sylvan place of worſhip, one cannot ſufficiently admire the ingenuity of the contrivance.

This too will account for the contrary qualities in what I call the *Saxon Architecture*. Theſe artiſts copied, as has been ſaid, from the churches in the Holy Land, which were built on the models of the Grecian Architecture; but corrupted by prevailing barbariſm; and ſtill further depraved by a religious idea. The firſt places of Chriſtian worſhip were Sepulchres and ſubterraneous caverns, low and heavy from neceſſity. When Chriſtianity became the Religion of the State, and ſumptuous Temples began to be erected, they yet, in regard to the firſt pious ages, preſerved the maſſive Style; made ſtill more venerable by the *Church of the Holy Sepulchre*; where this ſtyle was, on a double account, followed and aggravated.

Such as is here deſcribed was GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. And it would be no diſcredit to the warmeſt admirers of *Jones* and *Palladio* to acknowledge it hath its merit. They muſt at leaſt confeſs it had a nobler birth, though an humbler fortune, than the GREEK and ROMAN ARCHITECTURE.—The Reader may ſee Sir Chriſtopher Wren's account of this matter from ſome papers of his, publiſhed ſince the printing this, in a book called *Parentalia*, page 273—297—306-7-8—355, and then judge for himſelf. W. —See Wren's Parentalia, the Preface to Bentham's Hiſtory of Ely Cathedral, in which it is ſaid he was aſſiſted by Gray. A fuller hiſtory of Gothic and Saxon Architecture, on another idea, is expected from an able hand.

VER. 30. *Turn Arcs of Triumph to a Garden-gate;*] This abſurdity ſeems to have ariſen from an injudicious imitation of what theſe Builders might have heard of, at the entrance of the antient Gardens of Rome: But they do not conſider, that thoſe were

public-

Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than Expence,
And ſomething previous ev'n to Taſte—'tis Senſe:
Good Senſe, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And though no Science, fairly worth the ſeven:
A Light, which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To ſwell the Terras, or to ſink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;

Let

NOTES.

public Gardens, given to the people by ſome great man after a triumph; to which, therefore, *Arcs* of this kind were very ſuitable ornaments. W.

VER. 36. *Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;*] In the foregoing inſtances, the Poet expoſes the abſurd imitation of foreign and diſcordant *manners* in *public* buildings; here he turns to the ſtill greater abſurdity of taking their models from a diſcordant *climate*, in their *private*: which folly, he ſuppoſes, may be more eaſily redreſſed, as men will be ſooner brought to feel for themſelves than to ſee for the public. W.

VER. 46. *Le Nôtre*] The architect of the groves and grottos of Verſailles: He came hither on a miſſion to improve our taſte. He planted St. James's and Greenwich Parks: no great monuments of his invention." Walpole on Gardening, p. 278.

VER. 50. *In all, let Nature*] In Caſtell's Villas of the Antients, folio, London, 1728, may be ſeen how much the celebrated Tuſcan villa reſembled our gardens, as they were planned a few years ago. Pliny's villa was like his genius.

Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,
Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleaſingly confounds,
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

Conſult the Genius of the Place in all;
That tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall;

Or

NOTES.

Ver. 53. *Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,*] For when the ſame beauty obtrudes itſelf upon you over and over; when it meets you full at whatever place you ſtop, or to whatever point you turn, then Nature loſes her proper charms of a *modeſt fair*; and you begin to hate and nauſeate her as a proſtitute. W.

Ver. 54. *Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.*] If the Poet was right in comparing the true dreſs of *Nature* to that of a *modeſt fair*, it is a plain conſequence, that one half of the deſigner's art muſt be, *decently to hide*; as the other half is *gracefully to diſcover*. W.

Ver. 57. *Conſult the Genius of the Place, &c.* to *deſigns*, Ver. 64.] The perſonalizing, or rather *deifying*, the *Genius of the place*, in order to be conſulted as an *Oracle*, has produced one of the nobleſt and moſt ſublime deſcriptions of *Deſign* that Poetry could expreſs. Where this *Genius*, while preſiding over the work, is repreſented by little and little, as advancing from a ſimple *adviſer*, to a *creator* of all the beauties of improved Nature, in a variety of bold metaphors and alluſions, all riſing one above another, till they complete the unity of the general idea.

Firſt, the *Genius* of the place *tells the waters*, or only ſimply gives directions: Then he *helps th' ambitious hill*, or is a fellow-labourer: Then again he *ſcoops the circling Theatre*, or works alone, or in chief. Afterwards, riſing faſt in our idea of dignity, he *calls in the country*, alluding to the orders of princes in their progreſs, when accuſtomed to diſplay all their ſtate and magnificence: His character then grows ſacred, he *joins willing woods*, a metaphor taken from one of the offices of the prieſthood; till at length he becomes a Divinity, and creates and preſides over the whole:

"Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns."

Much

Or helps th' ambitious Hill the Heav'ns to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling theatres the Vale;
Calls in the Country, catches op'ning Glades,
Joins willing Woods, and varies Shades from Shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.
Still follow Senſe, of ev'ry art the ſoul,
Parts anſw'ring parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,
Spon-

NOTES.

Much in the ſame manner as the *plaſtic Nature* is ſuppoſed to do in the work of generation. W.——Not a ſingle remark will I make on this ſuppoſed ſtring of fanciful metaphors and alluſions here aſcribed to the Poet, but leave it to the deriſion and aſtoniſhment of the reader, or rather his regret and concern, at ſeeing ſo conſiderable a writer as this commentator trifle ſo egregiouſly, and endeavour to miſlead the reader, and expoſe the Poet; who would have been ridiculous enough if theſe extorted meanings could be juſtly imputed to him.

Ver. 58. *That tells the Waters*] Would it not give life and vigour to this noble *proſopopaia*, if we were to venture to alter only one word, and read, in the ſecond line,

He tells the Waters——

inſtead of

That tells?——

Our Author is never happier than in his alluſions to painting, an art he ſo much admired and underſtood: So below, at Ver. 81.

The wood *ſupports* the plain, the parts *unite*,
And *ſtrength* of *ſhade* contends with *ſtrength* of *light*.

Indeed, the two arts in queſtion differ only in the materials which they employ. And it is neither exaggeration or affectation to call Mr. Brown a great *painter*; for he has realized

Whate'er Lorrain light-touch'd with ſoftening hue,
Or ſavage Roſa, or learned Pouſſin drew.

Ver. 66. *Parts anſw'ring parts, ſhall ſlide into a whole,*] *i. e.* ſhall not be *forced*, but *go of themſelves*; as if both the parts and whole were not of *yours*, but of *Nature's* making. The metaphor

Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, ſtrike from Chance;
Nature ſhall join you; Time ſhall make it grow
A Work to wonder at—perhaps a STOW.
Without it, proud Verſailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's Terraces deſert their walls:
The vaſt Parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake:
Or

NOTES.

is taken from a piece of mechaniſm finiſhed by ſome great maſter, where all the parts are ſo previouſly fitted, as to be eaſily put together by any ordinary workman: and each part ſlides into its place, as it were through a groove ready made for that purpoſe. W.

VER. 69. *Nature ſhall join you;*] I recolleſt no antient that had ſo juſt a taſte as Atticus, who preferred Tully's houſe at Arpinum to all his other houſes; declaring a contempt of the laboured magnificence, marble pavements, artificial canals, and forced ſtreams of the villas of Italy, compared with the natural beauties of this place. De Legibus, lib. ii.

Every reader of taſte, we preſume, muſt be acquainted with the Engliſh garden of Mr. Maſon, and with the commentary and notes upon it by Mr. Burgh.

VER. 70. The ſeat and gardens of the Lord Viſcount Cobham in Buckinghamſhire. P.

VER. 71. *Proud Verſailles!*] Every inſtance of falſe taſte and falſe magnificence is to be found at Verſailles; a true picture of the ſpurious greatneſs of its vain, gaudy, unnatural, oſtentatious owner, Louis XIV.

VER. 72. This line is obſcure; it is difficult to know what is meant by the terraces *deſerting* their walls. In line 172, below, is another obſcurity, "his hard heart denies,"—it does not immediately occur *whoſe* heart. In line 71, "Without *it*," is obſcure. Without what? Good ſenſe, he means, which is too far diſjoined in the context.

VER. 74. *Lo!* COBHAM *comes, and floats them with a Lake:*] An high compliment to the noble perſon on whom it is beſtowed, as making him the *ſubſtitute of good Senſe*.—This office, in the original

Or cut wide views through Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an Hermitage ſet Dr. Clarke.

Behold

NOTES.

ginal plan of the Poem, was given to another Man of Taſte, Bridgman; who not having the Senſe to ſee that a compliment was intended him, it convinced the Poet that it did not belong to him. W.

"Magnificence and ſplendour are the characteriſtics of Stow; it is like one of thoſe places celebrated in antiquity, which were devoted to the purpoſes of religion, and filled with ſacred groves, hallowed fountains, and temples dedicated to ſeveral deities; the reſort of diſtant nations, and the object of veneration to half the heathen world: this *pomp* is at *Stow*, blended with *beauty*; and the place is equally diſtinguiſhed by its *amenity* and *grandeur*."

Obſervations on Modern Gardening, p. 213.

Among the many edifices with which theſe gardens are decorated, one of the moſt ſtriking is the Temple of the Britiſh Worthies, filled with the following Buſtoes, with inſcriptions containing their reſpective characters: Pope, Sir Thomas Greſham, Ignatius Jones, John Milton, William Shakeſpeare, John Locke, Sir Iſaac Newton, Sir Francis Bacon, King Alfred, Edward Prince of Wales, Queen Elizabeth, King William III. Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, John Hampden, Sir John Barnard. Of theſe characters and inſcriptions the two moſt remarkable are thoſe of Locke and Hampden, which are drawn with great energy, and a ſtrong ſpirit of liberty.

Ver. 75, 76. *Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain,*
You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.]

This was done in Hertfordſhire by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5000 l. by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north wind upon his houſe and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods. P.

Ver. 77. *Ev'n in an ornament*] Theſe lines are as ill-placed, and as injudicious, as the buſto they were deſigned to cenſure. Pope imbibed an averſion to this excellent man from Bolingbroke, who hated Clarke, not only becauſe he had written a book which this declamatory philoſopher could not confute, but becauſe he

was

Behold Villario's ten-years toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Eſpaliers meet;
The Wood ſupports the Plain, the parts unite,
And ſtrength of Shade contends with ſtrength of Light;
A waving Glow the bloomy beds diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day,
With ſilver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the ſcene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at laſt, he better likes a Field.

Through

NOTES.

was a favourite of Queen Caroline. In Pope's MSS. were two lines on Dr. *Alured Clarke*, Dean of *Exeter*, who muſt not be confounded with the *Rector* of *St. James's*:

"Let Clarke tire half his days the Poor's ſupport,
But let him paſs the other half at Court;"

for he was inſtrumental in building our two firſt county hoſpitals at Wincheſter and at Exeter.

Ver. 78. *Set Dr. Clarke.*] Dr. S. Clarke's buſto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the Doctor duly frequented the Court. P.—But he ſhould have added—with the innocence and diſintereſtedneſs of an hermit. W.

Ver. 82. *And ſtrength of Shade*] After celebrating Kent as very inſtrumental in promoting the new and juſt taſte in gardening, Mr. Walpole adds; "Juſt as the encomiums are that I have beſtowed on Kent, he was neither without aſſiſtance or faults. Whoever would ſearch for his faults will find an ample crop in a very favourite work of his, the Prints for Spenſer's Fairy Queen. As the drawings were exceedingly cried up by his admirers, the blame was unjuſtly thrown on the engraver. His celebrated monument of Shakeſpeare in the Abbey was prepoſterous.

Ver. 83. *A waving Glow*] Theſe three lines are full of gay and florid epithets, well adapted to the ſubject.

Ver. 88. *He better likes a Field.*] The late Earl of Leiceſter, being complimented upon the completion of his great deſign at Holkham,

Through his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
Or ſat delighted in the thick'ning ſhade,
With annual joy the red'ning ſhoots to greet,
Or ſee the ſtretching branches long to meet!
His Son's fine Taſte an op'ner Viſta loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;
One boundleſs Green, or flouriſh'd Carpet views,
With all the mournful family of Yews;
The thriving plants, ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe Alleys they were born to ſhade.
At Timon's Villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, "What ſums are thrown away!"
So

NOTES.

Holkham, replied, "It is a melancholy thing to ſtand alone in one's country. I look round; not a houſe is to be ſeen but mine. I am the giant of Giant-caſtle, and have ate up all my neighbours."

VER. 95. The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a *boundleſs Green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flouriſh'd Carpet*, where the greatneſs and nobleneſs of the piece is leſſened by being divided into too many parts, with ſcroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent. P.

VER. 95. *Carpet views,*] His fine *taſte, views*, is an inaccurate expreſſion, and hardly grammar; at leaſt, an harſh combination of words. Is a total baniſhment of evergreens right? Has not this faſhion of baniſhing them been carried too far?

VER. 96. *Mournful family of Yews;*] Touches upon the ill taſte of thoſe who are ſo fond of Evergreens (particularly Yews, which are the moſt tonſile) as to deſtroy the nobler Foreſt-trees to make way for ſuch little ornaments as Pyramids of dark green continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral proceſſion. P.

VER. 99. *At* Timon's *Villa*] This deſcription is intended to comprize the principles of a falſe Taſte of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was ſaid before, that nothing but Good Senſe can attain it. P.

So proud, ſo grand; of that ſtupendous air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatneſs, with Timon, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compaſs this, his building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but muſt laugh, the Maſter when he ſees,
A puny inſect, ſhiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground.

Two

NOTES.

VER. 103. *Greatneſs, with Timon,*] The firſt edition of this Epiſtle was in folio, 1731. A ſpurious one was publiſhed in octavo, 1732, with many ſevere remarks by Concanen and Welſted, as was ſuppoſed; to which was prefixed a print deſigned by Hogarth, in which Pope is repreſented ſtanding on a builder's high ſtage, and white-waſhing the great gate-way of Burlington-houſe, and at the ſame time beſpattering the coach of the Duke of Chandos paſſing by. Hogarth ſuppreſſed this print, which is now become very valuable. It is remarkable our Author never once names Hogarth, though he had ſo many opportunities of doing it.

VER. 104. *All Brobdignag*] It is worth mentioning, that two pieces of burleſque poetry, one on *Pygmies*, by Moreau the preceptor of Scarron, and the other by Scarron himſelf, on *Giants*, bear a cloſe reſemblance to the Lilliput and the Brobdignac of Swift.

VER. 109. *Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!*] *Grandeur* in building, as in the human frame, does not take its denomination from the body, but the ſoul of the work: when the ſoul therefore is loſt or incumbered in its envelope, the unanimated parts, how *huge* ſoever, are not members of grandeur, but mere *heaps of littleneſs*. W.

VER. 110. *A labour'd Quarry*] In his letters he applies this expreſſion to Blenheim; the maſſy magnificence of which Sir Joſhua Reynolds always defended againſt the common cant of its being *heavy*. By Brown's late improvements, Blenheim is become one of the fineſt examples of laying out grounds judiciouſly.

Two Cupids ſquirt before: a Lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry ſide you look, behold the Wall!
No pleaſing Intricacies intervene,
No artful wildneſs to perplex the ſcene;
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuff'ring eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a Summer-houſe, that knows no ſhade;
Here Amphitrite ſails through myrtle bow'rs;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Unwater'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt in Nilus' duſty Urn.
My Lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure, to be ſeen:
But ſoft—by regular approach—not yet—
Firſt thro' the length of yon hot Terrace ſweat;
And

NOTES.

Ver. 121. *With here a Fountain,*] It is amuſing to ſee how far our taſte in gardening has ſpread. The preſent Empreſs of Ruſſia writes thus to Voltaire, June 25, 1772: "J'aime à la folie préſentement les jardins à l'Anglaiſe, les lignes courbes, les pentes douces, les ètangs en forme de lacs, les archipels en terre ferme; et j'ai un profond mepris pour les lignes droits, les allées jumelles. Je hais les fontaines qui donnent la torture a l'eau pour lui faire prendre un cours contraire à ſa nature; les ſtatues ſont reléquées dans les galeries, les veſtibules, &c. En un mot, l'Anglomanie domine dans ma plantomanie."

Ver. 124. The two Statues of the *Gladiator pugnans*, and *Gladiator moriens*. P.

Ver. 124. *Die in flow'rs;*] This is more finical and puerile than his uſual manner.

And when up ten deep ſlopes you've drag'd your thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your eyes.
His Study! with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
Theſe Aldus printed, thoſe Du Suëil has bound!
Lo, ſome are Vellom, and the reſt as good
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe ſhelves admit not any modern book.
And now the Chapel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light

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VER. 130. The *Approaches* and *Communication* of houſe with garden, or one part with another, ill-judged, and inconvenient. P.

VER. 133. *His Study! &c.*] The falſe Taſte in books; a ſatire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of Fortune than the ſtudy to underſtand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; ſome have carried it ſo far, as to cauſe the upper ſhelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themſelves ſo much upon books in a language they do not underſtand, as to exclude the moſt uſeful in one they do. P.

VER. 138. *But they are Wood.*] There is a flatneſs and inſipidity in this couplet, much below the uſual manner of our Author. Young has been more ſprightly and poignant on the ſame ſubject.

UNIVERSAL PASSION, Sat. 3.

VER. 139. *Or Milton*] This is one of the few places in which our Author ſeems to ſpeak highly of Milton.

VER. 142. The falſe taſte in *Muſic*, improper to the ſubjects, as of light airs in churches, often practiſed by the organiſt, &c. P.

VER. 142. *That ſummons you to all the* Pride *of Pray'r:*] This abſurdity is very happily expreſſed; *Pride*, of all human follies,

Light quirks of Muſic, broken and uneven,
Make the ſoul dance upon a Jig to Heav'n.
On painted Cielings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
On

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being the firſt we ſhould leave behind us when we approach the ſacred altar.—But he who could take Meanneſs for Magnificence, might eaſily miſtake Humility for Meanneſs. W.

Ver. 145.—And in *Painting* (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in churches, &c. which has obliged ſome Popes to put draperies on ſome of thoſe of the beſt maſters. P.

Ver. 146. *Where* ſprawl *the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,*] This was not only ſaid to deride the indecency and aukward poſition of the figures, but to inſinuate the want of dignity in the ſubjects. Raphael's pagans, as the devils in Milton, act a nobler part than the *Gods* and *Saints* of ordinary poets and painters. The cartons at Hampton-Court are talked of by every body; they have been copied, engraved, and criticiſed; and yet ſo little ſtudied or conſidered, that in the nobleſt of them, of which likewiſe more has been ſaid than of all the reſt, we are as much ſtrangers to St. Paul's audience in the Areopagus, as to thoſe before whom he preached at Theſſalonica or Beroea.

The ſtory from whence the painter took his ſubject is this:—"St. Paul came to Athens,—was encountered by the Epicureans and Stoics,—taken up by them to the court of Areopagus,—before which he made his apology; and amongſt his converts at this time, were Dionyſius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris." On this ſimple plan he exerciſes his invention. Paul is placed on an eminence in the act of ſpeaking, the audience round him in a circle; and a ſtatue of Mars, in the front of his temple, denotes the Scene of Action.

The firſt figure has been taken notice of for the force of its expreſſion. We ſee all the marks of conviction and reſignation to the direction of the divine Meſſenger. But I do not know that it has been ſuſpected that a particular character was here repreſented. And yet the Platonic countenance, and the female attendant, ſhew plainly, that the painter deſigned Dionysius, whom Eccleſiaſtical ſtory makes of this ſect; and to whom ſacred

hiſtory

On gilded clouds in fair expanſion lie,
And bring all Paradiſe before your eye.

To

NOTES.

hiſtory has given this companion. For the woman is DAMARIS, mentioned with him, in the *Acts*, as a joint convert. Either the Artiſt miſtook his text, and ſuppoſed her to be converted with him at this audience; or, what is more likely, he purpoſely committed the indecorum of bringing a woman into the Areopagus, the better to mark out his *Dionyſius*; a character of great fame in the Romiſh Church, from a myſtic voluminous impoſtor, who has aſſumed his titles. Next to this PLATONIST of open mien, is a figure deeply collected within himſelf, immerſed in thought, and ruminating on what he hears. Conformable to his ſtate, his arms are buried in his garment, and his chin repoſing on his boſom; in a word, all his lineaments denote the STOIC; he ſays as plainly, *Ne te quæſiveris extra*, as if the Painter had drawn this Symbol of his Sect out of his mouth on a label. Adjoining to him is an old man, with a ſqualid beard and habit, leaning on his crouch, and turning his eyes upwards on the Apoſtle; but with a countenance ſo ſour and canine, that one cannot heſitate a moment in pronouncing him a CYNIC. The next who follows, by his elegance of dreſs, and placid air of raillery and neglect, proclaims himſelf an EPICUREAN: As the other which ſtands cloſe by him, with his finger on his lips, denoting *ſilence*, plainly marks out a follower of PYTHAGORAS. After theſe come a groupe of figures, cavilling in all the rage of diſputation, as criticiſing the divine Speaker. Theſe plainly deſign the ACADEMICS, the genius of whoſe ſchool was to debate *de quolibet ente*, and never come to a concluſion. Without the Circle, and behind the principal figures, are a number of young faces, to repreſent the ſcholars and diſciples of the ſeveral ſects. Theſe are all fronting the Apoſtle. Behind him are two other figures: one regarding the Apoſtle's action, with his face turned upwards: in which the paſſions of malicious zeal and diſappointed rage are ſo ſtrongly marked, that we needed not the *red bonnet*, to ſee he was a Jewiſh Rabbi. The other is a pagan prieſt, full of anxiety for the danger of the eſtabliſhed Worſhip.

Thus has this great Maſter, in order to heighten the dignity of his ſubject, brought in the heads of every ſect of philoſophy and

To reſt, the Cuſhion and ſoft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footſteps ſcrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face.

Is

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religion which were moſt averſe to the principles, and moſt oppoſite to the ſucceſs of the Goſpel; ſo that one may truly eſteem this carton as the greateſt effort of his divine genius. W.

I have the authority of two ſuch eminent artiſts as Sir Joſhua Reynolds and Nathaniel Dance Eſq. to ſay, that this whole criticiſm, on the cartons of Raphael, is ill-grounded, and fanciful to the laſt degree.

Ver. 146. *Where* ſprawl] This ſingle verb has marked with felicity and force the diſtorted attitudes, the indecent ſubjects, the want of nature and grace ſo viſible in the pieces of theſe two artiſts, employed to adorn our royal palaces and chapels. "I cannot help thinking," ſays Pope to Mr. Allen, in Letter lxxxix. vol. ix. "and I know you will join with me, who have been making an altar-piece, that the zeal of the firſt reformers was ill-placed, in removing pictures (that is to ſay, examples) out of churches; and yet ſuffering epitaphs (that is to ſay, flatteries and falſe hiſtory) to be a burthen to church-walls, and the ſhame as well as deriſion of all honeſt men." This is a ſentiment, it may be ſaid, of a papiſtical poet; and yet it appears to be founded on good ſenſe, and religion well underſtood. Notwithſtanding the many juſt and well-founded arguments againſt popery, yet I hope we may ſtill, one day, ſee our places of worſhip beautified with proper ornaments, and the generoſity and talents of our living artiſts perpetuated on the naked walls of St. Paul's.

Ver. 146. *Verrio or Laguerre,*] Verrio (Antonio) painted many cielings, &c. at Windſor, Hampton-Court, &c. and Laguerre at Blenheim-caſtle, and other places. P.

Ver. 150. *Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.*] This is a fact; a reverend Dean, preaching at Court, threatened the ſinner with puniſhment in "a place which he thought it not decent to name in ſo polite an aſſembly." P.

Is this a dinner? this a Genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
A ſolemn Sacrifice, perform'd in ſtate,
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying courſe, you'd ſwear
Sancho's dread Doctor, and his Wand were there.
Between each Act the trembling ſalvers ring,
From ſoup to ſweet-wine, and God bleſs the King.
In plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſtate,
And complaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
I curſe ſuch laviſh coſt, and little ſkill,
And ſwear no Day was ever paſt ſo ill.
Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his Infants bread
The

NOTES.

VER. 153. Taxes the incongruity of *Ornaments*, (though ſometimes practiſed by the ancients) where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the ſhocking images of ſerpents, &c. are introduced into Grottos or Buffets. P.

VER. 155. *Is this a dinner, &c.*] The proud Feſtivals of ſome men are here ſet forth to ridicule, where pride deſtroys the eaſe, and formal regularity all the pleaſurable enjoyment of the entertainment. P.

VER. 156. *A Hecatomb.*] Alluding to the *hundred footſteps* before. W.——This obſervation is very ridiculouſly ſtrained.

VER. 160. Sancho's *dread Doctor,*] See Don Quixote, chap. xlvii. P.

VER. 169. *Yet hence the Poor, &c.*] This is the *Moral* of the whole; where PROVIDENCE is juſtified in giving Riches to thoſe who ſquander them in this manner. A bad Taſte employs more hands, and diffuſes wealth more uſefully than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Ep. ii. Ver. 230—7, and in the Epiſtle preceding this, Ver. 161, &c. P.

The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,
His charitable Vanity ſupplies.
Another Age ſhall ſee the golden Ear
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
Deep Harveſts bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.
Who then ſhall grace, or who improve the Soil?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.
'Tis Uſe alone that ſanctifies Expence,
And Splendor borrows all her rays from Senſe.
His

NOTES.

This reflection is very different from the flagitious principle of Mandevill, that private vices are public benefits. Of whom, ſays Hume very ſhrewdly, "Is it not very inconſiſtent for an author to aſſert in one page, that moral diſtinctions are inventions of politicians for public intereſt; and in the next page maintain, that vice is advantageous to the public?"

VER. 173. *Another Age, &c.*] Had the Poet lived but three years longer, he had ſeen his general prophecy againſt all ill-judged magnificence fulfilled in a very particular inſtance. W.

In the edition of 1751, this note ran thus: "Had the Poet lived three years longer he had ſeen this prophecy fulfilled:" which ſo plainly pointed at what had happened at Canons, that it was altered as it here ſtands.

VER. 176. *And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.*] The great beauty of this line is an inſtance of the art peculiar to our Poet; by which he has ſo diſpoſed a trite claſſical figure, as not only to make it do its vulgar office, of repreſenting a very *plentiful harveſt*, but alſo to aſſume the perſonage of *Nature*, re-eſtabliſhing herſelf in her rights, and mocking the vain efforts of magnificence, which would keep her out of them. W.

VER. 179, 180. *'Tis Uſe alone that* ſanctifies *Expence,*
And Splendor borrows all her rays from Senſe.]
Here the Poet, to make the *examples* of good Taſte the better underſtood,

His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he encreaſe:
Whoſe chearful Tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the ſoil;
Whoſe ample Lawns are not aſham'd to feed
The milky heifer, and deſerving ſteed;
Whoſe riſing Foreſts, not for pride or ſhow,
But future Buildings, future Navies, grow:
Let his plantations ſtretch from down to down,
Firſt ſhade a Country, and then raiſe a Town.

You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;

Jones

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derſtood, introduces them with a ſummary of his *Precepts*, in theſe two ſublime lines; for, the conſulting *Uſe* is *beginning with Senſe*, and the making *Splendor* or *Taſte borrow all its rays* from thence, is *going on with Senſe*, after ſhe has led us up to *Taſte*. The art of this diſpoſition of the thought can never be ſufficiently admired. But the Expreſſion is equal to the Thought. This *ſanctifying* of expence gives us the idea of ſomething conſecrated and ſet apart for ſacred uſes; and indeed it is the idea under which it may be properly conſidered: for wealth employed according to the intention of Providence is its true conſecration; and the real uſes of humanity were certainly *firſt* in its intention. W.

Lord Cheſterfield wrote the following lines, intending to ſhew that Lord Burlington did not always attend to this rule of our Poet:

Poſſeſt of one great hall for ſtate,
Without one room to ſleep or eat,
How well you build, let flattery tell,
And all mankind, how ill you dwell.

VER. 182. *If he encreaſe:*] Badly expreſſed.

VER. 185. *Not aſham'd to feed*] Cattle, and not deer.

VER. 191. *You too proceed!*] This is not fulſome adulation, but only ſuch honeſt praiſe as the noble Lord, whom he addreſſed,

Jones and Palladio to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till Kings call forth th' Ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd)
Bid Harbours open, public Ways extend,
Bid Temples, worthier of the God, aſcend;

Bid

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ſtrictly deſerved; who inherited all that love of ſcience and uſeful knowledge for which his family has been ſo famous. The name of Boyle is indeed auſpicious to literature. That ſublime genius and good man, Biſhop Berkley, owed his preferment chiefly to this accompliſhed peer: For it was he that recommended him to the Duke of Grafton, in the year 1721, who took him over with him to Ireland when he was Lord Lieutenant, and promoted him to the deanery of Derry in the year 1724. Berkley gained the patronage and friendſhip of Lord Burlington, not only by his true politeneſs, and the peculiar charms of his converſation, which was exquiſite, but by his profound and perfect ſkill in architecture; an art which he had very particularly and accurately ſtudied in Italy, when he went and continued abroad four years with Mr. Aſhe, ſon of the Biſhop of Clogher. With an inſatiable and philoſophic attention, Berkley ſurveyed and examined every object of curioſity. He not only made the uſual tour, but went over Apulia and Calabria, and even travelled on foot through Sicily, and drew up an account of that very claſſical ground; which was loſt in a voyage to Naples, and cannot be ſufficiently regretted. His generous project for erecting an univerſity at Bermudas, the effort of a mind truly active, benevolent, and patriotic, is ſufficiently known.

Ver. 193. *Jones*] See an accurate and judicious account of his Works in Walpole's Anecdotes, vol. ii. from page 261 to page 280. full of curious particulars. Dr. Clarke, of All Souls College, Oxford, had Jones's Palladio, with his own notes and obſervations in Italian, which the Doctor bequeathed to Worceſter College.

Ver. 195, 197, &c. *Till Kings—Bid Harbours open, &c.*] The Poet, after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnifi-

cence

Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring Main;

Back

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cence and Expence, in the private works of great men, comes to those great and public works which become a prince. This Poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land, (which is satirically alluded to in our Author's imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 2.

"Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall)."

Others were vilely executed, through fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. Dagenham-breach had done very great mischiefs; many of the Highways throughout England were hardly passable; and most of those which were repaired by Turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamously executed, even to the entrance of London itself. The proposal of building a Bridge at Westminster had been petitioned against and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an Act for building a Bridge passed through both Houses. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above mentioned, who would have made it a *wooden one*; to which our Author alludes in these lines,

"Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile."

See the notes on that place. P.

VER. 197. *Bid Harbours open,*] No country has been enriched and adorned, within a period of thirty or forty years, with so many works of public spirit, as Great Britain has been; witness our many extensive roads, our inland navigations, (some of which excel the boasted canal of Languedoc,) the lighting, and the paving, and beautifying our cities, and our various and magnificent edifices. A general good taste has been diffused in gardening, planting, and building. The ruins of Palmyra, the antiquities of Athens and Spalatro, and the Ionian antiquities, by Wood, Stuart, Adam, and Chandler, are such magnificent monuments of learned curiosity as no country in Europe can equal. Let it be remembered, that these fine lines of Pope were written when we had no Wyatt or Brown, Brindley or Reynolds; no Westminster Bridge,

Back to his bounds their ſubject Sea command,
And roll obedient Rivers through the Land:
Theſe Honours, Peace to happy BRITAIN brings,
Theſe are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

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Bridge, no Pantheon, no Royal Academy, no king that is at once a judge and a patron of all thoſe fine arts, which ought to be employed in raiſing and beautifying a palace equal to his dignity and his taſte.

On the whole, this Epiſtle contains rather ſtrictures on the falſe taſte, than illuſtrations of the true; which circumſtance gave room to Mr. Maſon to treat the ſubject in a more open and ornamental manner, and with more pictureſque and poetical imagery in his Engliſh Garden.

VER. 203. *Theſe Honours, Peace*] One of the chief ſources of the great riches of this country was the long Peace which was enjoyed during the miniſtry of Sir Robert Walpole; who, however he may have been cenſured, deſerved high praiſe on this account.

EPISTLE V.

TO MR. ADDISON.

Occaſioned by his Dialogues on MEDALS.

SEE the wild Waſte of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own ſad Sepulchre appears!
With nodding arches, broken temples ſpread!
The very Tombs now vaniſh'd like their dead!

Imperial

NOTES.

THIS was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addiſon intended to publiſh his book of Medals; it was ſome time before he was Secretary of State; but not publiſhed till Mr. Tickel's Edition of his works: at which time the verſes on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720. P.

VER. 1. *See the wild Waſte*] This treatiſe on Medals was written by Addiſon in that pleaſing form of compoſition, ſo unſucceſsfully attempted by many modern authors, Dialogues. In no one ſpecies of writing have the antients ſo indiſputable a ſuperiority over us. The dialogues of Plato and Cicero, eſpecially the former, are perfect dramas; where the characters are ſupported with conſiſtency and nature, and the reaſoning ſuited to the characters.

"There are in Engliſh three dialogues, and but three," ſays a learned and ingenious author, who has himſelf practiſed this agreeable way of writing, "that deſerve commendation, namely, the Moraliſts in Lord Shafteſbury, Mr. Addiſon's Treatiſe on Medals, and the Minute Philoſophy of Biſhop Berkley." Alciphron did, indeed, well deſerve to be mentioned on this occaſion; notwithſtanding it has been treated with contempt by writers much inferior to Berkley in learning, genius, and taſte. Omitting thoſe paſſages in the fourth dialogue, where he has introduced

Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:

Huge

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duced his fanciful and whimſical opinions about *viſion*, an attentive reader will find that there is ſcarce a ſingle argument that can be urged in defence of Revelation, but what is here placed in the cleareſt light, and in the moſt beautiful diction: In this work there is a happy union of reaſoning and imagination. The two different characters of the two different ſorts of free-thinkers, the ſenſual and the refined, are ſtrongly contraſted with each other, and with the plainneſs and ſimplicity of Euphranor.

Theſe dialogues of Addiſon are written with that ſweetneſs and purity of ſtyle which conſtitute him one of the firſt of our proſe-writers. The Pleaſures of Imagination, the Eſſay on the Georgics, and his laſt papers in the Spectator and Guardian, are models of language. And ſome late writers, who ſeem to have miſtaken ſtiffneſs for ſtrength, and are grown popular by a pompous rotundity of phraſe, make one wiſh that the riſing generation may abandon this unnatural, falſe, inflated, and florid ſtyle, and form themſelves on the chaſter model of Addiſon. The chief imperfection of his Treatiſe on Medals, is, the perſons introduced as ſpeakers, in direct contradiction to the practice of the antients, are *fictitious* not *real*; for Cynthio *, Philander, Palæmon, Eugenio, and Theocles, cannot equally excite and engage the attention of the reader, with Socrates and Alcibiades, Atticus and Brutus, Cowley and Spratt, Maynard and Somers. It is ſomewhat ſingular, that ſo many of the modern dialogue-writers ſhould have failed in this particular, when ſo many of the moſt celebrated wits of modern Italy had given them eminent examples of the contrary proceeding, and cloſely following the ſteps of the antients, conſtantly introduced living and real perſons in their numerous compoſitions of this ſort; in which they were ſo fond of delivering their ſentiments, both on moral and critical ſubjects; witneſs the Il Cortegiano of B. Caſtiglione, the Aſolani of P. Bembo, Dialoghi

* How ill the forms, and ceremonies, and compliments of modern good-breeding would bear to be exactly repreſented; ſee Characteriſtics, vol. i. p. 209.

del

Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her Floods:
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride ſurvey,
Statues of Men, ſcarce leſs alive than they!
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mould'ring age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religious rage.
Barbarian blindneſs, Chriſtian zeal conſpire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a name;
That Name the Learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.

Ambition

NOTES.

del S. Sperone, and the great Galileo, the Naugerius of Fracaſtorius, and Lil. Gyraldus de Poetis, and many others. In all which pieces the famous and living geniuſes of Italy are introduced diſcuſſing the ſeveral different topics before them.

VER. 2. *Her own ſad Sepulchre*] St. Jerome ſays, "Roma quondam orbis caput, poſtea populi Romani ſepulchrum."

VER. 6. *Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:*] Palladio, ſpeaking of the Baths of Diocleſian, ſays, "Nell' edificatione delle quali, Diocleſiano tenne molti enni 140 mila Chriſtiani a edificarle." W.

VER. 6. *Groaning Martyr*] Dodwell, in his Diſſertationes Cyprianicæ, has undertaken to prove that the number of Martyrs was far leſs than hath been uſually imagined. His opinion is combated by Moſheim in the 5th chapter of his excellent Hiſtory of the Church.

VER. 7. *Huge Theatres,*] Is this equal or ſuperior to what Addiſon ſays on the ſame ſubject?

"That on its public ſhews unpeopled Rome,
And held *uncrowded* nations in its womb."

VER. 18. *And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.*] A fine inſinuation of the want both of taſte and learning in Antiquaries; whoſe ignorance

Ambition ſigh'd: She found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs Column, and the crumbling Buſt:
Huge moles, whoſe ſhadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Their ruins periſh'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her Triumphs ſhrink into a Coin.
A narrow ORB each crowded conqueſt keeps,
Beneath her Palm here ſad Judea weeps.
Now ſcantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine;
A ſmall Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With

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ignorance of characters miſleads them (ſupported only by a name) againſt reaſon and hiſtory.

Ver. 19. *Ambition ſigh'd:*] Such ſhort *perſonifications* have a great effect. "*Silence* was pleas'd," ſays Milton; which perſonification is taken, though it happens not to have been obſerved by any of his commentators, from the Hero and Leander of Muſæus, v. 280.

Ver. 25. *A narrow* ORB *each crowded* Conqueſt *keeps,*] A ridicule on the pompous title of *Orbis Romanus*, which the Romans gave to their Empire. W.——No ridicule was nor could be here intended.

Ver. 27. *The proud Arch*] *i. e.* The triumphal Arch, which was generally an enormous maſs of building.

Ver. 29. *A ſmall Euphrates*] The two firſt-mentioned rivers, the Nile and Rhine, having been perſonified, the Euphrates ſhould not have been ſpoken of as a mere river. The circumſtance in line 30. is very puerile and little.

With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore.
This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Peſcennius one employs his Schemes,
One graſps a Cecrops in ecſtatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his Shield was ſcour'd:
And Curio, reſtleſs by the Fair One's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs

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VER. 35. *With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,*] *Microſcopic glaſſes*, invented by Philoſophers to diſcover the beauties in the minuter works of Nature, ridiculouſly applied by Antiquaries to detect the cheats of counterfeit medals. W.

VER. 37. *This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,*] *i. e.* This a collector of ſilver; that, of braſs coins. W.

VER. 39. *To gain Peſcennius*] The lively and ingenious Young ſays, in his 4th Satire,

"How his eyes languiſh! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which Joſeph never wore!
He ſhews, on holidays, a ſacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Beſs's chin."

How much wit has been waſted and miſplaced in endeavouring to ridicule antiquarians, whoſe ſtudies are not only pleaſing to the imagination, but attended with many advantages to ſociety, eſpecially ſince they have been improved, as they lately have been, with ſingular taſte and propriety, in elucidating what, after all, is the moſt intereſting and important part of *all* hiſtory—the *hiſtory* of *manners!*

VER. 41. *Poor Vadius,*] See his hiſtory, and that of his Shield, in the *Memoirs of Scribleruſ.* W.

VER. 43. *And Curio, reſtleſs, &c.*] The Hiſtorian Dio has given us a very extraordinary inſtance of this Virtuoſo-taſte. He

Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories ſhine;
Her Gods, and godlike Heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.

Nor

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tells us, that one Vibius Rufus, who, in the reign of Tiberius, was the fourth huſband to Cicero's widow, Terentia, then upwards of an hundred years old, uſed to value himſelf on his being poſſeſſed of the two nobleſt pieces of Antiquity in the world, Tully's Widow and Cæsar's Chair, that Chair in which he was aſſaſſinated in full Senate. W.

Ver. 44. *Sighs for an Otho,*] Charles Patin was baniſhed from the Court becauſe he ſold Louis XIV. an Otho that was not genuine. Patin's Treatiſe on Medals is a good one. Ficorini, the celebrated virtuoſo at Florence, ſaid to Mr. Spence, "Addiſon did not go any great depth in the ſtudy of medals; all the knowledge he had of that kind, I believe, he received of me; and I did not give him above twenty leſſons on that ſubject."

Ver. 48. *Her faded*] In Winkelman's Hiſtory of Art among the Ancients, is to be found perhaps the beſt account of the gradual decay of painting, architecture, and medals, that can be read; abounding with many inſtances of the fate that has befallen many exquiſite pieces of art. Among the reſt he ſays, that when the Auſtrians took Madrid, Lord Galloway ſearched for a very celebrated Buſto of Caligula, that he knew Cardinal G. Colonna had conveyed to Spain; which fine Buſto he at laſt found in the Eſcurial, where it ſerved for a weight of the church-clock. What Winkelman ſays of the Laocoon, vol. ii. ſect. 3. is a capital piece of criticiſm and juſt taſte; which he finiſhes by mentioning a matchleſs abſurdity, worthy of the country where it is to be found, that in the Caſtle of St. Ildephonſo in Spain, there is a Relief of this group of Laocoon and his ſons, with a figure of Cupid fluttering over their heads, as if flying to their aſſiſtance. As to the revival of arts in Italy, we have lately been gratified with a curious account of this important event, in the elegant Hiſtory of the Life of Lorenzo de Medici, their chief reſtorer and protector. See particularly, chapter ix. p. 196.

Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage;
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.

Oh when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the Patriot's honeſt face;
There Warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs:
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair ſeries laurel'd Bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon.

Then

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Ver. 49. *Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;*] A ſenſeleſs affectation, which ſome Authors of eminence have betrayed; who, when fortune or their talents have raiſed them to a condition to do without thoſe arts, for which only they gained our eſteem, have pretended to think letters below their character. This falſe ſhame M. Voltaire has very well, and with proper indignation, expoſed in his account of Mr. Congreve: "He had one defect, which was, his entertaining too mean an idea of his firſt profeſſion, (that of a Writer,) though it was to this he owed his fame and fortune. He ſpoke of his works as of trifles that were beneath him; and hinted to me, in our firſt converſation, that I ſhould viſit him upon no other foot than that of a gentleman, who led a life of plainneſs and ſimplicity. I anſwered, that had he been ſo unfortunate as to be a mere gentleman, I ſhould never have come to ſee him; and I was very much diſguſted at ſo unſeaſonable a piece of vanity." *Letters concerning the Engliſh Nation*, xix. W.

Ver. 53. *Oh when ſhall Britain, &c.*] A compliment to one of Mr. Addiſon's papers in the Spectator, on this ſubject. W.

Ver. 62. *A Virgil there,*] Copied evidently from Tickell to Addiſon on his Roſamond;

"Which gain'd a Virgil and an Addiſon."

Then ſhall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore, another Pollio, ſhine;
With aſpect open, ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,
" Stateſman, yet friend to Truth! of ſoul ſincere,
" In action faithful, and in honour clear;
" Who

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This elegant copy of Verſes was ſo acceptable to Addiſon, that it was the foundation of a laſting friendſhip betwixt them. Tickell deſerves a higher place among poets than is uſually allotted to him.

VER. 67. *Stateſman, yet friend to Truth, &c.*] It ſhould be remembered, that this poem was compoſed to be printed before Mr. Addiſon's *Diſcourſe on Medals*, in which there is the following cenſure of *long legends* upon coins: " The firſt fault I find with a modern legend is its diffuſiveneſs. You have ſometimes the whole ſide of a medal over-run with it. One would fancy the Author had a deſign of being Ciceronian—but it is not only the tedioufneſs of theſe inſcriptions that I find fault with; ſuppoſing them of a moderate length, why muſt they be in verſe? We ſhould be ſurpriſed to ſee the title of a ſerious book in rhyme." *Dial.* iii. W.

VER. 67. *Stateſman,*] Theſe nervous and finiſhed lines were afterwards inſcribed as an epitaph on this worthy man's monument in Weſtminſter Abbey, with the alteration of two words in the laſt verſe; which there ſtands thus:

" Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muſe he lov'd."

It was Craggs, who raiſed himſelf by his abilities, his father being a barber, that, in the moſt friendly and alluring manner, offered our Author a penſion of three hundred pounds per annum; which if he had accepted we ſhould have been deprived of his beſt ſatires. Poets have a high ſpirit of liberty and independence. They neither ſeek or expect rewards.

Mecænaſes do *not* create geniuſes. Neither Spenſer, nor Milton, nor Dante, nor Taſſo, nor Corneille, were patronized by the governments under which they lived. And Horace, and Virgil,

" Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
" Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;
" Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
" And prais'd unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd."

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and Boileau were formed before they had an opportunity of flattering Auguſtus and Lewis XIV.

Though Pope enliſted under the banner of Bolingbroke, in what was called the country party, and in violent oppoſition to the meaſures of Walpole, yet his clear and good ſenſe enabled him to ſee the follies and virulence of all parties; and it was his favourite maxim, that, however factious men thought proper to diſtinguiſh themſelves by names, yet when they got into power, they all acted much in the ſame manner; ſaying,

" I know how like Whig miniſters to Tory."

And among his manuſcripts were four very ſenſible, though not very poetical lines, which contain the moſt ſolid apology that can be made for a miniſter of this country:

" Our miniſters like gladiators live:
'Tis half their buſineſs blows to ward, or give:
The good their virtue would effect, or ſenſe,
Dies between exigents and ſelf-defence."

Yet he appears ſometimes to have forgotten this candid reflection.

VER. ult. *And prais'd unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.*] It was not likely that men acting in ſo different ſpheres, as were thoſe of Mr. Craggs and Mr. Pope, ſhould have their friendſhip diſturb'd by envy. We muſt ſuppoſe then that ſome circumſtances in the friendſhip of Mr. Pope and Mr. Addiſon are hinted at in this place. W.

"Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
"Fumbled by himself, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd."

NOTES.

and Boileau were formed before they had an opportunity of flattering Augustus and Lewis XIV.

Though Pope enlisted under the [illegible] what was called the country [illegible] the measures of Walpole, yet [illegible] him to see the follies and virulence of all [illegible] favourite maxim, that, however factions [illegible] distinguish themselves by names, yet [illegible] they all acted much in the same manner; [illegible]

"I know how like Whig ministers to [illegible]

And among his manuscripts were four very [illegible] very pretical lines, which contain the most [illegible] he made for a minister of this country:

"Our ministers like gladiators live:
'Tis half their business blows to ward, or [illegible]
The good their virtue would effect, or [illegible]
Dies between exigents and felt-defence."

Yet he appears sometimes to have forgotten this [illegible] tion.

VER. ult. *And prais'd unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd.*] It was not likely that men acting in so different spheres, as were those of Mr. Craggs and Mr. Pope, should have their friendship disturb'd by envy. We must suppose then that some circumstances in the friendship of Mr. Pope and Mr. Addison are hinted at in this place. W.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX

AN

ESSAY ON SATIRE,

OCCASIONED BY

THE DEATH OF Mr POPE.

Inſcribed to Mr. WARBURTON.

By J. BROWN, A. M.

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PART I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow ſped;
And POPE lies number'd with the mighty Dead!
Reſign'd he fell; ſuperior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in YOURS and BRITAIN's Heart:
You mourn: but BRITAIN, lull'd in reſt profound,
(Unconſcious BRITAIN!) ſlumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting dullneſs ey'd the ſetting Light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the Night:
Rous'd at the ſignal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the Triumphs of her growing Reign:
With inextinguiſhable rage they burn;
And ſnake-hung ENVY hiſſes o'er his Urn:
Th' envenom'd Monſters ſpit their deadly foam,
To blaſt the Laurel that ſurrounds his Tomb.
But YOU, O WARBURTON! whoſe eye refin'd
Can ſee the greatneſs of an honeſt mind;
Can ſee each Virtue and each Grace unite,
And taſte the Raptures of a *pure* Delight;
YOU viſit oft his awful Page with Care,
And view that bright Aſſemblage treaſur'd there;
You trace the Chain that links his deep deſign,
And pour new Luſtre on the glowing Line.

Yet

Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muſe,
Whoſe eye, not wing, his ardent flight purſues:
Intent from this great Archetype to draw
SATIRE's bright Form, and fix her equal law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And rev'rence HIS and SATIRE's gen'rous End.
In ev'ry breaſt there burns an active flame,
The love of Glory, or the dread of Shame:
The Paſſion ONE, tho' various it appear,
As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
The liſping Infant, and the hoary Sire,
And Youth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
The Charms of Praiſe the Coy, the Modeſt woo,
And only fly, that Glory may purſue:
She, Pow'r reſiſtleſs, rules the wiſe and great;
Bends ev'n reluctant Hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud City, and the lowly Shade,
And ſways alike the Sceptre and the Spade.
Thus Heav'n in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame:
But Man, vain Man, in folly only wiſe,
Rejects the Manna ſent him from the Skies:
With rapture hears corrupted Paſſion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the ſtall.
As each deceitful ſhadow tempts his view,
He for the *imag'd* Subſtance quits the *true;*
Eager to catch the viſionary Prize,
In queſt of Glory, plunges deep in Vice;

Till

Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry Praiſe he pants to gain.
Thus ſtill imperious NATURE plies her part;
And ſtill her Dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each Pow'r that ſov'reign Nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er deſtroy:
Like mighty rivers, with reſiſtleſs force
The Paſſions rage, obſtructed in their courſe;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown thoſe Virtues which they fed before.
And ſure, the deadlieſt Foe to Virtue's flame,
Our worſt of Evils, is *perverted ſhame.*
Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled Slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by faſhionable fear oppreſs'd,
We ſeek our Virtues in each other's breaſt;
Blind to ourſelves, adopt each foreign Vice,
Another's weakneſs, int'reſt, or caprice.
Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
That pines in ſplendid wretchedneſs of ſtate,
Tir'd in the treach'rous Chace, would nobly yield,
And, but for ſhame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
The demon *Shame* paints ſtrong the ridicule,
And whiſpers cloſe, "The World will call you Fool."
Behold yon Wretch, by impious faſhion driv'n,
Believes and trembles while he ſcoffs at Heav'n.
By weakneſs ſtrong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the ſneer by ſhallow coxcombs thrown;

Dauntleſs

Dauntleſs purſues the path *Spinoza* trod;
To Man a *Coward*, and a *Brave* to God.
Faith, Juſtice, Heav'n itſelf now quit their hold,
When to falſe Fame the captiv'd heart is ſold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentleſs *Cato* dy'd;
Nought could ſubdue his Virtue, but his Pride.
Hence chaſte *Lucretia*'s Innocence betray'd
Fell by that Honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue ſinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When Paſſions, born her friends, revolt her foes.
Hence SATIRE's pow'r: 'tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild diſorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wiſe:
In the dark boſom wakes the fair deſire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppreſſion of her gay diſguiſe,
And bids the Hag in native horror riſe;
Strikes tow'ring Pride, and lawleſs Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.
Nor boaſts the Muſe a vain imagin'd pow'r,
Tho' oft ſhe mourn thoſe ills ſhe cannot cure.

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VER. 80. *To Man a Coward, &c.*]

" Vois tu ce Libertin en public intrepide,
" Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans ſon Ame il croit?
" Il iroit embraſſer la Verité, qu'il voit;
" Mais de ſes faux Amis il craint la Raillerie,
" Et ne brave ainſi Dieu que par Poltronnerie."

BOILEAU, Ep. iii.

The Worthy court her, and the Worthleſs fear:
Who ſhun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the Vain and Vile obey,
And ev'ry foe to Wiſdom feels her ſway.
Smarts, Pedants, as ſhe ſmiles, no more are vain;
Deſponding Fops reſign the *clouded cane:*
Huſh'd at her voice, pert Folly's ſelf is ſtill,
And Dulneſs wonders while ſhe drops her quill.
Like the arm'd BEE, with art moſt ſubtly true,
From pois'nous Vice ſhe draws a healing dew:
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, ſecurely wrapt in wiles;
And Force ſtrong ſinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The ſtream of Vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too ſtrong,
Ev'n fair Religion, Native of the ſkies,
Scorn'd by the Crowd, ſeeks refuge with the Wiſe;
The Crowd with laughter ſpurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Juſtice frowns in vain.
But SATIRE's ſhaft can pierce the harden'd breaſt:
She plays a *ruling paſſion* on the reſt:
Undaunted ſtorms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the *Brave* that Earth and Heav'n defy'd.

When

IMITATIONS.

VER. 110. *From pois'nous Vice, &c.*] Alluding to theſe lines of Mr. Pope;

" In the nice Bee what Art ſo ſubtly true
" From pois'nous Herbs extracts a healing Dew?"

When fell Corruption, by her vaſſals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Juſtice proſtrate on the ground;
Swift to redreſs an injur'd People's groan,
Bold SATIRE ſhakes the Tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as Death, defies the ſordid train,
And Slaves and Sycophants ſurround in vain.

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is Spleen; all juſt reproof, Ill-nature.
Well may they dread the Muſe's fatal ſkill;
Well may they tremble, when ſhe draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like ITHURIEL's ſpear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids Vice and Folly take their nat'ral ſhapes,
Turns Ducheſſes to ſtrumpets, Beaux to apes;
Drags the vile Whiſp'rer from his dark abode,
Till all the Demon ſtarts up from the toad.

O ſordid maxim, form'd to ſcreen the vile,
That true good-nature ſtill muſt wear a ſmile!
In frowns array'd her beauties ſtronger riſe,
When love of Virtue makes her ſcorn of Vice:
Where Juſtice calls, 'tis Cruelty to ſave;
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the Knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend;
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end:
To Guilt alone her vengeance ſtands confin'd,
The object of her love is all Mankind.
Scarce more the friend of Man, the wiſe muſt own,
Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's frown.
This to chaſtize, as That to bleſs, was giv'n;
Alike the faithful Miniſters of Heav'n.

Oft

Oft in unfeeling hearts the ſhaft is ſpent:
Tho' ſtrong th' example, weak the puniſhment.
They leaſt are pain'd, who merit Satire moſt;
Folly the *Laureat*'s, Vice was *Chartres*' boaſt:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of Fools and Knaves already dead to ſhame?
Oft SATIRE acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
Gen'rous and kind, tho' painful is her art:
With caution bold, ſhe only ſtrikes to heal;
Tho' folly raves to break the friendly ſteel.
Then ſure no fault impartial SATIRE knows,
Kind ev'n in Vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whoſe is the crime, the ſcandal too be theirs:
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then: But conſcious of your truſt,
As ever warm and bold, be ever juſt:
Nor court applauſe in theſe degen'rate days:
The Villain's cenſure is extorted praiſe.
But chief, be ſteady in a noble end,
And ſhew mankind that Truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praiſe of wit to write,
As Foplings grin to ſhew their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a ſmile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameleſs heart.
O loſt to honour's voice, O doom'd to ſhame,
Thou Fiend accurſt, thou Murderer of Fame!
Fell Raviſher, from Innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where ſhall thy baſeneſs meet its juſt return!
Or what repay thy guilt, but endleſs ſcorn?
And know, immortal Truth ſhall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth ſhall bid the ſhaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poiſon in thy heart.
With caution next, the dang'rous pow'r apply;
An eagle's talon aſks an eagle's eye:

Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And ere ſhe ſtrike, be ſure ſhe ſtrike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confeſt,
Becauſe blind *Ridicule* conceives a jeſt:
Before whoſe altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a deſtin'd Victim ſhall be led:
Lo, *Shaftſb'ry* rears her high on Reaſon's throne,
And loads the Slave with honours not her own:
Big-ſwoln with folly, as her ſmiles provoke,
Prophaneneſs ſpawns, pert Dunces nurſe the joke!
Come, let us join a while this titt'ring crew,
And own the *Ideot Guide* for once is *true;*
Deride our weak forefathers' muſty rule,
Who *therefore* ſmil'd, *becauſe* they ſaw a Fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our iſle,
We *therefore* ſee a Fool, *becauſe* we ſmile.
Truth in her gloomy Cave why fondly ſeek?
Lo, gay ſhe ſits in Laughter's dimple cheek:
Contemns each ſurly academic foe,
And courts the ſpruce Freethinker and the Beau.
Dædalion arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand
Shall work *Herculean* wonders through the Land:
Bound in the magic of her cob-web chain,
YOU, mighty WARBURTON, ſhall rage in vain,
In vain the trackleſs maze of Truth you ſcan,
And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man:
No more ſhall Reaſon boaſt her pow'r divine,
Her Baſe eternal ſhook by Folly's mine!

Truth's ſacred Fort th' exploded laugh ſhall win;
And Coxcombs vanquiſh BERKLEY by a grin.
But you, more ſage, reject th' inverted rule,
That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
On truth, on falſehood let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay Priſm but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye.
Beware the mad Advent'rer: bold and blind
She hoiſts her ſail, and drives with ev'ry wind;
Deaf as the ſtorm to ſinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a Friend's deſtruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reaſon at the helm preſide,
Bear to the wind, or ſtem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reaſon can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to ſhore.
Tho' diſtant Times may riſe in SATIRE's page,
Yet chief 'tis Her's to draw the *preſent Age:*
With Wiſdom's luſtre, Folly's ſhade contraſt,
And judge the reigning Manners by the paſt:
Bid *Britain*'s Heroes (awful Shades!) ariſe,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the Sons bluſh at what their Fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to truſt;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be juſt;
When *low-born* Sharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falſify'd the card, or cogg'd the die;
Ere Lewdneſs the ſtain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chaſtity was carted for the Whore;

Vice

Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of freedom dreſs'd;
Or public Spirit was the public jeſt.
Be ever, in a juſt expreſſion, bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a Scold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debaſe,
But let her ſmile, and let her frown with grace:
In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her ſpleen;
Nor, while ſhe preaches modeſty, obſcene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a ſore,
Nor call his Lordſhip ——, her Grace a ——:
The Muſe's charms reſiſtleſs then aſſail,
When wrapt in *Irony*'s tranſparent veil:
Her beauties half conceal'd, the more ſurprize,
And keener luſtre ſparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with ſharp encomiums grac'd:
Style *Clodius* honourable, *Bufa* chaſte.
Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
Whoe'er diſcharg'd Artillery on a Fly?
Deride not Vice: Abſurd the thought and vain,
To bind the Tiger in ſo weak a chain.
Nay more: when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The Knave exults: to ſmile is to approve.
The Muſe's labour then ſucceſs ſhall crown,
When Folly feels her ſmile, and Vice her frown.
Know next what Meaſures to each Theme belong,
And ſuit your thoughts and numbers to your ſong:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry riſe,
And ſtoop to earth, or ſoar among the ſkies.
Thus when a modiſh folly you rehearſe,
Free the expreſſion, ſimple be the verſe.

In artleſs numbers paint th' ambitious Peer
That mounts the box, and ſhines a Charioteer:
In ſtrains familiar ſing the midnight toil
Of Camps and Senates diſciplin'd by *Hoyle;*
Patriots and Chiefs, whoſe deep deſign invades
And carries off the captive King—of *Spades!*
Let SATIRE here in milder vigour ſhine,
And gayly graceful ſport along the line;
Bid courtly faſhion quit her thin pretence,
And ſmile each Affectation into ſenſe.

Not ſo when Virtue by her Guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her Throne, implores the Muſe's aid:
When *crimes*, which erſt in kindred darkneſs lay,
Riſe frontleſs, and inſult the eye of day;
Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chaſtity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head:
When private Faith and public Truſt are ſold,
And Traitors barter Liberty for Gold:
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of a ſinking State:
When Giant-Vice and Irreligion riſe,
On mountain'd falſehoods to invade the ſkies:
Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,
And all her ſmiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle-wing ſhe gains *Parnaſſus'* height,
Not lofty EPIC ſoars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flaſh her lightnings, and her thunders fly;

Wide

Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty World.
Yet SATIRE oft assumes a gentler mien,
And beams on Virtue's friends a smile serene:
She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
Glad to commend where Worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when Virtue, Learning, Arts decline,
She joys to see unconquer'd merit shine;
Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,
True Genius gilds the close of Britain's day:
With joy she sees the stream of Roman art
From MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart:
Sees YORKE to Fame, ere yet to Manhood known,
And just to ev'ry Virtue but his own:
Hears unstain'd CAM with gen'rous pride proclaim
A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name:
Behold, where WIDCOMBE's happy hills ascend,
Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend:
To HAGLEY's honour'd Shade directs her view;
And culls each flow'r, to form a Wreath for YOU.
But tread with cautious step this dangerous ground,
Beset with faithless precipices round:
Truth be your guide: disdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's *native lustre* that must *shine*;
The Poet can but *set it* in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A *sordid pebble* meanly grac'd with *gold?*
Let *real* Merit then adorn your lays,
For Shame attends on prostituted praise:

And

And all your wit, your moſt diſtinguiſh'd art,
But makes us grieve you want an honeſt heart.
Nor think the Muſe by SATIRE's Law confin'd:
She yields deſcription of the nobleſt kind.
Inferior art the Landſcape may deſign,
And paint the purple ev'ning in the line:
Her daring thought eſſays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates Paſſion, pictures Man.
And great the toil, the latent ſoul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue ſtrike our eyes,
Now bid a *Wolſey*, or a *Cromwell* riſe;
Now with a touch more ſacred and refin'd,
Call forth a CHESTERFIELD's or LONSDALE's mind.
Here ſweet or ſtrong may ev'ry Colour flow:
Here let the pencil warm, the canvaſs glow:
Of light and ſhade provoke the noble ſtrife,
And wake each ſtriking feature into life.

PART

PART III.

THROUGH Ages thus has SATIRE keenly ſhin'd,
The Friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Mankind:
Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had ſprung,
And Man was guilty ere the Poet ſung.
This Muſe in ſilence joy'd each better Age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth ſaw her honeſt ſpleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her ſhafts, and urge their flight.
Firſt on the Sons of *Greece* ſhe prov'd her art,
And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBIC dart *.
To LATIUM next, avenging SATIRE flew:
The flaming faulchion rough LUCILIUS † drew;
With dauntleſs warmth in Virtue's cauſe engag'd,
And conſcious Villains trembled as he rag'd.
Then ſportive HORACE ‡ caught the gen'rous fire;
For SATIRE's bow reſign'd the ſounding lyre:

Each

NOTES.

* " Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo." HOR.

† " Enſe velut ſtricto quoties Lucilius ardens
" Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens eſt
" Criminibus, tacita ſudant præcordia culpa." JUV. S. i.

‡ " Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
" Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit,
" Callidus excuſſo populum ſuſpendere naſo." PERS. S. i.

Each arrow poliſh'd in his hand was ſeen,
And, as it grew more poliſh'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in ſtudy'd negligence,
Politely ſly, cajol'd the foes of ſenſe:
He ſeem'd to ſport and trifle with the dart,
But while he ſported, drove it to the heart.
In graver ſtrains majeſtic PERSIUS wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly ſedate, contemn'd a Tyrant's reign,
And laſh'd Corruption with a calm diſdain.
More ardent eloquence, and boundleſs rage,
Inflame bold JUVENAL's exalted page,
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
And ſwept audacious Greatneſs to its doom;
The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the ſky.
But lo! the fatal Victor of Mankind!
Swoln *Luxury!*—pale *Ruin* ſtalks behind!
As countleſs Inſects from the north-eaſt pour,
To blaſt the Spring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r:
So barb'rous Millions ſpread contagious death:
The ſick'ning Laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superſtition's night the ſkies o'erhung,
Beneath whoſe baleful dews the Poppy ſprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulneſs nodded in the Muſe's grove:
Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the ſole offence,
Nor aught was held ſo dangerous as Senſe.

At

At length, again fair Science ſhot her ray,
Dawn'd in the ſkies, and ſpoke returning day.
Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now, load thy quiver, ſtring thy ſlacken'd bow!
Tis done!—See, great ERASMUS breaks the ſpell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell!
(In vain the ſolemn Cowl ſurrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her ſour grimace,)
With ſhame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of Reaſon urg'd by Wit.

'Twas then plain DONNE in honeſt vengeance roſe,
His Wit harmonious, tho' his Rhyme was proſe:
He 'midſt an age of Puns and Pedants wrote
With genuine ſenſe, and Roman ſtrength of thought.

Yet ſcarce had SATIRE well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muſe records her Country's ſhame,)
Ere Britain ſaw the foul revolt commence,
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Senſe.
Then roſe a ſhameleſs mercenary train,
Whom lateſt Time ſhall view with juſt diſdain:
A race fantaſtic, in whoſe gaudy line
Untutor'd thought, and tinſel beauty ſhine;
Wit's ſhatter'd Mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not Nature, but confounds the ſight.
Dry Morals the Court-Poet bluſh'd to ſing:
'Twas all his praiſe to ſay, "*the oddeſt thing.*"
Proud for a jeſt obſcene, a Patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaſpheme his God.

Ill-fated

Ill-fated DRYDEN! who unmov'd can ſee
Th' extremes of wit and meanneſs join'd in Thee!
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred ſkies,
Low creeping in the putrid ſink of vice;
A Muſe whom Wiſdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The Pimp of Pow'r, the Proſtitute to Gain:
Wreaths that ſhould deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants vilely thrown:
Unrival'd parts, the ſcorn of honeſt fame;
And Genius riſe, a Monument of ſhame!

More happy *France:* immortal BOILEAU there
Supported Genius with a Sage's care:
Him with her love propitious SATIRE bleſt,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breaſt:
Fancy and Senſe to form his line conſpire,
And faultleſs Judgment guides the pureſt Fire.

But ſee at length the *Britiſh* Genius ſmile,
And ſhow'r her bounties o'er her favour'd Iſle:
Behold for POPE ſhe twines the laurel crown,
And centers ev'ry Poet's pow'r in *one:*
Each *Roman*'s force adorns his various page,
Gay ſmiles, corrected ſtrength, and manly rage.
Deſpairing Guilt and Dulneſs loath the fight,
As Spectres vaniſh at approaching light:
In this clear Mirror with delight we view
Each image juſtly fine, and boldly true:
Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's ſupreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity:

While

While ſelf-ſeen Virtue in the faithful line
With modeſt joy ſurveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers ſhall I find,
But faintly to expreſs the Poet's mind!
Who yonder Star's effulgence can diſplay,
Unleſs he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a God, unleſs the God inſpire?
What catch the Lightning, but the ſpeed of fire?
So, mighty POPE, to make thy Genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
Each Muſe for thee with kind contention ſtrove,
For thee the Graces left th' IDALIAN grove;
With watchful fondneſs o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant-tongue.
Next, to her Bard majeſtic Wiſdom came;
The Bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame:
With taſte ſuperior ſcorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can ſway, or guilty Greatneſs bribe;
At Fancy's call, who rear the wanton ſail,
Sport with the ſtream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimer views *thy* daring Spirit bound;
Thy mighty Voyage was Creation's round;
Intent new Worlds of Wiſdom to explore,
And bleſs Mankind with Virtue's ſacred ſtore;
A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart;
And pour a moral tranſport o'er the heart.
Fantaſtic Wit ſhoots momentary fires,
And, like a Meteor, while we gaze, expires:

Wit

Wit kindled by the ſulph'rous breath of Vice,
Like the blue Light'ning, while it ſhines, deſtroys:
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and conſtant, like the ſource of day:
Like this, its beam prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inſpirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly diſpels each wintry Paſſion's gloom,
And opens all the Virtues into bloom.
This Praiſe, immortal POPE, to thee be giv'n:
Thy Genius was indeed a *Gift* from Heav'n.
Hail, Bard unequal'd, in whoſe deathleſs line
Reaſon and Wit, with ſtrength collected ſhine;
Where matchleſs Wit but wins the ſecond praiſe,
Loſt, nobly loſt, in Truth's ſuperior blaze.
Did FRIENDSHIP e'er miſlead thy wand'ring Muſe?
That Friendſhip ſure may plead the *great* excuſe:
That ſacred Friendſhip which inſpir'd thy Song,
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong.
Error like this ev'n Truth can ſcarce reprove;
'Tis almoſt Virtue when it flows from Love.

Ye deathleſs Names, ye Sons of endleſs praiſe,
By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!
Say, ſhall an artleſs Muſe, if you inſpire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O WARBURTON, inſpir'd by YOU,
The daring Muſe a nobler path purſue,
By You inſpir'd, on trembling pinion ſoar,
The ſacred founts of ſocial bliſs explore,

In

In her bold numbers chain the Tyrant's rage,
And bid *her Country's Glory* fire her page:
If ſuch her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, deſcend,
And watchful guard her in an honeſt end:
Kindly ſevere, inſtruct her equal line
To court no Friend, nor own a Foe but *thine*.
But if her giddy eye ſhould vainly quit
Thy ſacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apoſtate heart ſhould e'er incline
To offer incenſe at Corruption's ſhrine;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And daſh the ſmoaking Cenſer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, inſtructed Bards may ſee,
That Guilt is doom'd to ſink in Infamy.

In her bold numbers chain the Tyrant's rage,
And bid *her Country's Glory* fire her page:
If such her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end:
Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no Friend, nor own a Foe but *thine*.
But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit:
If her apostate heart should c'er incline
To offer incense at Corruption's shrine:
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black [illegible]
And dash the smoaking Censer [illegible]
Thus aw'd to fear, instructed Bar[illegible]
That Guilt is doom'd to sink in [illegible]

A LETTER[a]

TO

A NOBLE LORD,

ON OCCASION OF SOME LIBELS WRITTEN AND PROPAGATED AT COURT, IN THE YEAR 1732-3.

MY LORD, Nov. 30, 1733.

YOUR Lordſhip's [b] epiſtle has been publiſhed ſome days, but I had not the pleaſure and pain of ſeeing it till yeſterday: Pain, to think your Lordſhip ſhould attack me at all; Pleaſure, to find that you

[a] This Letter (which was firſt printed in the Year 1733) bears the ſame place in our Author's proſe that the Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot does in his poetry. They are both Apologetical, repelling the libellous ſlanders on his Reputation: with this difference, that the Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot, his friend, was chiefly directed againſt *Grub-ſtreet Writers*, and this letter to the Noble Lord, his enemy, againſt *Court Scriblers*. For the reſt, they are both Maſter-pieces in their kinds; *That* in verſe, more grave, moral, and ſublime; *This* in proſe, more lively, critical, and pointed; but equally conducive to what he had moſt at heart, the vindication of his moral Character: the only thing he thought worth his care in literary altercations; and the firſt thing he would expect from the good offices of a ſurviving Friend. W.

[b] Intitled, *An Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court, Aug.* 28, 1733, and printed the November following for J. Roberts Fol. W.

you can attack me ſo weakly. As I want not the humility, to think myſelf in every way but *one* your inferior, it ſeems but reaſonable that I ſhould take the only method either of ſelf-defence or retaliation, that is left me againſt a perſon of your quality and power. And as by your choice of this weapon, your pen, you generouſly (and modeſtly too, no doubt) meant to put yourſelf upon a level with me; I will as ſoon believe that your Lordſhip would give a wound to a man unarmed, as that you would deny me the uſe of it in my own defence.

I preſume you will allow me to take the ſame liberty in my anſwer to ſo *candid*, *polite*, and *ingenious* a Nobleman, which your Lordſhip took in yours, to ſo *grave*, *religious*, and *reſpectable* a clergyman [c]: As you anſwered his *Latin* in *Engliſh*, permit me to anſwer your *Verſe* in *Proſe*. And though your Lordſhip's reaſons for not writing in *Latin* might be ſtronger than mine for not writing in Verſe, yet I may plead *Two good* ones, for this conduct: the one that I want the talent of ſpinning *a thouſand lines in a* Day [d], (which, I think, is as much *Time* as this ſubject deſerves,) and the other, that I take your Lordſhip's *Verſe* to be as much *Proſe* as this letter. But no doubt it was your choice, in writing to a friend, to renounce all the pomp of Poetry, and give us this excellent model of the familiar.

When

[c] Dr. S.

[d] And Pope with juſtice of ſuch lines may ſay,
His Lordſhip ſpins a thouſand in a day. Epiſt. p. 6.

When I consider the *great difference* betwixt the rank your Lordship holds in the *World*, and the rank which your *writings* are like to hold in the *learned world*, I presume that distinction of style is but necessary, which you will see observed through this letter. When I speak of *you*, my Lord, it will be with all the deference due to the inequality which Fortune has made between you and myself: but when I speak of your *writings*, my Lord, I must, I can do nothing but trifle.

I should be obliged indeed to lessen this *Respect*, if all the Nobility (and especially the elder brothers) are but so many hereditary fools [e], if the privilege of Lords be to want brains [f], if noblemen can hardly write or read [g], if all their business is but to dress and vote [h], and all their employment in court, to tell lies, flatter in public, slander in private, be false to each other, and follow nothing but self-interest [i]. Bless me,

[e] That to good blood by old prescriptive rules,
Gives right hereditary to be Fools.

[f] Nor wonder that my Brain no more affords,
But recollect the privilege of Lords.

[g] And when you see me fairly write my name;
For *England*'s sake wish all could do the same.

[h] Whilst all our business is to dress and vote. Epist. p. 6.

[i] Courts are only larger families,
The growth of each, few truths, and many lies:
in private satyrize, in public flatter.
Few to each other, all to one point true;
Which one I shan't, nor need explain. Adieu. P. ult.

me, my Lord, what an account is this you give of them? and what would have been ſaid of me, had I immolated, in this manner, the whole body of the Nobility, at the ſtall of a well-fed Prebendary?

Were it the mere *Exceſs* of your Lordſhip's *Wit*, that carried you thus triumphantly over all the bounds of decency, I might conſider your Lordſhip on your *Pegaſus*, as a ſprightly hunter on a mettled horſe; and while you were trampling down all our works, patiently ſuffer the injury, in pure admiration of the *Noble Sport*. But ſhould the caſe be quite otherwiſe, ſhould your Lordſhip be only like a *Boy* that is *run away with*; and run away with by a *Very Foal*; really common charity, as well as reſpect for a noble family, would oblige me to ſtop your career, and to *help you down* from *this Pegaſus*.

Surely the little praiſe of a *Writer* ſhould be a thing below your ambition: You, who are no ſooner born, but in the lap of the Graces; no ſooner at ſchool, but in the arms of the Muſes; no ſooner in the World, but you practiſed all the ſkill of it; no ſooner in the Court, but you poſſeſſed all the art of it! Unrival'd as you are, in making a figure, and in making a ſpeech, methinks, my Lord, you may well give up the poor talent of turning a Diſtich. And why this fondneſs for Poetry? Proſe admits of the two excellencies you moſt admire, Diction and Fiction: It admits of the talents you chiefly poſſeſs, a moſt fertile invention, and moſt florid expreſſion; it is with proſe,

nay

nay the plaineſt proſe, that you beſt could teach our nobility to vote, which you juſtly obſerve, is half at leaſt of their Buſineſs[k]: And give me leave to propheſy, it is to your talent in proſe, and not in verſe, to your ſpeaking, not your writing, to your art at court, not your art of poetry, that your Lordſhip muſt owe your future figure in the world.

My Lord, whatever you imagine, this is the advice of a Friend, and one who remembers he formerly had the honour of ſome profeſſion of Friendſhip from you: Whatever was his *real ſhare* in it, whether ſmall or great, yet as your Lordſhip could never have had the leaſt *Loſs* by continuing it, or the leaſt *Intereſt* by withdrawing it; the misfortune of loſing it, I fear, muſt have been owing to his own *deficiency* or *neglect*. But as to any *actual fault* which deſerved to forfeit it in ſuch a degree, he proteſts he is to this day guiltleſs and ignorant. It could at moſt be but a fault of *omiſſion*; but indeed by omiſſions, men of your Lordſhip's uncommon merit may ſometimes think themſelves ſo injured, as to be capable of an inclination to injure another; who, though very much below their quality, may be above the injury.

I never heard of the leaſt diſpleaſure you had conceived againſt me, till I was told that an imitation I had made of [l] *Horace* had offended ſome perſons, and among

[k] All their bus'neſs is to dreſs, and vote.

[l] The firſt Satire of the ſecond Book, printed in 1732.

among them your Lordſhip. I could not have apprehended that a few *general ſtrokes* about a *Lord ſcribling careleſsly*[m], a *Pimp*, or a *Spy* at Court, a *Sharper* in a gilded chariot, &c. that theſe, I ſay, ſhould be ever applied as they have been, by *any malice* but that which is the greateſt in the world, *the Malice of Ill people to themſelves.*

Your Lordſhip ſo well knows, (and the whole Court and Town through your means ſo well know,) how far the reſentment was carried upon that imagination, not only in the *Nature* of the *Libel*[n] you propagated againſt me, but in the extraordinary *manner*, *place*, and *preſence*, in which it was propagated[o]; that I ſhall only ſay, it ſeemed to me to exceed the bounds of juſtice, common ſenſe, and decency.

I wonder yet more, how a *Lady*, of great wit, beauty, and fame for her poetry, (between whom and your Lordſhip there is a *natural*, a *juſt*, and a *well-grounded eſteem*,) could be prevailed upon to take a part in that proceeding. Your reſentments againſt me indeed might be equal, as my offence to you both was the ſame; for neither had I the leaſt miſunderſtanding with that Lady, till after I was the *Author* of my own misfortune in diſcontinuing her acquaint-

[m] He ſhould have added, that he called this Nobleman, who ſcribled ſo careleſly, *Lord Fanny*.

[n] *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace*, afterwards printed by J. Roberts, 1732, Fol.

[o] It was for this reaſon that this Letter, as ſoon as it was printed, was communicated to the Queen.

acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be unpleasing to either of you; I assure you my reason for so doing, was merely that you had both *too much wit* for me[p]; and that I could not do with *mine*, many things which you could with *yours*. The injury done you in withdrawing myself could be but small, if the value you had for me was no greater than you have been pleased since to profess. But surely, my Lord, one may say, neither the Revenge, nor the Language you held, bore any *proportion* to the pretended offence: The appellation of [q] *Foe* to *humankind*, an *Enemy* like the *Devil* to all that have *Being; ungrateful*, *unjust*, deserving to be *whipt*, *blanketed*, *kicked*, nay *killed*: a *Monster*, an *Assassin*, whose conversation every man ought to *shun*, and against whom *all doors* should be shut; I beseech you, my Lord, had you the least right to give, or to encourage or justify any other in giving such language as this to me? Could I be treated in terms more strong or more atrocious, if during my acquaintance with you I had been a *Betrayer*, a *Backbiter*, a *Whisperer*, an *Eves-dropper*, or an *Informer*? Did I in all that time ever throw *a false Dye*, or palm *a foul Card* upon you? Did I ever *borrow*, *steal*, or accept, either *Money*, *Wit*, or *Advice* from you? Had I ever the honour to join with either of you in one *Ballad*,

[p] Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing a female Wit.
See the Letter to Dr. ARBUTHNOT, *amongst the Variations.*

[q] See the aforesaid *Verses to the Imitator of Horace.*

Ballad, *Satire*, *Pamphlet*, or *Epigram*, on any perſon *living* or *dead?* Did I ever do you ſo great an *injury* as to put off *my own verſes* for *yours*, eſpecially on *thoſe Perſons* whom they might *moſt offend?* I am confident you cannot anſwer in the affirmative; and I can truly affirm, that ever ſince I loſt the happineſs of your converſation, I have not publiſhed or written one ſyllable of or to either of you; never hitched your *names* in a *Verſe*, or trifled with your *good names in company*. Can I be honeſtly charged with any other crime but an *Omiſſion* (for the word *Neglect*, which I uſed before, ſlipped my pen unguardedly) to continue my admiration of you all my life, and ſtill to contemplate, face to face, your many excellencies and perfections? I am perſuaded you can reproach me truly with no great *Faults*, except my *natural ones*, which I am as ready to own, as to do all juſtice to the contrary *Beauties* in you. It is true, my Lord, I am ſhort, not well ſhaped, generally ill-dreſſed, if not ſometimes dirty: Your Lordſhip and Ladyſhip are ſtill in bloom; your figures ſuch, as rival the *Apollo* of *Belvedere*, and the *Venus* of *Medicis;* and your faces ſo finiſhed, that neither ſickneſs or paſſion can deprive them of *Colour;* I will allow your own in particular to be the fineſt that ever *Man* was bleſt with: preſerve it, my Lord, and reflect, that to be a Critic, would coſt it too many *frowns*, and to be a Statesman, too many *wrinkles!* I further confeſs, I am now ſomewhat old; but ſo your Lordſhip and this excel-

excellent Lady, with all your beauty, will (I hope) one day be. I know your Genius and hers ſo perfectly *tally*, that you cannot but join in admiring each other, and by conſequence in the contempt of all ſuch as myſelf. You have both, in my regard, been like—(your Lordſhip, I know loves a *Simile*, and it will be one ſuitable to your *Quality*)—you have been like *Two Princes*, and I like a *poor Animal* ſacrificed between them to cement a laſting league: I hope I have not bled in vain; but that ſuch an amity may endure for ever! For though it be what common *underſtandings* would hardly conceive, Two *Wits* however may be perſuaded that it is in friendſhip as in enmity, The more *danger* the more *honour*.

Give me the liberty, my Lord, to tell you, why I never replied to thoſe *Verſes* on the *Imitator* of *Horace?* They regarded nothing but my *Figure*, which I ſet no value upon; and my *Morals*, which, I knew, needed no defence: Any honeſt man has the pleaſure to be conſcious, that it is out of the power of the *Wittieſt*, nay the *Greateſt Perſon* in the kingdom, to leſſen him *that way*, but at the expence of his own *Truth*, *Honour*, or *Juſtice*.

But though I declined to explain myſelf juſt at the time when I was ſillily threatened, I ſhall now give your Lordſhip a frank account of the offence you imagined to be meant to you. *Fanny* (my Lord) is the plain Engliſh of *Fannius*, a real perſon, who was a fooliſh Critic, and an enemy of *Horace:* perhaps a

Noble one, ſo (if your Latin be gone in earneſt [r]) I muſt acquaint you, the word *Beatus* may be conſtrued;

Beatus Fannius! ultro
Delatis capſis et imagine.

This *Fannius* was, it ſeems, extremely fond both of his *Poetry* and his *Perſon*, which appears by the pictures and *Statues* he cauſed to be made of himſelf, and by his great diligence to propagate *bad Verſes* at *Court*, and get them admitted into the library of *Auguſtus*. He was moreover of a delicate or *effeminate complexion*, and conſtant at the Aſſemblies and Operas of thoſe days, where he took it into his head to *ſlander poor Horace;*

Ineptus
Fannius, *Hermogenis* lædat *conviva Tigelli;*

till it provoked him at laſt juſt to *name* him, give him a *laſh*, and ſend him whimpering to the *Ladies*.

Diſcipularum *inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*

So much for *Fanny*, my Lord. The word *ſpins*, (as Dr. *Freind* or even Dr. *Sherwin* could aſſure you,) was the literal tranſlation of *deduci;* a metaphor taken from a *Silk-worm*, my Lord, to ſignify any *ſlight*, *ſilken*, or (as your Lordſhip and the Ladies call it) [s]*flimſy* piece of work. I preſume your Lordſhip has enough of this, to convince you there was nothing *perſonal*

[r] All I learn'd from Dr. Freind at ſchool,
Has quite deſerted this poor John Trot-head,
And left plain native Engliſh in its ſtead. Epiſt. p. 2.

[s] Weak texture of his flimſy brain.

perſonal but to *that Fannius*, who (with all his fine accompliſhments) had never been heard of, but for *that Horace* he injured.

In regard to the right honourable Lady, your Lordſhip's friend, I was far from deſigning a perſon of her condition by a name ſo derogatory to her, as that of *Sappho*; a name proſtituted to every infamous Creature that ever wrote Verſe or Novels. I proteſt I never *applied* that name to her in any verſe of mine, *public* or *private*; (and I firmly believe) not in any *Letter* or *Converſation*. Whoever could invent a Falſehood to ſupport an accuſation, I pity; and whoever can believe ſuch a Character to be theirs, I pity ſtill more. God forbid the Court or Town ſhould have the complaiſance to *join* in that opinion! Certainly I meant it only of ſuch modern *Sappho*'s, as imitate much more the *Lewdneſs* than the *Genius* of the ancient one; and upon whom their wretched brethren frequently beſtow both the *Name* and the *Qualification* there mentioned [t].

There was another reaſon why I was ſilent as to that paper—I took it for a *Lady*'s, (on the printer's word in the title page,) and thought it too preſuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that *Sex* in *altercation*: For I never was ſo mean a creature as to commit my Anger againſt a *Lady* to *paper*, though but

[t] From furious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate,
Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
1 Sat. B. ii. Hor.

but in a *private Letter*. But ſoon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a Noble perſon of *real Honour* and *Truth*. Your Lordſhip indeed ſaid you had it from a Lady, and the Lady ſaid it was your Lordſhip's; ſome thought the beautiful by-blow had *Two Fathers*, or (if one of them will hardly be allowed a man) *Two Mothers;* indeed I think *both Sexes* had a ſhare in it, but which was *uppermoſt*, I know not: I pretend not to determine the exact method of this *Witty Fornication:* and if I call it *Yours*, my Lord, it is only becauſe, whoever *got* it, you *brought it forth*.

Here, my Lord, allow me to obſerve, the different proceeding of the *Ignoble Poet*, and his *Noble Enemies*. What he has written of *Fanny*[u], *Adonis*, *Sappho*, or who

[u] All the topics of contempt, ridicule, and ſatire that are uſed in this letter againſt Lord Hervey, had been uſed before, 1731, by the Author of a Reply to a late Scurrilous Libel; particularly the topics of the delicacy of his manners, and the foppery of his dreſs, and effeminacy of his perſon. He is there ſaid, "to be ſuch a compoſition of the two ſexes, that it is difficult to diſtinguiſh which is moſt predominant." My friend Horace hath deſcribed him much better than I can:

"Quem ſi puellarum inſereres choro,
Mire ſagaces falleret hoſpites
Diſcrimen obſcurum, ſolutis
Crinibus, ambiguoque vultû."

And it is added, "Though it would be barbarous to handle ſuch a delicate hermaphrodite, ſuch a pretty little maſter-miſs, too roughly, yet you muſt give me leave, my dear, to give you a little gentle correction for your good." Page 6.

Lord Hervey left behind him Memoirs of his own Times, ſaid to be full of curious matter, and which it is to be hoped will one day be publiſhed, for Hans Stanley told me he had read them.

In

who you will, he owned he publiſhed, he ſet his name to: What they have *publiſhed* of him, they have denied to have *written;* and what they have *written* of him, they have denied to have *publiſhed.* One of theſe was the caſe in the paſt Libel, and the other in the preſent. For though the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is ſuch as he has been obliged to deny in the moſt particular terms, to the great perſon whoſe opinion *concerned him moſt.* Yet, my Lord, this Epiſtle was a piece not written in *haſte*, or in a *paſſion*, but many months after all pretended provocations; when you was at *full leiſure* at Hampton-court, and I the object *ſingled*, lake a *Deer out of Seaſon*, for ſo ill-timed and ill-placed a diverſion. It was a *deliberate* work, directed to a *Reverend Perſon*[w], of the moſt *ſerious and ſacred* character, with whom you are known to cultivate a *ſtrict correſpondence*, and to whom it will not be doubted but you open your *ſecret Sentiments*, and deliver your *real judgment* of men and things. This, I ſay, my Lord, with ſubmiſſion, could not but awaken all my *Reflection*

In the ſecond volume of the Letters of Voltaire, page 305, is a very long and curious letter to Lord Hervey, full of high encomiums on this Peer, and ſtill higher of Louis XIV. and his reign. From whence it appears that Lord Hervey had made ſome objections to this work of Voltaire; and particularly for his intitling it, The Age of Louis XIV.

In a celebrated pamphlet, intitled, the Court Secret, written on occaſion of the death of Lord Scarborough, Lord Hervey was very ſeverely ſatirized under the name of Ibrahim. 8vo. 1791.

[w] Dr. Sherwin.

flection and *Attention.* Your Lordſhip's opinion of me as a *Poet*, I cannot help; it is yours, my Lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man; but it is not yours *alone*, you muſt be content to ſhare it with the *Gentlemen* of the *Dunciad*, and (it may be) with many *more innocent* and *ingenious men.* If your Lordſhip deſtroys my *poetical* character, *they* will claim their part in the glory: but, give me leave to ſay, if my *moral* character be ruined, it muſt be *wholly* the work of *your Lordſhip;* and will be hard even for you to do, unleſs I *myſelf co-operate.*

How can you talk (my moſt worthy Lord) of all *Pope*'s Works as ſo many *Libels*, affirm, that, *he has no invention* but in *Defamation*[x], and charge him with *ſelling another man's labours printed with his own name*[y]; Fye, my Lord, you forget yourſelf. He printed not his name before a line of the perſon's you mention; that perſon himſelf has told you and all the world in the book itſelf, what part he had in it, as may be ſeen at the concluſion of his notes to the Odyſſey. I can only ſuppoſe your Lordſhip (not having at that time *forgot your Greek*) deſpiſed to look upon the *Tranſlation;* and ever ſince entertained too mean an opinion of the Tranſlator to caſt an eye upon it. Beſides, my Lord, when you ſaid he *ſold* another man's works, you ought in juſtice to have added that he *bought*

[x] To his eternal ſhame
Prov'd he can ne'er invent but to defame.

[y] And ſold Broom's labours printed with Pope's name. P. 7.

bought them, which very much *alters the Caſe*. What he gave him was five hundred pounds: his receipt can be produced to your Lordſhip. I dare not affirm that he was as *well paid* as *ſome Writers* (much his inferiors) have been ſince; but your Lordſhip will reflect that I am no man of quality, either to *buy* or *ſell* ſcribling ſo high: and that I have neither *Place*, *Penſion*, nor Power to reward for *Secret Services*. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the leaſt *Envy* to ſuch an author as I: but were that *poſſible*, it were much better gratified by employing *not your own*, but ſome of *thoſe low and ignoble pens* to do you this *mean office*. I dare engage you will have them for leſs than I gave Mr. Broom, if your friends have not raiſed the market: Let them drive the bargain for you, my Lord; and you may depend on ſeeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) Verſes, as theſe of your Lordſhip.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor perſon ſhould be abuſed by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot *Curl* do the ſame? nay has he not done it before your Lordſhip, in the ſame *kind of Language*, and almoſt the *ſame words?* I cannot but think the worthy and *diſcreet clergyman* himſelf will agree, it is *improper*, nay *unchriſtian*, to expoſe the *perſonal* defects of our brother: that both ſuch perfect forms as yours, and ſuch unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the ſame *Maker;* who *faſhioneth his Veſſels* as he pleaſeth, and

that it is not from their *ſhape* we can tell whether they are made for *honour* or *diſhonour*. In a word, he would teach you Charity to your greateſt enemies; of which number, my Lord, I cannot be reckoned, ſince, though a Poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my Lord, as to the *Obſcurity of* [z] *my Birth*, (a reflection copy'd alſo from Mr. *Curl* and his brethren,) I am ſorry to be obliged to ſuch a preſumption as to name my *Family* in the ſame leaf with your Lordſhip's: but my Father had the honour in one inſtance to reſemble you, for he was a *younger Brother*. He did not indeed think it a happineſs to bury his *elder Brother*, though he had one who wanted ſome of thoſe good qualities which *yours* poſſeſſed. How ſincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young Nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendſhip, whoſe early death deprived your family of as much *Wit* and *Honour* as he left behind him in any branch of it. But as to my Father, I could aſſure you, my Lord, that he was no mechanic, (neither a hatter, nor, which might pleaſe your Lordſhip yet better, a Cobler,) but in truth, of a very tolerable family: And my Mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that *Lady*, whom your Lordſhip made choice of to be the *Mother of your own Children;* whoſe merit, beauty, and vivacity (if tranſmitted to your poſterity) will be a *better preſent* than even the noble blood they derive *only* from *you*. A mother, on whom I was

[z] Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obſcure.

I was never obliged ſo far to reflect, as to ſay, ſhe *ſpoiled me*[a]. And a Father, who never found himſelf obliged to ſay of me that he *diſapproved my conduct*. In a word, my Lord, I think it enough that my parents, ſuch as they were, never coſt me a *Bluſh*; and that their Son, ſuch as he is, never coſt them a *Tear*.

I have purpoſely omitted to conſider your Lordſhip's Criticiſms on my *Poetry*. As they are exactly the ſame with thoſe of the *forementioned Authors*, I apprehend they would juſtly charge me with partiality, if I gave to *you* what belongs to *them;* or paid more diſtinction to the *ſame things* when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be ſhewing both them and you (my Lord) a *more particular reſpect*, to obſerve how much they are honoured by *your imitation of them*, which indeed is carried through your whole Epiſtle. I have read ſomewhere at *School*, (though I make it no *Vanity* to have forgot where,) that *Tully* naturalized a few phraſes at the inſtance of ſome of his friends. Your Lordſhip has done more in honour of theſe Gentlemen; you have authorized not only their *Aſſertions*, but their *Style*. For example, *A* Flow *that* wants ſkill *to reſtrain its* ardour,—*A* Dictionary *that gives us nothing at* its own expence.—*As luxuriant branches* bear *but little fruit*, ſo

[a] A noble Father's heir ſpoil'd by his mother.
His Lordſhip's account of himſelf, p. 7.

ſo Wit unprun'd is *but raw fruit—While you* rehearſe ignorance, *you ſtill* know enough *to do it in Verſe—Wits* are *but glittering* ignorance.—The *account of* how *we paſs our time*—and, *The Weight on Sir R. W—*'s brain, *You can* ever *receive from* no *head more than ſuch a head* (as no head) *has to give:* Your Lordſhip would have ſaid, *never* receive inſtead of *ever*, and *any head* inſtead of *no head:* but all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enriched our language.

You are merry, my Lord, when you ſay, *Latin* and *Greek*

> Have quite deſerted your poor *John Trot-head*,
> And left plain native Engliſh in their ſtead;

for (to do you juſtice) this is nothing leſs than *plain Engliſh*. And as for your *John Trot-head*, I can't conceive why you ſhould give it that name; for by ſome [b] papers I have ſeen ſign'd with that name, it is certainly a head *very different* from your Lordſhip's.

Your Lordſhip ſeems determined to fall out with every thing you have learned at ſchool: you complain next of a *dull Dictionary*,

> That gives us nothing at its own expence,
> But a few modern words for ancient Senſe.

Your Lordſhip is the firſt man that ever carried the love of Wit ſo far, as to expect a *witty Dictionary*. A Dictionary that gives us *any thing but words*, muſt not only be an *expenſive* but a very *extravagant Dictionary*.

[b] See ſome Treatiſes printed in the Appendix to the Craftſman, about that time.

tionary [c]. But what does your Lordſhip mean by its giving us but *a few modern words* for *ancient Senſe?* If by *Senſe* (as I ſuſpect) you mean *words*, *(a miſtake not unuſual,)* I muſt do the Dictionary the juſtice to ſay, that it gives us *juſt as many modern words as ancient ones.* Indeed, my Lord, you have more need to complain of a bad Grammar than of a dull Dictionary.

Doctor *Freind*, I dare anſwer for him, never taught you to talk

of Sapphic, Lyric, and Iambic Odes.

Your Lordſhip might as well bid your preſent Tutor, your Taylor, make you a *Coat*, *Suit of Cloaths*, and *Breeches:* for you muſt have forgot your Logic, as well as Grammar, not to know, that Sapphic and Iambic are both included in Lyric; that being the *Genus*, and thoſe the *Species.*

For all cannot *invent* who can *tranſlate*,
No more than thoſe who *cloath* us, can *create.*

Here your Lordſhip ſeems in labour for a meaning. Is it that you would have Tranſlations, *Originals?* for it is the common opinion, that the *buſineſs* of a Tranſlator is to *tranſlate*, and not to *invent*; and of a Taylor

[c] Yet we have ſeen many of theſe *extravagant* Dictionaries, and are likely to ſee many more, in an age ſo abounding in ſcience, that the ordinary vehicles of it being inſufficient to diſtribute it abroad, recourſe is had to this extraordinary method of conveyance. W.

Taylor to *cloath*, and not to *create*. But why ſhould you, my Lord, of all mankind, abuſe a Taylor? not to ſay *blaſpheme* him; if he can (as ſome think) at leaſt go halves with God Almighty in the formation of a *Beau*. Might not Dr. *Sherwin* rebuke you for this, and bid you *Remember your* Creator *in the days of your youth?*

From a *Taylor*, your Lordſhip proceeds (by a beautiful gradation) to a *Silkman*.

Thus *P—pe* we find
The gaudy *Hinchcliff* of a beauteous mind.

Here too is ſome ambiguity. Does your Lordſhip uſe *Hinchcliff* as a *proper name?* or as the Ladies ſay a *Hinchcliff* or a *Colmar*, for a *Silk* or a *Fan?* I will venture to affirm, no Critic can have a perfect taſte of your Lordſhip's works, who does not underſtand both your *Male Phraſe* and your *Female Phraſe*.

Your Lordſhip, to finiſh your Climax, advances up to a *Hatter;* a Mechanic, whoſe Employment, you inform us, is not (as was generally imagined) to *cover people's heads*, but to *dreſs their brains*[d]. A moſt uſeful Mechanic indeed! I cannot help wiſhing to have been one, for ſome people's ſake.—But this too may be only another *Lady-Phraſe:* Your Lordſhip and the Ladies may take a *Head-dreſs* for a *Head*, and underſtand, that to *adorn the Head* is the ſame thing as to *dreſs the Brains*.

Upon

[d] For this Mechanic's like the Hatter's pains,
Are but for dreſſing other people's brains.

Upon the whole, I may thank your Lordſhip for this high Panegyric: For if I have but *dreſſed* up *Homer*, as your *Taylor*, *Silkman*, and *Hatter have equipped your Lordſhip*, I muſt be owned to have dreſſed him *marvelloufly indeed*, and no wonder if he is *admired by the Ladies*[e].

After all, my Lord, I really wiſh you would learn your *Grammar*. What if you put yourſelf awhile under the Tuition of your Friend *W——m?* May not I with all reſpect ſay to you, what was ſaid to *another Noble Poet* by Mr. Cowley, *Pray, Mr.* Howard[f], *if you did read your* Grammar, *what harm would it do you?* You yourſelf wiſh all Lords would *learn to write*[g]; though I do not ſee of what uſe it could be, if their whole buſineſs is to *give their Votes*[h]: It could only be ſerviceable in *ſigning their Proteſts*. Yet ſurely this ſmall portion of learning might be indulged to your Lordſhip, without any Breach of that *Privilege*[i] you ſo generouſly aſſert to all thoſe of your rank, or too great an Infringement of that *Right*[k] which you claim as *Hereditary*, and for

[e] by Girls admir'd. P. 6.

[f] The Honourable Mr. Edward Howard, celebrated for his poetry.

[g] And when you ſee me fairly write my name,
For England's ſake wiſh all Lords did the ſame.

[h] — All our bus'neſs is to dreſs and vote. P. 4.

[i] The want of brains. Ibid.

[k] To be fools. Ibid.

for which, no doubt, your Noble Father will thank you. Surely, my Lord, no Man was ever ſo bent upon depreciating himſelf!

All your Readers have obſerved the following Lines:

> How oft we hear ſome Witling pert and dull,
> By faſhion Coxcomb, and by nature Fool,
> With hackney Maxims, in dogmatic ſtrain,
> Scoffing Religion and the Marriage chain?
> Then from his Common-place-book he repeats,
> The Lawyers all are rogues, and Parſons cheats,
> That Vice and Virtue's but a jeſt,
> And all Morality Deceit well-dreſt;
> That Life itſelf is like a wrangling game, &c.

The whole Town and Court (my good Lord) have heard *this Witling;* who is ſo much every body's acquaintance but his own, that I will engage *they all name* the *ſame Perſon.* But to hear *you* ſay, that this is only——*of whipt Cream* a *frothy Store,* is a ſufficient proof, that never mortal was endued with ſo humble an opinion both of himſelf and his own Wit, as your Lordſhip: For, I do aſſure you, theſe are by much the beſt Verſes in your whole Poem.

How unhappy is it for me, that a Perſon of your Lordſhip's *Modeſty* and *Virtue,* who manifeſts ſo tender a regard to *Religion, Matrimony,* and *Morality;* who, though an ornament to the Court, cultivate an exemplary Correſpondence with the *Clergy;* nay, who

who disdain not charitably to converse with, and even assist, some of the very worst of Writers (so far as to cast a few *Conceits*, or drop a few *Antitheses*, even among the *Dear Joys* of the *Courant*); that you, I say, should look upon Me alone as reprobate and unamendable! Reflect what *I was*, and what *I am*, I am even *annihilated* by your anger: For in these Verses you have robbed me of *all power to think*[l], and, in your others, of the very *name* of a *Man!* Nay, to shew that this is wholly your own doing, you have told us that before I wrote my *last Epistles*, (that is, before I unluckily mentioned *Fanny* and *Adonis*, whom, I protest, I knew not to be your Lordship's Relations,) *I might have lived and died in glory*[m].

What would I not do to be well with your Lordship? Though, you observe, I am a mere *Imitator* of *Homer*, *Horace*, *Boileau*, *Garth*, &c. (which I have the less cause to be ashamed of, since they were *Imitators of one another*), yet what if I should solemnly engage never to imitate *your* Lordship? May it not be one step towards an accommodation, that while you remark my *Ignorance in Greek*, you are so good as to say, you have *forgot your own?* What if I should confess I translated from *D'Acier?* That surely could not but oblige your Lordship, who are known to prefer *French* to all the learned languages. But

[l] P—e, who ne'er cou'd think. P. 7.

[m] In glory then he might have liv'd and dy'd. Ibid.

But allowing that in the ſpace of *twelve years* acquaintance with *Homer*, I might unhappily contract as much *Greek* as your Lordſhip did in *Two* at the Univerſity, why may not I forget it again as happily?

Till ſuch a reconciliation take effect, I have but one thing to entreat of your Lordſhip. It is, that you will not decide of my *Principles* on the ſame grounds as you have done of my *Learning:* Nor give the ſame account of my *Want of Grace*, after you have loſt all acquaintance with my *Perſon*, as you do of my *Want of Greek*, after you have confeſſedly loſt all acquaintance with the *Language*. You are too generous, my Lord, to follow the *Gentlemen* of the *Dunciad* quite ſo far, as to ſeek my *utter Perdition;* as *Nero* once did *Lucan*'s, merely for preſuming to be a *Poet*, while one of ſo much greater quality was a *Writer*. I therefore make this humble requeſt to your Lordſhip, that the next time you pleaſe *to write of me, ſpeak of me*, or even *whiſper of me*[n], you will recollect it is full *eight Years* ſince I had the honour of *any converſation* or *correſpondence* with your Lordſhip, except *juſt half an hour* in a Lady's Lodgings at Court, and then I had the happineſs of her being preſent all the time. It would therefore be difficult even for your Lordſhip's penetration to tell, to what, or from what *Principles*, *Parties*, or *Sentiments*, Moral, Political,

[n] "The *whiſper*, that, to greatneſs ſtill too near,
"Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sov'reign's ear."
Epiſt. to Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Political, or Theological, I may have been converted, or perverted in all that time. I beſeech your Lordſhip to conſider the injury a Man of your *high Rank* and *Credit* may do to a *private Perſon*, under *Penal Laws* and many other diſadvantages, not for want of *honeſty* or *conſcience*, but merely perhaps for having too *weak a head*, or too *tender a heart*[o]. It is by *theſe alone* I have hitherto lived excluded from all *poſts* of *Profit* or *Truſt*: As I can interfere with the *Views* of *no man*, do not deny me, my Lord, *all that is left*, a little *Praiſe*, or the common Encouragement due, if not to my *Genius*, at leaſt to my *Induſtry*.

Above all, your Lordſhip will be careful not to wrong my *Moral Character* with THOSE[p] under whoſe *Protection* I live, and through whoſe *Lenity* alone I can live with Comfort. Your Lordſhip, I am confident, upon conſideration, will think, you inadvertently went a little *too far* when you recommended to THEIR peruſal, and ſtrengthened by the weight of your Approbation, a *Libel*, mean in its reflections upon my poor *figure*, and ſcandalous in thoſe on my *Honour* and *Integrity*: wherein I was repreſented as "*an Enemy* to Human Race, a *Murderer* "of Reputations, and a *Monſter* marked by God "like *Cain*, deſerving to wander accurſed through "the world."

A ſtrange

[o] See Letters to Biſhop ATTERBURY, Lett. iv.

[p] The K. and Q.

A ſtrange Picture of a Man, who had the good fortune to enjoy many friends, who will be always remembered as the firſt ornaments of their Age and Country; and no Enemies that ever contrived to be heard of, except Mr. *John Dennis*, and your Lordſhip: A Man, who never wrote a line in which the *Religion* or *Government* of his Country, the *Royal Family*, or their *Miniſtry* were diſreſpectfully mentioned; the Animoſity of any one Party gratify'd at the expence of another; or any Cenſure paſt, but upon *known Vice*, *acknowledged Folly*, or *aggreſſing Impertinence*. It is with infinite pleaſure he finds, that *ſome Men*, who ſeem *aſhamed* and *afraid* of *nothing elſe*, are ſo very ſenſible of *his Ridicule:* And it is for that very reaſon he reſolves (by the grace of God, and your Lordſhip's good leave)

That while he breathes, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave.

This, he thinks, is rendering the beſt Service he can to the Public, and even to the good Government of his Country; and for this, at leaſt, he may deſerve ſome Countenance, even from the GREATEST PERSONS in it. Your Lordſhip knows OF WHOM I ſpeak. Their NAMES I ſhall be as ſorry, and as much aſhamed to place near *yours*, on ſuch an occaſion, as I ſhould be to ſee *You*, my Lord, placed ſo near *their* PERSONS, if you could ever make ſo ill an Uſe of their Ear[q] as to aſperſe or miſrepreſent any innocent man.

This

[q] "Cloſe at the ear of Eve." Ep. to Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

This is all I ſhall ever aſk of your Lordſhip, except your pardon for this tedious Letter. I have the honour to be, with equal *Reſpect* and *Concern*,

My Lord,

Your truly devoted Servant,

A. POPE.

The whole is ſo ſevere that we may ſay,
Impreſſit memorem dente labris notam.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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